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THE  
HYMN BOOK:

PREPARED FROM

DR. WATTS'S PSALMS AND HYMNS,

AND

Other Authors,

WITH SOME ORIGINALS.

"Teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs :  
singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord."—PAUL.

"They (the primitive Christians) were accustomed to meet together to sing hymns  
to Christ, as God."—PLINY.

LONDON:  
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98.





JOHN CHILDS AND SON, BUNGAY.

## PREFACE.

OUR churches are under unspeakable obligations to Dr. Watts for his Christian psalmody. But while all have been disposed to appreciate his works, scarcely any have been satisfied with them alone : and this has led very generally to the adoption of some other book as supplementary. It will at once be admitted, that this is an evil ; since to have several books creates inconvenience and expense, and interferes painfully with the harmony of the churches in this portion of worship.

The difficulty has been to surrender any part of a book, which was so justly valued. But blind partiality is yielding to enlightened attachment ; and by many, who cannot be

thought deficient in veneration for the name of Watts, it is not considered necessary, for his sake, to retain in a book of devotion such portions as are not in general use either in the sanctuary or the closet.

It has also been ascertained that, at least, *one half* of the book is in this predicament ; and the suggestion has naturally arisen, that if the best of Watts were retained and the best of other authors selected, we should have a book greatly superior, as a whole, in *matter* and *arrangement*—a book indeed which might satisfy the real wants of our congregations.

It is on this principle, that the following work is prepared. Watts is its basis. The compiler has retained not only all such hymns as his taste approved, but such as any admirer of that poet might reasonably expect to find. In selecting from the compositions of others, he has pursued the same course. He has carefully kept in mind, that he was preparing a book for *popular and devotional use*. If on this account there should be found in it less of poetical ornament than some might expect,

he trusts that it may have more *adaptation* to its end, while every thing really offensive to good taste is avoided.

The desire of the Editor has been especially to enrich the volume on the subjects of the DIVINE PRAISE—CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE—and the REVIVAL OF RELIGION. If it differs from others, it is however chiefly in the *last particular*. He had long found, that when his congregation was in the most interesting states, there was increased difficulty in finding hymns which should sustain and advance right impression. This led him insensibly to the use of a MS. collection at such periods, and now it disposes him to supply the remedy in a more regular form, to himself and his charge. The hymns bearing on this subject will be found to be very numerous ; and he believes, after some experience, adequate to the end proposed.

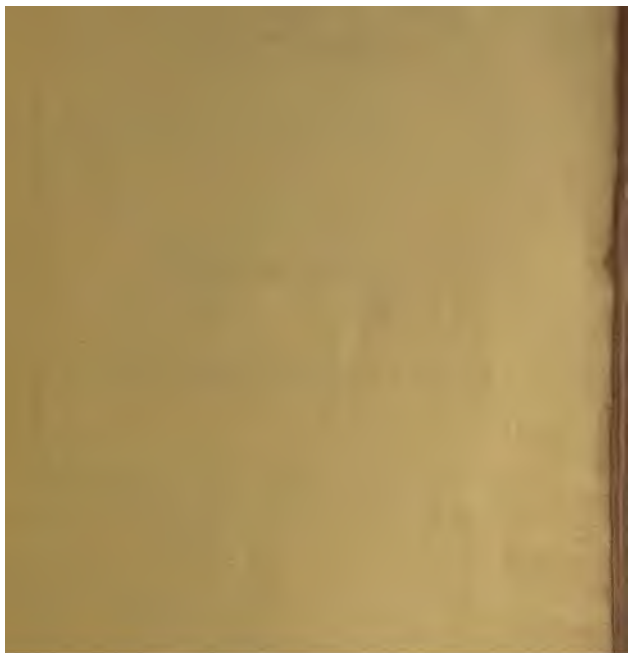
This end is most important ; and yet it has been much overlooked. We have mostly regarded the Hymn Book as the fit medium of expressing the devout feeling of the Christian ;

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# PSALMS AND HYMNS.

---

## GOD—HIS PRAISE.

**1**

L. M. Denmark. Old 100th.

*Adoration to God.* Psal. c.

WATTS.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,  
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;  
Know that the Lord is God alone;  
He can create and he destroy.

- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,  
Made us of clay, and formed us men:  
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,  
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We 'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,  
High as the heavens our voices raise;  
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is thy command,  
Vast as eternity thy love;  
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,  
When rolling years shall cease to move.

GOD—HIS PRAISE.

2

P. M.

*Exhortation to praise.*

C. WESLEY.

MEET and right it is to sing,  
In every time and place,  
Glory to our heavenly King,  
The God of truth and grace.  
Join we then with sweet accord ;  
All in one thanksgiving join :  
Holy, holy, holy Lord !  
Eternal praise be thine !

- 2 Vying with the heavenly choir,  
Who chant thy praise above,  
We on eagles' wings aspire,  
The wings of faith and love :  
Thee *they* sing, with glory crowned ;  
*We* extol the slaughtered Lamb ;  
Lower if our voices sound,  
Our subject is the same.

- 3 Father, God, thy love we praise,  
Which gave thy Son to die.  
Jesus, full of truth and grace,  
Alike we glorify.  
Spirit, Comforter divine,  
Praise by all to thee be given,  
Till we in full chorus join,  
And earth is changed for heaven.

3

L. M. Portugal New. Horsley.

*Praise to God.*

DOBDRIDGE.

GOD of my life, through all its days  
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise ;  
The song shall wake with opening light,  
And warble to the silent night.

GOD—HIS PRAISE.

- 2 When anxious cares would break my rest,  
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,  
Thy tuneful praises raised on high  
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.
- 3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,  
And all its powers of language fail,  
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,  
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.
- 4 But O! when that last conflict's o'er,  
And I am chained to flesh no more,  
With what glad accents shall I rise,  
To join the anthems of the skies.
- 5 Soon shall I learn the exalted strains,  
Which echo o'er the heavenly plains;  
And emulate, with joy unknown,  
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.
- 6 The cheerful tribute will I give,  
Long as a deathless soul can live;  
A work so sweet, a theme so high  
Demands, and crowns eternity.

4

6. 8. 4. Leoni. Wrotham.

*Praise to God.*

OLIVER.

THE God of Abr'am praise,  
Who reigns enthroned above;  
Ancient of everlasting days,  
And God of love!  
Jehovah, great I AM!  
By earth and heaven confessed,  
I bow and bless the sacred name,  
For ever blessed.

GOD—HIS PRAISE.

2 The God of Abr'am praise,  
At whose supreme command,  
From earth I rise, and seek the joys  
At his right hand :  
I'd all on earth forsake,  
Its wisdom, fame, and power ;  
And him my only portion make,  
My shield and tower.

3 The God of Abra'm praise,  
Whose all-sufficient grace  
Shall guide me all my happy days,  
In all his ways :  
He calls a worm his friend,  
He calls himself my God !  
And he shall save me to the end,  
Through Jesus' blood.

4 He by himself hath sworn ;  
I on his oath depend ;  
I shall, on eagle's wings upborne,  
To heaven ascend :  
I shall behold his face,  
I shall his power adore ;  
And sing the wonders of his grace  
For evermore.

5

L. M. Doverdale. New Sabbath.

*Praise to God.*

ANON.

WE praise, we worship thee, O God !  
Thy sovereign power we sound abroad.  
All nations bow before thy throne,  
And thee the great Jehovah own.

GOD—HIS PRAISE.

- 2 Loud hallelujahs to thy name  
Angels and seraphim proclaim :  
By all the powers and thrones in heaven,  
Eternal praise to thee is given.
- 3 O holy, holy, holy Lord !  
Thou God of hosts, by all adored !  
Earth and the heavens are full of thee,  
Thy light, thy power, thy majesty !
- 4 Apostles join the glorious throng,  
And swell the loud triumphant song :  
Prophets and martyrs hear the sound,  
And spread the hallelujah round.
- 5 Glory to thee, O God most high !  
Father, we praise thy majesty :  
The Son, the Spirit, we adore ;  
One Godhead, blest for evermore.

6

L. M. Martin's Lane. Kemsey.

*Praise to God.*

DODDRIDGE.

- YE sons of men, with joy record  
The various wonders of the Lord ;  
And let his power and goodness sound  
Through all your tribes the earth around.
- 2 Let the high heavens your songs invite,  
Those spacious fields of brilliant light ;  
Where sun, and moon, and planets roll,  
And stars, that glow from pole to pole.
  - 3 Sing earth in verdant robes arrayed,  
Its herbs and flowers, its fruit and shade ;  
View the broad sea's majestic plains,  
And think how wide its Maker reigns.



GOD—HIS PRAISE.

- 4 But oh ! that brighter world above,  
Where lives and reigns Incarnate Love !  
God's only Son in flesh arrayed,  
For man a bleeding victim made !
- 5 Thither, my soul, with rapture soar ;  
There in the land of praise adore :  
This theme demands an angel's lay,  
Demands an everlasting day.

7

L. M. Southampton.

*Praise for creation and redemption. Ps. cxxxvi. WATTS.*

- GIVE to our God immortal praise ;  
Mercy and truth are all his ways :  
Wonders of grace to God belong,  
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,  
The King of kings with glory crown :  
His mercies ever shall endure  
When lords and kings are known no more.
- 3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,  
And fixed the starry lights on high :  
Wonders of grace to God belong,  
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 4 He fills the sun with morning light ;  
He bids the moon direct the night :  
His mercies ever shall endure  
When suns and moons shall shine no more.
- 5 The Jews he freed from Pharaoh's hand,  
And brought them to the promised land :  
Wonders of grace to God belong,  
Repeat his mercies in your song.

GOD—HIS PRAISE.

- 6 He saw the Gentiles dead in sin,  
And felt his pity work within :  
His mercies ever shall endure  
When death and sin shall reign no more.
- 7 He sent his Son with power to save  
From guilt and darkness, and the grave :  
Wonders of grace to God belong,  
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 8 Through this vain world he guides our feet,  
And leads us to his heavenly seat :  
His mercies ever shall endure  
When this vain world shall be no more.

8

C. M. America. Hampshire.

*Praise for creation and redemption.*

WATTS.

- LET them neglect thy glory, Lord,  
Who never knew thy grace ;  
But our loud songs shall still record  
The wonders of thy praise.
- 2 We raise our shouts, O God, to thee,  
And send them to thy throne ;  
All glory to the united Three,  
The undivided One.
- 3 'Twas he, and we 'll adore his name,  
That formed us by a word ;  
'Tis he restores our ruined frame :  
Salvation to the Lord !
- 4 Hosannah ! let the earth and skies  
Repeat the joyful sound ;  
Rocks, hills, and vales, reflect the voice  
In one eternal round.

GOD—HIS PRAISE.

9

C. M. Hephzibah. Furman.

*Praise for justification.*

WATTS.

AWAKE, my heart ; arise, my tongue,  
Prepare a tuneful voice ;  
In God, the life of all my joys,  
Aloud will I rejoice.

2 'Tis he adorned my naked soul,  
And made salvation mine ;  
Upon a poor polluted worm  
He makes his graces shine.

3 And lest the shadow of a spot  
Should on my soul be found,  
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,  
And cast it all around.

4 How far the heavenly robe exceeds  
What earthly princes wear !  
These ornaments, how bright they shine !  
How white the garments are !

5 The Spirit wrought my faith, and love,  
And hope, and every grace ;  
But Jesus spent his life to work  
The robe of righteousness.

6 Strangely, my soul, art thou arrayed  
By the great Sacred Three !  
In sweetest harmony of praise  
Let all my powers agree.

10

L. M. Horsley. Ulverston.

*God praised for his works. Psal. cvi.*

WATTS.

TO God, the great, the ever-blessed,  
Let songs of honour be addressed ;

GOD—HIS PRAISE.

His mercy firm for ever stands ;  
Give him the thanks his love demands.

- 2 Who knows the wonders of thy ways ?  
Who shall fulfil thy boundless praise ?  
Blessed are the souls that fear thee still,  
And pay their duty to thy will.
- 3 Remember what thy mercy did  
For Jacob's race, thy chosen seed ;  
And with the same salvation bless  
The meanest suppliant of thy grace.
- 4 O may I see thy tribes rejoice,  
And aid their triumphs with my voice !  
This is my glory, Lord, to be  
Joined to thy saints, and near to thee.

11

L. M. Truro. Derby.

*Praise for condescension.*

WATT'S.

UP to the Lord, that reigns on high,  
And views the nations from afar,  
Let everlasting praises fly,  
And tell how large his bounties are.

- 2 He overrules all mortal things,  
And manages our mean affairs ;  
On humble souls the King of kings  
Bestows his counsels and his cares.
- 3 Our sorrows and our tears we pour  
Into the bosom of our God ;  
He hears us in the mournful hour,  
And helps us bear the heavy load.

GOD—HIS PRAISE.

- 4 In vain might lofty princes try  
Such condescension to perform ;  
For worms were never raised so high  
Above their meanest fellow-worm.
- 5 O could our thankful hearts devise  
A tribute equal to thy grace,  
To the third heaven our songs should rise,  
And teach the golden harps thy praise.

**12** L. M. Atwaters. Zion's Temple.  
*Praise for preserving grace.* Psal. cxxxviii. WATTS.

[WITH all my powers of heart and tongue  
I'll praise my Maker in my song :  
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,  
Approve the song, and join the praise.

- 2 Angels that make thy church their care  
Shall witness my devotions there,  
While holy zeal directs my eyes  
To thy fair temple in the skies.]
- 3 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord,  
I'll sing the wonders of thy word ;  
Not all thy works and names below  
So much thy power and glory show.
- 4 To God I cried when troubles rose ;  
He heard me, and subdued my foes :  
He did my rising fears control,  
And strength diffused through all my soul.
- 5 The God of heaven maintains his state,  
Frowns on the proud, and scorns the great ;  
But from his throne descends to see  
The sons of humble poverty.

GOD—HIS PRAISE.

- 6 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,  
Upheld and guarded by thy hand ;  
Thy words my fainting soul revive,  
And keep my dying faith alive.
- 7 Grace will complete what grace begins,  
To save from sorrows or from sins :  
The work that wisdom undertakes  
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

**13**

C. M. Warwick. Irish.

*Praise for deliverance.* Psal. ix.

WATTS.

- WITH my whole heart I'll raise my song ;  
Thy wonders I'll proclaim ;  
Thou, sovereign Judge of right and wrong,  
Wilt put thy foes to shame.
- 2 I'll sing thy majesty and grace ;  
My God prepares his throne  
To judge the world in righteousness,  
And make his vengeance known.
- 3 Then shall the Lord a refuge prove  
For all the poor oppressed ;  
To save the people of his love,  
And give the weary rest.
- 4 The men that know thy name will trust  
In thy abundant grace ;  
For thou hast ne'er forsook the just,  
Who humbly seek thy face.

**14**

C. M. Providence. Jerusalem.

*Praise for deliverance.* Psal. ix. TATE AND BRADY.

- TO celebrate thy praise, O Lord,  
I will my heart prepare ;  
To all the listening world, thy works,  
Thy wondrous works, declare.

GOD—HIS PRAISE.

- 2 The thought of them shall to my soul  
Exalted pleasures bring ;  
While to thy name, O thou Most High,  
Triumphant praise I sing.
- 3 Thou art, O Lord, a sure defence  
Against oppressing rage :  
As troubles rise, thy needful aid  
In our behalf engage.
- 4 To celebrate thy praise, O Lord,  
I will my heart prepare ;  
To all the listening world, thy works,  
Thy wondrous works, declare.

15

C. M. Salem. Smyrna.

*Praise for mercies.*

BERRIDGE.

- THY goodness, Lord, our souls confess,  
Thy goodness we adore :  
A spring whose blessings never fail,  
A sea without a shore.
- 2 Sun, moon, and stars thy love attest  
In every golden ray :  
Love draws the curtains of the night,  
And love returns the day.
- 3 Thy bounty every season crowns,  
With all the bliss it yields ;  
With joyful clusters loads the vines,  
With strengthening grain the fields.
- 4 But chiefly thy compassions, Lord,  
Are in the gospel seen :  
There, like a sun, thy mercy shines,  
Without a cloud between.

GOD—HIS PRAISE.

- 5 Thy Son, thy noblest, choicest gift,  
Was from thy bosom sent,  
To bear from off a sinking world  
Its load of punishment.
- 6 Pardon, acceptance, peace, and joy,  
Are published in his name :  
Ours is the life, the glory ours,  
And his the death and shame.
- 7 How wide the reign of sovereign grace !  
How strong the current rolls,  
That bears to heaven's unbounded bliss  
Millions of ruined souls !

16

C. M. Grove House. America.

*Praise for mercies.*

WARDLAW.

- LIFT up to God the voice of praise,  
Whose breath our souls inspired ;  
Loud and more loud the anthems raise,  
With grateful ardour fired !
- 2 Lift up to God the voice of praise,  
Whose tender care sustains  
Our feeble frame, encompassed round  
With death's unnumbered pains.
  - 3 Lift up to God the voice of praise,  
Whose goodness, passing thought,  
Loads every minute, as it flies,  
With benefits unsought !
  - 4 Lift up to God the voice of praise,  
From whom salvation flows,  
Who sent his Son our souls to save  
From everlasting woes.



GOD—HIS PRAISE.

- 5 Lift up to God the voice of praise,  
For hope's transporting ray,  
Which lights thro' darkest shades of death,  
To realms of endless day.

17

C. M. Staughton. Tucker's.

*Praise for mercies.*

HEGINBOTHAM.

- YES, I will bless thee, O my God!  
Through all my mortal days,  
And to eternity prolong  
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.
- 2 In every smiling, happy hour,  
Be this my sweet employ;  
Thy praise refines my earthly bliss,  
And doubles all my joy.
- 3 When gloomy care, and keen distress,  
Afflict my throbbing breast,  
My tears shall learn to speak thy praise,  
And lull each pain to rest.
- 4 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim  
The honours of my God!  
My life, with all its active powers,  
Shall spread thy praise abroad.
- 5 Nor death itself shall stop my song,  
Though death will close my eyes;  
My thoughts shall then to nobler heights  
And sweeter raptures rise.
- 6 How will my happy spirit mount,  
Confined in flesh no more,  
Up to thy courts, where kindred minds,  
In countless ranks adore!

GOD—HIS PRAISE.

- 7 There shall my lips, in endless praise,  
Their grateful tribute pay ;  
The theme demands an angel's tongue,  
And an eternal day.

18

C. M. Suffolk. Piety.

*Praise for mercies.* Psal. lxxxix.

LYTTE.

- THE mercies of my God and King  
My tongue shall still pursue :  
O happy they, who, while they sing  
Those mercies, share them too !
- 2 As bright and lasting as the sun,  
As lofty as the sky,  
From age to age thy word shall run,  
And chance and change defy.
- 3 The covenant of the King of kings  
Shall stand for ever sure ;  
Beneath the shadow of thy wings  
Thy saints repose secure.
- 4 Thine is the earth, and thine the skies,  
Created at thy will :  
The waves at thy command arise,  
At thy command are still.
- 5 In earth below, in heaven above,  
Who, who is Lord like thee ?  
Oh spread the gospel of thy love,  
Till all thy glories see.

19

L. M. Derby. Oswestry.

*Praise for mercies.* Psal. cxlv.

WATTS.

MY God, my King, thy various praise  
Shall fill the remnant of my days ;

GOD—HIS PRAISE.

Thy grace employ my humble tongue,  
Till death and glory raise the song.

- 2 The wings of every hour shall bear  
Some thankful tribute to thine ear ;  
And every setting sun shall see  
New works of duty done for thee.
- 3 Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim ;  
Thy bounty flows, an endless stream ;  
Thy mercy swift, thine anger slow,  
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.
- 4 Thy works with sovereign glory shine,  
And speak thy majesty divine ;  
Let Britain round her shores proclaim  
The sound and honour of thy name.
- 5 Let distant times and nations raise  
The long succession of thy praise,  
And unborn ages make my song  
The joy and labour of their tongue ;
- 6 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds ?  
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds !  
Vast and unsearchable thy ways,  
Vast and immortal be thy praise.

GOD—HIS PERFECTIONS.

20

C. M. Bedford. Tunbridge.

*The Divine perfections.*

WATTS.

HOW shall I praise the eternal God,  
That infinite Unknown?

Who can ascend his high abode,  
Or venture near his throne?

- 2 [The great Invisible ! he dwells  
Concealed in dazzling light ;  
But his all-searching eye reveals  
The secrets of the night.

- 3 Those watchful eyes that never sleep  
Survey the world around ;  
His wisdom is a boundless deep,  
Where all our thoughts are drowned.]

- 4 [Speak we of strength ? His arm is strong  
To save or to destroy ;  
Infinite years his life prolong,  
And endless is his joy.]

- 5 [He knows no shadow of a change,  
Nor alters his decrees ;  
Firm as a rock his truth remains,  
To guard his promises.]

Before his presence

is his name

and his

glory

and his

and his

and his

and ;

and ;

and ;

and ;

and ;

and ;

and ;

GOD—HIS PERFECTIONS.

While mercy sends her pardons down,  
Bought with a Saviour's blood.

- 8 Now to my soul, immortal King !  
Speak some forgiving word ;  
Then 'twill be double joy to sing  
The glories of my Lord.

**21**

L. M. Old 100th. Rowles.

*The Divine perfections.*

WATTS.

- JEHOVAH reigns, his throne is high,  
His robes are light and majesty ;  
His glory shines with beams so bright,  
No mortal can sustain the sight.
- 2 His terrors keep the world in awe ;  
His justice guards his holy law ;  
His love reveals a smiling face ;  
His truth and promise seal the grace.
- 3 Through all his works his wisdom shines,  
And baffles Satan's deep designs ;  
His power is sovereign to fulfil  
The noblest counsels of his will.
- 4 And will this glorious Lord descend  
To be my Father and my Friend ?  
Then let my songs with angels join ;  
Heaven is secure, if God be mine.

**22**

C. M. Bath Chapel. Tiverton.

*The perfections of God.* Psal. cxi.

WATTS.

GREAT is the Lord ; his works of might  
Demand our noblest songs :  
Let his assembled saints unite  
Their harmony of tongues.

GOD—HIS PERFECTIONS.

- 2 Great is the mercy of the Lord ;  
He gives his children food ;  
And, ever mindful of his word,  
He makes his promise good.
- 3 His Son, the great Redeemer, came  
To seal his covenant sure ;  
Holy and reverend is his name,  
His ways are just and pure.
- 4 They that would grow divinely wise  
Must with his fear begin ;  
Our fairest proof of knowledge lies  
In hating every sin.

23

L. M. New Jerusalem. Foundling.

*The perfections of God.*

WESLEY.

- FATHER of all, whose powerful voice  
Called forth this universal frame ;  
Whose mercies over all rejoice,  
Through endless ages still the same.  
Wisdom, and might, and love are thine.  
Prostrate before thy feet we fall,  
Confess thine attributes divine,  
And hail thee sovereign Lord of all.
- 2 Thee, sovereign Lord, let all confess,  
That move in earth, or air, or sky ;  
Revere thy power, thy goodness bless,  
Tremble before thy piercing eye.  
All ye who owe to him your birth,  
In praise your every hour employ.  
Jehovah reigns ! be glad, O earth !  
And shout, ye morning stars, for joy.

GOD—HIS PERFECTIONS.

- 3 Blessing and honour, praise and love,  
Co-equal, co-eternal Three !  
In earth below, in heaven above,  
By all thy works be paid to thee.  
Thrice holy ! thine the kingdom is ;  
The power omnipotent is thine ;  
And when created nature dies,  
Thy glories shall for ever shine.

24

C. M. Abridge. Hensbury.

*God a Spirit.*

WATTS.

- GOD is a Spirit, just and wise,  
He sees our inmost mind ;  
In vain to heaven we raise our cries,  
And leave our souls behind.
- 2 Nothing but truth before his throne  
With honour can appear ;  
The painted hypocrites are known  
Through the disguise they wear.
- 3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,  
Their bending knees the ground ;  
But God abhors the sacrifice,  
Where not the heart is found.
- 4 Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways,  
And make my soul sincere ;  
Then shall I stand before thy face,  
And find acceptance there.

25

L. M. Warcham. China.

*The greatness of God.*

WATTS.

SHALL the vile race of flesh and blood  
Contend with their Creator God ?

GOD—HIS PERFECTIONS.

Shall mortal worms presume to be  
More holy, wise, or just, than he ?

- 2 Behold, he puts his trust in none  
Of all the spirits round his throne :  
Their natures, when compared with his,  
Are neither holy, just, nor wise.
- 3 But how much meaner things are they  
Who spring from dust, and dwell in clay !  
Touched by the finger of thy wrath,  
We faint and vanish like the moth.
- 4 From night to day, from day to night,  
We die by thousands in thy sight ;  
Buried in dust whole nations lie  
Like a forgotten vanity.
- 5 Almighty Power, to thee we bow ;  
How frail are we, how glorious thou !  
No more the sons of earth shall dare  
With an eternal God compare.

26

L. M. Old 100th. Lebanon.

*God invisible.*

WATTS.

LORD, we are blind, we mortals blind,  
We can't behold thy bright abode ;  
O 'tis beyond a creature mind  
To glance a thought half way to God !

- 2 Infinite leagues beyond the sky,  
The great Eternal reigns alone,  
Where neither wings nor souls can fly,  
Nor angels climb the topless throne.



GOD—HIS PERFECTIONS.

- 3 The Lord of glory builds his seat  
Of gems insufferably bright,  
And lays beneath his sacred feet  
Substantial beams of gloomy night.
- 4 Yet, glorious Lord, thy gracious eyes  
Look through and cheer us from above ;  
Beyond our praise thy grandeur flies,  
Yet we adore, and yet we love.

27

C. M. Stephens. Arabia.

*God unsearchable.*

C. WESLEY.

- SHALL foolish, weak, short-sighted man  
Beyond archangels go,  
The great Almighty God explain,  
Or to perfection know ?  
His attributes divinely soar  
Above the creature's sight ;  
And prostrate seraphim adore  
The glorious Infinite.
- 2 Jehovah's everlasting days,  
They cannot numbered be ;  
Incomprehensible the space  
Of thine immensity :  
Thy wisdom's depths by reason's line  
In vain we strive to sound,  
Or stretch our labouring thought to assign  
Omnipotence a bound.
- 3 The brightness of thy glories leaves  
Description far below :  
Nor man, nor angel's heart conceives  
How deep thy mercies flow.

GOD—HIS PERFECTIONS.

Thy love is most unsearchable,  
And dazzles all above :  
They gaze, but cannot count or tell  
The treasures of thy love !

28

C. M. Hephzibah. Newbury.

*God eternal.*

WATTS.

RISE, rise, my soul, and leave the ground,  
Stretch all thy thoughts abroad,  
And rouse up every tuneful sound  
To praise the eternal God.

2 Long ere the lofty skies were spread,  
Jehovah filled his throne ;  
Or Adam formed, or angels made,  
The Maker lived alone.

3 His boundless years can ne'er decrease,  
But still maintain their prime ;  
*Eternity's* his dwelling-place,  
And *ever* is his time.

4 While like a tide our minutes flow,  
The present and the past,  
He fills his own immortal *now*,  
And sees our ages waste.

5 The sea and sky must perish too,  
And vast destruction come :  
The creatures—look ! how old they grow,  
And wait their fiery doom !

6 Well, let the sea shrink all away,  
And flame melt down the skies,  
My God shall live an endless day,  
When the old creation dies.

29

C. M. Abridge. Ludlow.

*God's eternal dominion.*

WATTS.

GREAT God! how infinite art thou!

What worthless worms are we!

Let the whole race of creatures bow,

And pay their praise to thee.

- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,  
Ere seas or stars were made;  
Thou art the ever-living God,  
Were all the nations dead.

- 3 Nature and time quite naked lie  
To thine immense survey,  
From the formation of the sky  
To the great burning day.

- 4 Eternity, with all its years,  
Stands present in thy view;  
To thee there's nothing old appears;  
Great God! there's nothing new.

- 5 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,  
And vexed with trifling cares,  
While thine eternal thought moves on  
Thine undisturbed affairs.

- 6 Great God! how infinite art thou!  
What worthless worms are we!  
Let the whole race of creatures bow,  
And pay their praise to thee.

30

L. M. Islington. Penitence.

*The all-seeing God. Psal. cxxxix.*

WATTS.

LORD, thou hast searched and seen me  
through,

Thine eye commands with piercing view

GOD—HIS PERFECTIONS.

My rising and my resting hours,  
My heart and flesh with all their powers.

- 2 My thoughts, before they are my own,  
Are to my God distinctly known ;  
He knows the words I mean to speak  
Ere from my opening lips they break.
- 3 Within thy circling power I stand ;  
On every side I find thy hand :  
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,  
I am surrounded still with God.
- 4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great !  
What large extent ! what lofty height !  
My soul, with all the powers I boast,  
Is in the boundless prospect lost.
- 5 O may these thoughts possess my breast,  
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest !  
Nor let my weaker passions dare  
Consent to sin, for God is there.

31

C. M. Stephens. Warwick.

*Omnipresence of God:*

DODDRIDGE.

TO thee, my God, my days are known,  
My soul enjoys the thought ;  
My actions all before thy face,  
Nor are my faults forgot.

- 2 Each secret breath devotion vents  
Is vocal to thine ear ;  
And all my walks of daily life  
Before thine eye appear.

GOD—HIS PERFECTIONS.

- 3 The vacant hour, the active scene,  
Thy mercy shall approve ;  
And every pang of sympathy,  
And every care of love.
- 4 Each golden hour of beaming light  
Is guided by thy rays ;  
And dark affliction's midnight gloom  
A present God surveys.
- 5 Full in thy view through life I pass,  
And in thy view I die ;  
And, when each mortal bond is broke,  
Shall find my God is nigh.
- 6 Stripped of its little earthly all,  
My soul in smiles shall go ;  
And in an heavenly heritage  
Its Father's bounty know.

32

P. M.

*Holiness of God.*

MONTGOMERY.

HOLY, holy, holy Lord  
God of hosts ! when heaven and earth  
Out of darkness, at thy word,  
Issued into glorious birth ;  
All thy works around thee stood,  
And thine eye beheld them good,  
While they sang with sweet accord,  
Holy, holy, holy Lord !

- 2 Holy, holy, holy !—Thee,  
One Jehovah evermore,  
Father, Son, and Spirit ! we,  
Dust and ashes, would adore.

GOD—HIS PERFECTIONS.

Lightly by the world esteemed,  
From that world by thee redeemed,  
Sing we here with glad accord,  
Holy, holy, holy Lord !

- 3 Holy, holy, holy !—All  
Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,  
While the ransomed nations fall  
At the footstool of their King :  
Then shall saints and seraphim,  
Harps and voices, swell one hymn,  
Blending in sublime accord,  
Holy, holy, holy Lord.

**33**

L. M. Chard. Derby.  
*Truth and faithfulness.*

WATTS.

PRAISE, everlasting praise, be paid  
To him that earth's foundation laid ;  
Praise to the God whose strong decrees  
Sway the creation as he please.

- 2 Praise to the goodness of the Lord,  
Who rules his people by his word,  
And there, as strong as his decrees,  
He sets his kindest promises.
- 3 Whence then should doubts and fears arise ?  
Why trickling sorrows drown our eyes ?  
Slowly, alas ! our mind receives  
The comfort that our Maker gives.
- 4 O for a strong, a lasting faith,  
To credit what the Almighty saith !  
To embrace the message of his Son,  
And call the joys of heaven our own.

GOD—HIS PERFECTIONS.

5 Then, should the earth's old pillars shake,  
And all the wheels of nature break,  
Our steady souls should fear no more  
Than solid rocks when billows roar.

6 Our everlasting hopes arise  
Above the ruinable skies,  
Where the eternal Builder reigns,  
And his own courts his power sustains.

**34** C. M. Cambridge New. Mount Pleasant.  
*Faithfulness of God.* WATTS.

BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,  
And speak some boundless thing ;  
The mighty works, or mightier name,  
Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,  
And sound his power abroad ;  
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,  
And the performing God.

3 Proclaim "salvation from the Lord  
For wretched, dying men :"  
His hand has writ the sacred word  
With an immortal pen.

4 [His very word of grace is strong  
As that which built the skies ;  
The voice that rolls the stars along  
Speaks all the promises.

5 O might I hear thine heavenly tongue  
But whisper, "Thou art mine !"  
Those gentle words should raise my song  
To notes almost divine.

GOD—HIS PERFECTIONS.

- 6 How would my leaping heart rejoice,  
And think my heaven secure !  
I trust the all-creating voice,  
And faith desires no more.]

35

L. M. Paul's. Ulverston.

*Wisdom and grace of God.*

BEDDOME.

- WAIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will ;  
Tumultuous passions, all be still !  
Nor let a murmuring thought arise ;  
His ways are just, his counsels wise.
- 2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,  
Performs his work, the cause conceals ;  
But, though his methods are unknown,  
Judgment and truth support his throne.
- 3 In heaven, and earth, and air, and seas,  
He executes his firm decrees ;  
And by his saints it stands confessed,  
That what he does is ever best.
- 4 Wait then, my soul, submissive wait,  
Prostrate before his awful seat ;  
And, 'midst the terrors of his rod,  
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

36

L. M. Carey's. Creation.

*The grace of God.*

DAVIES.

GREAT God of wonders, all thy ways  
Are worthy of thyself—divine !  
But the bright glories of thy grace,  
Beyond thine other wonders shine.  
Who is a pardoning God like thee ?  
Or who has grace so rich and free ?



GOD—HIS PERFECTIONS.

- 2 Such deep transgressions to forgive,  
Such guilty, daring worms to spare,—  
This is thy grand prerogative,  
And in the honour none shall share.  
Is there a pardoning God like thee?  
Or is there grace so rich and free?
- 3 Pardon—from an offended God!  
Pardon—for sins of deepest dye!  
Pardon—bestowed through Jesus' blood;  
Pardon—that brings the rebel nigh.  
Where is the pardoning God like thee?  
Or where the grace so rich and free?
- 4 Oh, may this glorious, matchless love,  
This godlike miracle of grace,  
Teach mortal tongues, like those above,  
To raise this song of lofty praise:  
Who is a pardoning God like thee?  
Or who has grace so rich and free?

37

L. M. Wareham. Doversdale.  
*Providence and grace.* Psal. xxxvi.      WATTS.

- HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,  
Thy goodness in full glory shines;  
Thy truth shall break through every cloud  
That veils and darkens thy designs.
- 2 For ever firm thy justice stands,  
As mountains their foundations keep;  
Wise are the wonders of thy hands;  
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 Thy providence is kind and large,  
Both man and beast thy bounty share;
- 30

GOD—HIS PERFECTIONS.

The whole creation is thy charge,  
But saints are thy peculiar care.

- 4 My God, how excellent thy grace,  
Whence all our hope and comfort springs!  
The sons of Adam in distress  
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.
- 5 From the provisions of thy house  
We shall be fed with sweet repast;  
There mercy like a river flows,  
And brings salvation to our taste.
- 6 Life, like a fountain rich and free,  
Springs from the presence of my Lord;  
And in thy light our souls shall see  
The glories promised in thy word.

38

C. M. Milbourn Port. Arlington.

*The goodness of God.* Psal. cxlv.

WATTS.

SWEET is the memory of thy grace,  
My God, my heavenly King;  
Let age to age thy righteousness  
In sounds of glory sing.

- 2 God reigns on high, but not confines  
His goodness to the skies;  
Through the whole earth his bounty shines,  
And every want supplies.
- 3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait  
On thee for daily food;  
Thy liberal hand provides their meat,  
And fills their mouths with good.

GOD—HIS PERFECTIONS.

- 4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord !  
How slow thine anger moves !  
But soon he sends his pardoning word  
To cheer the souls he loves.
- 5 Creatures with all their endless race  
Thy power and praise proclaim ;  
But saints that taste thy richer grace  
Delight to bless thy name.

**39**

C. M. Bedford. Providence.

*Goodness of God.* Psal. cxlv. WRANGHAM.

- TO thee, my righteous King and Lord,  
My grateful soul I'll raise ;  
From day to day thy works record,  
And ever sing thy praise.
- 2 Thy greatness human thought exceeds,  
Thy glory knows no end ;  
The lasting record of thy deeds  
Through ages shall descend.
- 3 Thy wondrous acts, thy power, and might,  
My constant theme shall be ;  
That song shall be my soul's delight,  
Which breathes in praise to thee.
- 4 The Lord is bountiful and kind,  
His anger slow to move ;  
All shall his tender mercies find,  
And all his goodness prove.
- 5 From all thy works, O Lord, shall spring  
The sound of joy and praise ;  
Thy saints shall of thy glory sing,  
And show the world thy ways.

GOD—HIS PERFECTIONS.

- 6 Throughout all ages shall endure  
Thine everlasting reign ;  
Thy high dominion firm and sure  
For ever shall remain.

40

L. M. Alfred. New Court.

*Goodness of God.* Psal. lxxviii. WATTS.

- WE bless the Lord, the just, the good,  
Who fills our hearts with joy and food ;  
Who pours his blessings from the skies,  
And loads our days with rich supplies.
- 2 He sends the sun his circuit round,  
To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground ;  
He bids the clouds with plenteous rain  
Refresh the thirsty earth again.
- 3 'Tis to his care we owe our breath,  
And all our near escapes from death ;  
Safety and health to God belong ;  
He heals the weak, and guards the strong.
- 4 He makes the saint and sinner prove  
The common blessings of his love ;  
But the wide difference that remains  
Is endless joy or endless pains.

41

P. M. New Court. Martin's Lane.

*Goodness and truth.* Psal. cxlvi. WATTS.

I'LL praise my Maker with my breath,  
And when my voice is lost in death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler powers :  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
While life, and thought, and being last,  
Or immortality endures.

- 2 Why should I make a man my trust ?  
Princes must die and turn to dust ;  
Vain is the help of flesh and blood :  
Their breath departs, their pomp, and power,  
And thoughts, all vanish in an hour,  
Nor can they make their promise good.
- 3 Happy the man whose hopes rely  
On Israel's God ; he made the sky,  
And earth, and seas, with all their train :  
His truth for ever stands secure ;  
He saves the oppressed, he feeds the poor,  
And none shall find his promise vain.
- 4 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind ;  
The Lord supports the sinking mind ;  
He sends the labouring conscience peace ;  
He helps the stranger in distress,  
The widow and the fatherless,  
And grants the prisoner sweet release.
- 5 He loves his saints, he knows them well,  
But turns the wicked down to hell ;  
Thy God, O Zion ! ever reigns :  
Let every tongue, let every age,  
In this exalted work engage ;  
Praise him in everlasting strains.
- 6 I'll praise him while he lends me breath ;  
And when my voice is lost in death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler powers :  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
While life, and thought, and being last,  
Or immortality endures.

GOD—HIS PERFECTIONS.

42

C. M. Abridge. Lydia.

*The love of God.* RIPPON'S SELECT.

AMID the splendours of thy state,  
My God, thy love appears,  
With the soft radiance of the moon,  
Among a thousand stars.

- 2 Nature through all her ample round  
Thy boundless power proclaims,  
And in melodious accent speaks  
The goodness of thy names.
- 3 Thy justice, holiness; and truth,  
Our solemn awe excite :  
But the sweet charms of sovereign grace,  
O'erwhelm us with delight.
- 4 Sinai, in clouds, and smoke, and fire,  
Thunders thy dreadful name ;  
But Zion sings in melting notes  
The honours of the Lamb.
- 5 In all thy doctrines and commands,  
Thy counsels and designs ;  
In every work thy hands have framed,  
Thy love supremely shines.
- 6 Angels and men the news proclaim  
Through earth and heaven above,  
The joyful and transporting news,  
That God the Lord is love.

43

S. M. Reuben. Falcon Street.

*Spiritual and temporal mercies.* Psal. ciii. WATTS.

O BLESS the Lord, my soul !  
Let all within me join,

GOD—HIS PERFECTIONS.

And aid my tongue to bless his name  
Whose favours are divine.

- 2 O bless the Lord, my soul,  
Nor let his mercies lie  
Forgotten in unthankfulness,  
And without praises die.
- 3 'Tis he forgives thy sins,  
'Tis he relieves thy pain,  
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses  
And makes thee young again.
- 4 He crowns thy life with love,  
When ransomed from the grave ;  
He that redeemed my soul from hell  
Hath sovereign power to save.
- 5 He fills the poor with good,  
He gives the sufferers rest ;  
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,  
And justice for the oppressed.
- 6 His wondrous works and ways  
He made by Moses known ;  
But sent the world his truth and grace  
By his beloved Son.

44

S. M. Shirland. Bradley Church.

*Compassion of God. Psal. ciii.*

WATTS.

MY soul, repeat his praise  
Whose mercies are so great,  
Whose anger is so slow to rise,  
So ready to abate.

**GOD—HIS PERFECTIONS.**

- 2    God will not always chide ; ..  
      And when his strokes are felt,  
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,  
      And lighter than our guilt.
- 3    High as the heavens are raised  
      Above the ground we tread,  
So far the riches of his grace  
      Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 4    His power subdues our sins,  
      And his forgiving love  
Far as the east is from the west  
      Doth all our guilt remove.
- 5    The pity of the Lord,  
      To those that fear his name,  
Is such as tender parents feel ;  
      He knows our feeble frame.
- 6    He knows we are but dust,  
      Scattered with every breath ;  
His anger, like a rising wind,  
      Can send us swift to death.
- 7    Our days are as the grass,  
      Or like the morning flower ;  
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field  
      It withers in an hour.
- 8    But thy compassions, Lord,  
      To endless years endure ;  
And children's children ever find  
      Thy words of promise sure.



GOD—HIS PERFECTIONS.

**45** C. M. Devizes. Ann's.  
*Mercies of God.* Psal. xxxiii. TATE AND BRADY.

LET all the just, to God, with joy,  
Their cheerful voices raise ;  
For well the righteous it becomes  
To sing glad songs of praise.

2 For faithful is the word of God ;  
His works with truth abound ;  
He justice loves—and all the earth  
Is with his goodness crowned.

3 Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees,  
Shall stand for ever sure ;  
The settled purpose of his heart  
From age to age endure.

4 Our soul on God with patience waits ;  
Our help and shield is he ;  
Then, Lord, let still our hearts rejoice,  
Because we trust in thee.

5 The riches of thy mercy, Lord,  
Do thou to us extend ;  
Since we, for all we want or wish,  
On thee alone depend.

**46** L. M. Wareham. Peru.  
*Protection of God.* Psal. lvii. WATTS.

MY God, in whom are all the springs  
Of boundless love, and grace unknown ;  
Hide me beneath thy spreading wings,  
Till the dark cloud is overblown.

2 Up to the heavens I send my cry,  
The Lord will my desires perform ;

### GOD—HIS PERFECTIONS.

He sends his angel from the sky,  
And saves me from the threatening storm.

3 Be thou exalted, O my God,  
Above the heavens, where angels dwell ;  
Thy power on earth be known abroad,  
And land to land thy wonders tell.

4 My heart is fixed, my song shall raise  
Immortal honours to thy name ;  
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,—  
My tongue, the glory of my frame.

5 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,  
And reaches to the utmost sky ;  
His truth to endless years remains,  
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

6 Be thou exalted, O my God,  
Above the heavens where angels dwell ;  
Thy power on earth be known abroad,  
And land to land thy wonders tell.

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### GOD—HIS PROVIDENCE.

47

C. M. Tucker's. Arabia.

*The decrees of God.*

WATTS.

KEEP silence, all created things,  
And wait your Maker's nod :  
My soul stands trembling, while she sings  
The honours of her God.

GOD—HIS PROVIDENCE.

- 2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,  
Hang on his firm decree ;  
He sits on no precarious throne,  
Nor borrows leave to be.
- 3 Chained to his throne a volume lies,  
With all the fates of men,  
With every angel's form and size  
Drawn by the eternal pen.
- 4 His providence unfolds the book,  
And makes his counsels shine ;  
Each opening leaf, and every stroke  
Fulfil some deep design.
- 5 Here he exalts neglected worms  
To sceptres and a crown :  
And there the following page he turns,  
And treads the monarch down.
- 6 Not Gabriel asks the reason why ;  
Nor God the reason gives :  
Nor dares the favourite angel pry  
Between the folded leaves.
- 7 My God, I would not long to see  
My fate with curious eyes,  
What gloomy lines are writ for me,  
Or what bright scenes may rise.
- 8 In thy fair book of life and grace,  
O may I find my name,  
Recorded in some humble place  
Beneath my Lord the Lamb !

GOD—HIS PROVIDENCE.

48

C. M. Abridge. Brighthelmstone.

*The book of God's decrees.*

WATTS.

LET the whole race of creatures lie  
Abased before their God ;  
Whate'er his sovereign voice has formed  
He governs with a nod.

2 There 's not a sparrow or a worm  
But 's found in his decrees ;  
He raises monarchs to their throne,  
And sinks them as he please.

3 If light attends the course I run,  
'Tis he provides those rays,  
And 'tis his hand that hides my sun,  
If darkness cloud my days.

4 Yet I would not be much concerned,  
• Nor vainly long to see  
The volumes of his deep decrees,  
What months are writ for me.

5 When he reveals the book of life,  
Oh may I read my name  
Amongst the chosen of his love,  
The followers of the Lamb !

49

C. M. Irish. Sprowston.

*The mystery of Providence.*

COWPER.

GOD moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform,  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.

GOD—HIS PROVIDENCE.

- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up his bright designs,  
And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,  
The clouds ye so much dread,  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust him for his grace,  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour ;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan his work in vain ;  
God is his own interpreter,  
And he will make it plain.

50

L. M. Lebanon. Kingsbridge.

*The darkness of Providence.*

WATTS.

LORD, we adore thy vast designs,  
The obscure abyss of Providence,  
Too deep to sound with mortal lines,  
Too dark to view with feeble sense.

- 2 Now thou arrayest thine awful face  
In angry frowns without a smile ;  
We, through the cloud, believe thy grace,  
Secure of thy compassion still.

GOD—HIS PROVIDENCE.

- 3 Through seas and storms of deep distress  
We sail by faith, and not by sight ;  
Faith guides us in the wilderness  
Through all the briers and the night.
- 4 Dear Father, if thy lifted rod  
Resolve to scourge us here below,  
Still we must lean upon our God,  
Thine arm shall bear us safely through.

51

S. M. Matthias. Peckham.

*The mystery of Providence unfolded.*

Psal. lxxiii.

WATTS.

- SURE there's a righteous God,  
Nor is religion vain ;  
Though men of vice may boast aloud,  
And men of grace complain.
- 2 I saw the wicked rise,  
And felt my heart repine,  
While haughty fools with scornful eyes  
In robes of honour shine.
- 3 The tumults of my thought  
Held me in hard suspense,  
Till to thy house my feet were brought  
To learn thy justice thence.
- 4 Thy word with light and power  
Did my mistakes amend ;  
I viewed the sinners' life before,  
But here I learnt their end.
- 5 On what a slippery steep  
The thoughtless wretches go !  
And oh that dreadful fiery deep  
That waits their fall below !

GOD—HIS PROVIDENCE.

- 6 Lord, at thy feet I bow,  
My thoughts no more repine ;  
I call my God my portion now,  
And all my powers are thine.

**52** L. M. Martin's Lane. New Court.

*Divine Providence.* Psal. cxxi.

WATTS.

- UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,  
The eternal hills beyond the skies ;  
Thence all her help my soul derives ;  
There my Almighty Refuge lives.
- 2 He lives ; the everlasting God,  
That built the world, that spread the flood ;  
The heavens with all their hosts he made,  
And the dark regions of the dead.
- 3 He guides our feet, he guards our way ;  
His morning smiles bless all the day ;  
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps  
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.
- 4 Israel, a name divinely blessed,  
May rise secure, securely rest ;  
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes  
Admit no slumber nor surprise.
- 5 No sun shall smite thy head by day,  
Nor the pale moon with sickly ray  
Shall blast thy couch ; no baleful star  
Dart his malignant fire so far.
- 6 Should earth and hell with malice burn,  
Still thou shalt go, and still return  
Safe in the Lord ; his heavenly care  
Defends thy life from every snare.

GOD—HIS PROVIDENCE.

- 7 On thee foul spirits have no power ;  
And in thy last departing hour,  
Angels that trace the airy road  
Shall bear thee homeward to thy God.

53

S. M. Matthias. Falcon Street.

*Divine Providence.* Psal. xxiii.

WATTS.

- THE Lord my Shepherd is,  
I shall be well supplied ;  
Since he is mine and I am his,  
What can I want beside ?
- 2 He leads me to the place  
Where heavenly pasture grows,  
Where living waters gently pass,  
And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,  
He doth my soul reclaim ;  
And guides me in his own right way,  
For his most holy name.
- 4 While he affords his aid  
I cannot yield to fear ;  
Though I should walk through death's dark  
shade,  
My Shepherd 's with me there.
- 5 In spite of all my foes,  
Thou dost my table spread ;  
My cup with blessings overflows,  
And joy exalts my head.
- 6 The bounties of thy love  
Shall crown my following days ;  
Nor from thy house will I remove,  
Nor cease to speak thy praise.



GOD—HIS PROVIDENCE.

54

C. M. Condescension. Warwick.

*Review of Providence.*

ADDISON.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God !  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 To all my weak complaints and cries  
Thy mercy lent an ear,  
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt  
To form themselves in prayer.

3 When in the slippery paths of youth  
With heedless steps I ran,  
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,  
And led me up to man.

4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ ;  
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,  
That tastes those gifts with joy.

5 Through every period of my life  
Thy goodness I'll pursue,  
And after death in distant worlds  
The glorious theme renew.

6 Through all eternity to thee  
A joyful song I'll raise ;  
But O, eternity's too short  
To utter all thy praise !

55

C. M. Great Milton. Evans's.

*Review of Providence.*

ANON.

WHEN, o'er the trodden paths of life,  
Backwards I turn mine eyes,

GOD—HIS PROVIDENCE.

What varied scenes throughout the road  
Awaken my surprise.

- 2 Thousands, to whom my natal hour  
Imparted vital breath,  
Just looked on life, and closed their eyes  
In the fast sleep of death.
- 3 Thousands, who climbed to manhood's stage,  
Safe through unnumbered snares;  
Travelled not far before they sunk  
Amidst its thorns and cares.
- 4 Followed through every changing stage,  
With goodness all my days,  
Deny me not a heart to love,  
A tongue to speak thy praise.
- 5 Ten thousand thousand thanks to thee,  
My grateful lips shall give;  
And while I make thy grace my trust,  
To thee alone I'll live.
- 6 Ten thousand thousand thanks to thee,  
Echo along the road;  
O! may I join those endless songs,  
That fill thy blest abode.

**56**

C. M. Lydia. Devizes.

*Providence of God recorded.* Psal. lxxvii. WATTS.

LET children hear the mighty deeds  
Which God performed of old,  
Which in our younger years we saw,  
And which our fathers told.

GOD—HIS PROVIDENCE.

- 2 He bids us make his glories known,  
His works of power and grace ;  
And we'll convey his wonders down  
Through every rising race.
- 3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,  
And they again to theirs ;  
That generations yet unborn  
May teach them to their heirs.
- 4 Thus they shall learn in God alone  
Their hope securely stands ;  
That they may ne'er forget his works,  
But practise his commands.

57

C. M. Great Milton. Warwick.

*Care of Providence.*

ADDISON.

- HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord ;  
How sure is their defence !  
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,  
Their help Omnipotence.
- 2 In foreign realms and lands remote,  
Supported by thy care,  
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,  
And breathe in tainted air.
  - 3 When by the dreadful tempest tossed  
High on the broken wave,  
They know thou art not slow to hear,  
Nor impotent to save.
  - 4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,  
Obedient to thy will :  
The seas that roar at thy command,  
At thy command are still.

GOD—HIS PROVIDENCE.

- 5 In midst of dangers, fears, and death,  
Thy goodness we'll adore ;  
And praise thee for thy mercies past,  
And humbly hope for more.
- 6 Our life, while thou preserv'st our life,  
Thy sacrifice shall be ;  
And O may death, when death shall come,  
Unite our souls to thee !

**58** C. M. Bangor. Brighthelmstone.  
*Hope in Providence.* Psal. lxxi. WATTS.

- MY God, my everlasting hope,  
I live upon thy truth ;  
Thine hands have held my childhood up,  
And strengthened all my youth.
- 2 Still has my life new wonders seen  
Repeated every year ;  
Behold, my days that yet remain,  
I trust them to thy care.
- 3 Cast me not off when strength declines,  
When hoary hairs arise ;  
And round me let thy glory shine,  
Whene'er thy servant dies.
- 4 Then in the history of my age,  
When men review my days,  
They'll read thy love in every page,  
In every line thy praise.

See also MAN—HIS AFFLICTION—HIS FAITH—HIS CONSO-  
LATION—HIS RESIGNATION.

JESUS CHRIST—HIS WORK.

59

L. M. Bredby. Doversdale.  
*God the Son equal with the Father.* WATTS.

BRIGHT King of glory, dreadful God !

Our spirits bow before thy seat,  
To thee we lift an humble thought,  
And worship at thine awful feet.

2 [Thy power hath formed, thy wisdom sways,  
All nature with a sovereign word ;  
And the bright world of stars obeys  
The will of their superior Lord.]

3 A thousand seraphs, strong and bright,  
Stand round the glorious Deity ;  
But who amongst the sons of light  
Pretends comparison with thee ?

4 Yet there is one of human frame,  
Jesus, arrayed in flesh and blood,  
Thinks it no robbery to claim  
A full equality with God.

5 [Their glory shines with equal beams,  
Their essence is for ever one,  
Though they are known by different names,  
The Father God, and God the Son.

6 Then let the name of Christ our King  
With equal honours be adored ;  
His praise let every angel sing,  
And all the nations own their Lord.]

JESUS CHRIST—HIS WORK.

60

L. M. Derby. Fordingbridge.

*The Deity and humanity of Christ.*

WATTS

ERE the blue heavens were stretch'd abroad,  
From everlasting was the Word :  
With God he was ; the Word was God,  
And must divinely be adored.

- 2 By his own power were all things made ;  
By him supported all things stand ;  
He is the whole creation's Head,  
And angels fly at his command.
- 3 But lo ! he leaves those heavenly forms,  
The Word descends and dwells in clay,  
That he may hold converse with worms,  
Dressed in such feeble flesh as they.
- 4 Mortals with joy beheld his face,  
The eternal Father's only Son ;  
How full of truth ! how full of grace !  
When thro' his eyes the Godhead shone.
- 5 Archangels leave their high abode  
To learn new mysteries here, and tell  
The love of our descending God,  
The glories of Immanuel.

61

L. M. Wareham. Truro.

*Christ the eternal life.*

WATTS.

JESUS, our Saviour and our God,  
Arrayed in majesty and blood,  
Thou art our life ; our souls in thee  
Possess a full felicity.

- 2 All our immortal hopes are laid  
In thee, our Surety and our Head ;

JESUS CHRIST—HIS WORK.

Thy cross, thy cradle, and thy throne,  
Are big with glories yet unknown.

3 Let atheists scoff, and Jews blaspheme  
The eternal life and Jesus' name ;  
A word of thy almighty breath  
Dooms the rebellious world to death.

4 But let my soul for ever lie  
Beneath the blessings of thine eye ;  
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,  
To see thy face and taste thy love.

62

C. M. Bath Chapel. Tiverton.

*Redemption by Christ.*

WATTS.

WHEN the first parents of our race  
Rebelled and lost their God,  
And the infection of their sin  
Had tainted all our blood ;

2 Infinite pity touched the heart  
Of the eternal Son ;  
Descending from the heavenly court,  
He left his Father's throne.

3 Aside the Prince of glory threw  
His most divine array,  
And wrapped his Godhead in a veil  
Of our inferior clay.

4 His living power and dying love  
Redeemed unhappy men,  
And raised the ruins of our race  
To life and God again.

JESUS CHRIST—HIS WORK.

- 5 To thee, dear Lord, our flesh and soul  
We joyfully resign ;  
Blessed Jesus, take us for thy own,  
For we are doubly thine.
- 6 Thine honour shall for ever be  
The business of our days ;  
For ever shall our thankful tongues  
Speak thy deserved praise.

63

C. M. Otford. America.

*The advent of Christ.*

DODDRIDGE.

- HARK the glad sound ! the Saviour comes !  
The Saviour promised long !  
Let every heart prepare a throne,  
And every voice a song.
- 2 On him the Spirit, largely poured,  
Exerts its sacred fire ;  
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,  
His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes the prisoners to release,  
In Satan's bondage held ;  
The gates of brass before him burst,  
The iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes from thickest films of vice  
To clear the mental ray,  
And on the eye-ball of the blind  
To pour celestial day.
- 5 He comes the broken heart to bind,  
The bleeding soul to cure,  
And with the treasures of his grace  
To enrich the humble poor.



JESUS CHRIST—HIS WORK.

- 6 Our glad hosannahs, Prince of Peace,  
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;  
And heavens eternal arches ring  
With thy beloved name.

**64** C. M. Warwick. Smyrna.  
*Christ the substance of the priesthood.* WATTS.

- THE true Messiah now appears,  
The types are all withdrawn ;  
So fly the shadows and the stars  
Before the rising dawn.
- 2 No altars now, nor bleeding lambs,  
Nor kid, nor bullock slain ;  
Incense and spice of costly names  
Would all be burnt in vain.
- 3 Aaron must lay his robes away,  
His mitre and his vest,  
When God himself comes down to be  
The offering and the priest.
- 4 He took our mortal flesh, to show  
The wonders of his love ;  
For us he paid his life below,  
And prays for us above.
- 5 " Father," he cries, " forgive their sins,  
For I myself have died ;"  
And then he shows his opened veins,  
And pleads his wounded side.

**65** P. M. Harwich.  
*The suffering Saviour.* WESLEY.

- ALL ye that pass by, to Jesus draw nigh,  
To you is it nothing that Jesus should die ?

JESUS CHRIST—HIS WORK.

Our ransom and peace, our surety he is,  
Come see if there ever was sorrow like his.

2 The Lord in the day of his anger did lay  
Our sins on the Lamb, and he bore them away ;  
Our ransom and peace, our surety he is,  
Come see if there ever was sorrow like his.

3 He dies to atone for sins not his own,  
The Father hath punished for us his dear Son ;  
Our ransom and peace, our surety he is,  
Come see if there ever was sorrow like his.

4 O may we embrace the ransoming grace  
Of him who hath suffered and died in our place ;  
Our ransom and peace, our surety he is,  
Come see if there ever was sorrow like his.

5 With joy we approve the design of his love,  
'Tis a wonder below and a wonder above :  
Our ransom and peace, our surety he is,  
Come see if there ever was sorrow like his.

6 He came from above, our curse to remove,  
He hath loved, he hath loved us, because he  
would love ;

Our ransom and peace, our surety he is,  
Come see if there ever was sorrow like his.

7 When time is no more, still shall we adore  
That ocean of love without bottom or shore ;  
Our ransom and peace, our surety he is,  
Come see if there ever was sorrow like his.

**66**

L. M. Ulverston. Old 100th.

*Christ's passion.* Psal. lxi.

WATTS.

DEEP in our hearts let us record  
The deeper sorrows of our Lord ;

Behold the rising billows roll,  
To overwhelm his holy soul.

- 2 In long complaints he spends his breath,  
While hosts of hell, and powers of death,  
And all the sons of malice, join  
To execute their cursed design.
- 3 Yet, gracious God, thy power and love  
Has made the curse a blessing prove ;  
Those dreadful sufferings of thy Son  
Atoned for sins which we had done.
- 4 The pangs of our expiring Lord,  
The honours of thy law restored ;  
His sorrows made thy justice known,  
And paid for follies not his own.
- 5 O for his sake our guilt forgive,  
And let the mourning sinner live :  
The Lord will hear us in his name,  
Nor shall our hope be turned to shame.

67

7s. Aaron. Hart's.

*The three mountains.*

MONTGOMERY.

WHEN on Sinai's top I see  
God descend in majesty,  
To proclaim his holy law,  
All my spirit sinks with awe.

- 2 When, in ecstasy sublime,  
Tabor's glorious height I climb,  
In the too transporting light,  
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.

JESUS CHRIST—HIS WORK.

- 3 When on Calvary I rest,  
God in flesh made manifest  
Shines in my Redeemer's face,  
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.
- 4 Here I would for ever stay,  
Weep and gaze my soul away :  
Thou art heaven on earth to me,  
Lovely, mournful Calvary.

68

8. 7. 4. Calvary. Lewes.

*Death of Christ.*

ANON.

- HARK! the voice of love and mercy  
Sounds aloud from Calvary !  
See, it rend the rocks asunder,  
Shakes the earth and veils the sky !  
“ It is finished ! ”  
Hear the dying Saviour cry !
- 2 “ It is finished ! ” Oh what pleasure  
Do these charming words afford !  
Heavenly blessings without measure  
Flow to us from Christ the Lord :  
“ It is finished ! ”  
Saints, the dying words record.
- 3 Finished all the types and shadows  
Of the ceremonial law !  
Finished all that God had promised ;  
Death and hell no more shall awe :  
“ It is finished ! ”  
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.
- 4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,  
Join to sing the pleasing theme :

JESUS CHRIST—HIS WORK.

All in earth, and all in heaven,  
Join to praise Emmanuel's name!  
Hallelujah!  
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

69

S. M. Peckham. Sutton Colefield.

*The humiliation of Christ.*

WATTS.

- LIKE sheep we went astray,  
And broke the fold of God,  
Each wandering in a different way,  
But all the downward road.
- 2 How dreadful was the hour  
When God our wanderings laid,  
And did at once his vengeance pour,  
Upon the Shepherd's head!
- 3 How glorious was the grace  
When Christ sustained the stroke!  
His life and blood the Shepherd pays  
A ransom for the flock.
- 4 His honour and his breath  
Were taken both away;  
Joined with the wicked in his death,  
And made as vile as they.
- 5 But God shall raise his head  
O'er all the sons of men,  
And make him see a numerous seed,  
To recompense his pain.
- 6 "I'll give him," saith the Lord,  
"A portion with the strong;  
He shall possess a large reward,  
And hold his honours long."

JESUS CHRIST—HIS WORK.

70

S. M. Peckham. Matthias.

*The passion and exaltation of Christ.*

WATTS.

- COME, all harmonious tongues,  
Your noblest music bring ;  
'Tis Christ the everlasting God,  
And Christ the man, we sing.
- 2 Tell how he took our flesh,  
To take away our guilt ;  
Sing the dear drops of sacred blood  
That hellish monsters spilt.
- 3 Down to the shades of death  
He bowed his awful head ;  
Yet he arose to live and reign  
When death itself is dead.
- 4 No more the bloody spear,  
The cross and nails no more ;  
For hell itself shakes at his name,  
And all the heavens adore.
- 5 There the Redeemer sits  
High on the Father's throne ;  
The Father lays his vengeance by,  
And smiles upon his Son.
- 6 There his full glories shine  
With uncreated rays,  
And bless his saints' and angels' eyes  
To everlasting days.

71

L. M. Bampton. Yarmouth.

*Christ's dying, rising, &c.*

WATTS.

HE dies ! the Friend of sinners dies !  
Lo ! Salem's daughters weep around ;

JESUS CHRIST—HIS WORK.

- A solemn darkness veils the skies ;  
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
- 2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two  
For him who groaned beneath your load :  
He shed a thousand drops for you,  
A thousand drops of richer blood.
- 3 See love and grief beyond degree,  
The Lord of Glory dies for men !  
But lo ! what sudden joys we see ;  
Jesus the dead revives again !
- 4 The rising God forsakes the tomb !  
The tomb in vain forbids his rise ;  
Cherubic legions guard him home,  
And shout him welcome to the skies !
- 5 Break off your fears, ye saints, and tell  
How high our great Deliverer reigns ;  
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,  
And led the monster Death in chains.
- 6 Say, " Live for ever, wondrous King !  
Born to redeem, and strong to save ;"  
Then ask the monster, " Where's thy sting ?"  
And, " Where's thy victory, boasting  
Grave ?"

72

7s. Easter Hymn. Hart's.  
*Resurrection of Christ.*

SCOTT.

ANGELS, roll the rock away,  
Death, yield up thy mighty prey :  
See ! he rises from the tomb,  
Glowing with immortal bloom.— Hal.

JESUS CHRIST—HIS WORK.

- 2 'Tis the Saviour, angels raise  
Fame's eternal trump of praise ;  
Let the earth's remotest bound  
Hear the joy-inspiring sound. Hal.
- 3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes,  
Now to glory see him rise,  
In full triumph up the sky,  
Up to waiting worlds on high. Hal.
- 4 Heaven displays her portals wide,  
Glorious Hero, through them ride ;  
King of glory, mount thy throne,  
Thy great Father's and thine own. Hal.
- 5 Praise him, all ye heavenly choirs,  
Strike and sweep your golden lyres ;  
Shout, O earth, in rapturous song,  
Let the strains be sweet and strong. Hal.
- 6 Every note with wonder swell,  
Sin o'erthrown, and captived hell ;  
Where is hell's once dreaded king ?  
Where, O death, thy mortal sting ? Hal.

**73**

7s. Easter Hymn. Anticipation.

*Resurrection of Christ.*

ANON.

- CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day !  
Sons of men and angels say :  
Raise your joys and triumphs high,  
Sing, ye heavens, and earth, reply. Hal.
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,  
Fought the fight, the battle won :  
Lo ! our Sun's eclipse is o'er,  
Lo ! he sets in blood no more. Hal.



JESUS CHRIST—HIS WORK.

- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,  
Christ has burst the gates of hell :  
Death in vain forbids him rise,  
Christ hath opened Paradise. Hal.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King ;  
Where, O death, is now thy sting ?  
Once he died our souls to save ;  
Where's thy victory, O grave ? Hal.
- 5 Soar we now where Christ has led,  
Following our exalted Head ;  
Made like him, like him we rise,  
Our's the cross, the grave, the skies. Hal.
- 6 Hail the Lord of earth and heaven !  
Praise to thee by both be given !  
Thee we greet triumphant now,  
Hail ! the resurrection—thou ! Hal.

74

148th. Resurrection. Greenwich New.

*Resurrection of Christ.*

DODDRIDGE.

YES, the Redeemer rose ;  
The Saviour left the dead ;  
And o'er our hellish foes  
High raised his conquering head :  
In wild dismay  
The guards around  
Fell to the ground,  
And sunk away.

- 2 Lo, the angelic bands  
In full assembly meet,  
To wait his high commands,  
And worship at his feet :

JESUS CHRIST—HIS WORK.

Joyful they come,  
And wing their way  
From realms of day  
To such a tomb.

- 3 Then back to heaven they fly,  
And the glad tidings bear;  
Hark! as they soar on high,  
What music fills the air!  
Their anthems say,  
“Jesus who bled  
Hath left the dead;  
He rose to-day.”

- 4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,  
Redeemed by him from hell;  
And send the echo round  
The globe on which you dwell:  
Transported cry,  
“Jesus who bled  
Hath left the dead;  
No more to die.”

- 5 All hail, triumphant Lord,  
Who savest us with thy blood!  
Wide be thy name adored,  
Thou rising, reigning God!  
With thee we rise,  
With thee we reign,  
And empires gain  
Beyond the skies.

75

L. M. Cheshunt New. Coombs.

*Ascension of Christ.* Psal. xxiv.

ANON.

OUR Lord is risen from the dead,  
Our Jesus is gone up on high,

JESUS CHRIST—HIS WORK.

The powers of hell are captive led,  
Dragged to the portals of the sky.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,  
And angels chant the solemn lay,  
“Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,  
Ye everlasting doors, give way!”

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,  
And wide unfold the ethereal scene;  
He claims these mansions as his right,  
Receive the King of Glory in!

4 Who is the King of Glory, who?  
The Lord, that all his foes o’ercame,  
The world, sin, death, and hell o’erthrew,  
And Jesus is the Conqueror’s name.

5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,  
And angels chant the solemn lay,  
“Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,  
Ye everlasting doors give way!”

6 Who is the King of Glory, who?  
The Lord, of glorious power possest,  
The King of saints and angels too,  
God over all, for ever blest!

76

C. M. America. Ebenezer New.

*Resurrection and ascension of Christ.*

WATTS.

HOSANNAH to the Prince of light,  
That clothed himself in clay,  
Entered the iron gates of death,  
And tore the bars away.

JESUS CHRIST—HIS WORK.

- 2 Death is no more the king of dread,  
Since our Immanuel rose ;  
He took the tyrant's sting away,  
And spoiled our hellish foes.
- 3 See how the Conqueror mounts aloft,  
And to his Father flies,  
With scars of honour in his flesh,  
And triumph in his eyes.
- 4 There our exalted Saviour reigns,  
And scatters blessings down ;  
Our Jesus fills the middle seat  
Of the celestial throne.
- 5 [Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,  
To reach his blessed abode ;  
Sweet be the accents of your songs  
To our incarnate God.
- 6 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,  
Your sweetest voices raise ;  
Let heaven and all created things  
Sound our Immanuel's praise.]

77

C. M. Ebenezer New. Nehemiah.

*Christ's victory.*

WATTS.

- I SING my Saviour's wondrous death ;  
He conquered when he fell :  
" 'Tis finished ! " said his dying breath,  
And shook the gates of hell.
- 2 " 'Tis finished ! " our Immanuel cries,  
The dreadful work is done :  
Hence shall his sovereign throne arise ;  
His kingdom is begun.

JESUS CHRIST—HIS WORK.

- 3 His cross a sure foundation laid  
For glory and renown,  
When through the regions of the dead  
He passed to reach the crown.
- 4 Exalted at his Father's side  
Sits our victorious Lord ;  
To heaven and hell his hands divide  
The vengeance or reward.
- 5 The saints, from his propitious eye,  
Await their several crowns,  
And all the sons of darkness fly  
The terror of his frowns.

78

148th. Burnham. Grove.

*The cross celebrated.*

ORIGINAL.

- YE saints, your music bring,  
Attuned to sweetest sound ;  
Strike every trembling string,  
Till earth and heaven resound.  
The triumphs of the cross we sing,  
Awake, ye saints, each joyful string.
- 2 The cross, the cross alone,  
Subdued the powers of hell ;  
Like lightning from his throne,  
The prince of darkness fell.  
The triumphs of the cross we sing,  
Awake, ye saints, each joyful string.
- 3 The hand of wrath is stayed  
In its pursuit of blood ;  
The cross our debt has paid,  
And made our peace with God.

**JESUS CHRIST—HIS WORK.**

The triumphs of the cross we sing,  
Awake, ye saints, each joyful string.

- 4    The cross has power to save  
      From all the foes that rise :  
      The cross has made the grave  
      A passage to the skies.  
The triumphs of the cross we sing,  
Awake, ye saints, each joyful string.

- 5    Victorious cross ! all hail !  
      Thy conquering power display ;  
      Thy glories shall prevail,  
      Though earth and time decay.  
Angels, assist us ! while we sing,  
Till heaven's eternal arches ring.

**79**

C. M. Tiverton. Jerusalem.

*Hope by the resurrection.*

WATTS.

**BLESSED** be the everlasting God,  
The Father of our Lord ;  
Be his abounding mercy praised,  
His majesty adored.

- 2    When from the dead he raised his Son,  
      And called him to the sky,  
      He gave our souls a lively hope  
      That they should never die.
- 3    What though our inbred sins require  
      Our flesh to see the dust,  
      Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose,  
      So all his followers must.

- 4 There 's an inheritance divine  
Reserved against that day ;  
'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,  
And cannot waste away.
- 5 Saints by the power of God are kept  
Till the salvation come ;  
We walk by faith as strangers here,  
Till Christ shall call us home.

80

C. M. Braintree. Devizes.

*The works of Moses and the Lamb.*

WATTS.

- HOW strong thine arm is, mighty God !  
Who would not fear thy name ?  
Jesus, how sweet thy graces are !  
Who would not love the Lamb ?
- 2 He has done more than Moses did,  
Our Prophet and our King ;  
From bonds of hell he freed our souls,  
And taught our lips to sing.
- 3 In the Red Sea, by Moses' hand,  
The Egyptian host was drowned ;  
But his own blood hides all our sins,  
And guilt no more is found.
- 4 When through the desert Israel went,  
With manna they were fed ;  
Our Lord invites us to his flesh,  
And calls it living bread.
- 5 Moses beheld the promised land,  
Yet never reached the place ;  
But Christ shall bring his followers home,  
To see his Father's face.

CHRIST—HIS CHARACTERS.

- 6 Then shall our love and joy be full,  
And feel a warmer flame ;  
And sweeter voices tune the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb.

See also LORD'S SUPPER. MAN—HIS FAITH.

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CHRIST—HIS CHARACTERS.

81

148th. Carmarthen New. Grove.

*The characters of Christ.*

WATTS.

- JOIN all the glorious names  
Of wisdom, love, and power,  
That ever mortals knew,  
That angels ever bore :  
All are too mean to speak his worth,  
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.
- 2 But oh what gentle terms,  
What condescending ways,  
Doth our Redeemer use  
To teach his heavenly grace !  
Mine eyes with joy and wonder see  
What forms of love he bears for me.
- 3 [Arrayed in mortal flesh,  
He like an angel stands,  
And holds the promises  
And pardons in his hands :  
Commissioned from his Father's throne  
To make his grace to mortals known.]



- 4 [Great Prophet of my God,  
My tongue would bless thy name ;  
By thee the joyful news  
Of our salvation came :  
The joyful news of sins forgiven,  
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.]
- 5 [Jesus, my great High Priest,  
Offered his blood, and died ;  
My guilty conscience seeks  
No sacrifice beside :  
His powerful blood did once atone,  
And now it pleads before the throne.]
- 6 [My dear Almighty Lord,  
My Conqueror and my King !  
Thy sceptre and thy sword,  
Thy reigning grace I sing :  
Thine is the power ; behold, I sit  
In willing bonds beneath thy feet.]
- 7 [Now let my soul arise,  
And tread the tempter down ;  
My Captain leads me forth  
To conquest and a crown :  
A feeble saint shall win the day,  
Though death and hell obstruct the way.]
- 8 Should all the hosts of death,  
And powers of hell unknown,  
Put their most dreadful forms  
Of rage and mischief on,  
I shall be safe, for Christ displays  
Superior power, and guardian grace.

82

L. M. Martin's Lane. Lebanon.

*Characters of Christ.*

WATTS.

GO, worship at Immanuel's feet,  
See in his face what wonders meet!  
Earth is too narrow to express  
His worth, his glory, or his grace.

- 2 The whole creation can afford  
But some faint shadows of my Lord;  
Nature, to make his beauties known,  
Must mingle colours not her own.
- 3 O let me climb those higher skies,  
Where storms and darkness never rise,  
There he displays his power abroad,  
And shines and reigns the incarnate God.
- 4 Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,  
Nor heaven, his full resemblance bears;  
His beauties we can never trace,  
Till we behold him face to face.

83

C. M. Devizes. Braintree.

*Offices of Christ.*

WATTS.

WE bless the Prophet of the Lord,  
That comes with truth and grace;  
Jesus, thy Spirit and thy word  
Shall lead us in thy ways.

- 2 We reverence our High Priest above,  
Who offered up his blood,  
And lives to carry on his love,  
By pleading with our God.
- 3 We honour our exalted King;  
How sweet are his commands!  
He guards our souls from hell and sin  
By his almighty hands.

- 4 Hosannah to his glorious name,  
 Who saves by different ways ;  
 His mercies lay a sovereign claim  
 To our immortal praise.

**84** 148th. Swithen's. Carmarthen New.  
*Christ a High Priest.* CENNICK.

A GOOD High Priest is come,  
 Supplying Aaron's place,  
 And taking up his room,  
 Dispensing life and grace :  
 The law by Aaron's priesthood came,  
 But grace and truth by Jesus' name.

- 2 He once temptation knew  
 Of every sort and kind,  
 That he might succour show  
 To every tempted mind :  
 In every point the Lamb was tried  
 Like us, and then for us he died.
- 3 He dies ! but lives again,  
 And by the altar stands ;  
 There shows how he was slain,  
 Opening his pierced hands :  
 Our Priest abides, and pleads the cause  
 Of us, who have transgressed his laws.
- 4 I other priests disclaim,  
 And laws and offerings too,  
 None but the bleeding Lamb  
 The mighty work can do :  
 He shall have all the praise, for he  
 Hath loved, and lived, and died for me.

- JESUS, in thee our eyes behold  
A thousand glories more,  
Than the rich gems and polished gold  
The sons of Aaron wore.
- 2 They first their own burnt-offerings brought  
To purge themselves from sin;  
Thy life was pure without a spot,  
And all thy nature clean.
- 3 [Fresh blood, as constant as the day,  
Was on their altar spilt;  
But thy one offering takes away  
For ever all our guilt.]
- 4 [Their priesthood ran through several hands,  
For mortal was their race;  
Thy never-changing office stands  
Eternal as thy days.]
- 5 [Once in the circuit of a year,  
With blood, but not his own,  
Aaron within the veil appears  
Before the golden throne.
- 6 But Christ, by his own powerful blood,  
Ascends above the skies,  
And in the presence of our God  
Shows his own sacrifice.]
- 7 Jesus, the King of glory, reigns  
On Sion's heavenly hill;  
Looks like a lamb that has been slain,  
And wears his priesthood still.

- 8 He ever lives to intercede  
 Before his Father's face :  
 Give him, my soul, thy cause to plead,  
 Nor doubt the Father's grace.

86

C. M. Stephens. Auburn.

*Christ an Intercessor.*

DODDRIDGE.

- NOW let our cheerful eyes survey  
 Our great High Priest above,  
 And celebrate his constant care,  
 And sympathetic love.
- 2 Though raised to a superior throne,  
 Where angels bow around,  
 And high o'er all the shining train  
 With matchless honours crowned ;
- 3 The names of all his saints he bears  
 Deep graven on his heart ;  
 Nor shall the meanest Christian say,  
 That he hath lost his part.
- 4 Those characters shall fair abide,  
 Our everlasting trust,  
 When gems, and monuments, and crowns,  
 Are mouldered into dust.
- 5 So, gracious Saviour, on my breast  
 May thy dear name be worn,  
 A sacred ornament and guard,  
 To endless ages borne.

87

C. M. Condescension. Ludlow.

*Christ's compassion as Intercessor.*

WATTS.

- WITH joy we meditate the grace  
 Of our High Priest above ;

CHRIST—HIS CHARACTERS.

- His heart is made of tenderness,  
His bowels melt with love.
- 2 Touched with a sympathy within,  
He knows our feeble frame ;  
He knows what sore temptations mean,  
For he has felt the same.
- 3 But spotless, innocent, and pure,  
The great Redeemer stood,  
While Satan's fiery darts he bore,  
And did resist to blood.
- 4 He in the days of feeble flesh  
Poured out his cries and tears,  
And in his measure feels afresh  
What every member bears.
- 5 Then let our humble faith address  
His mercy and his power ;  
We shall obtain delivering grace  
In the distressing hour.

88

L. M. Foundling. Portugal.

*Christ interceding.*

STERLE.

- HE lives, the great Redeemer lives !  
(What joy the blest assurance gives !)  
And now before his Father God,  
Pleads the full merit of his blood.
- 2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,  
And justice armed with frowns appears :  
But in the Saviour's lovely face  
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.

- 3 Hence then, ye black, despairing thoughts,  
Above our fears, above our faults,  
His powerful intercessions rise,  
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.
- 4 In every dark, distressing hour,  
When sin and Satan join their power,  
Let this dear hope repel the dart,  
That Jesus bears us on his heart.
- 5 Great Advocate, Almighty Friend,  
On him our humble hopes depend :  
Our cause can never, never fail,  
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

89

C. M. Ebenezer New. Lydia.

*Intercession of Christ.*

WATTS.

- LIFT up your eyes to the heavenly seats  
Where your Redeemer stays ;  
Kind Intercessor ! there he sits,  
And loves, and pleads, and prays.
- 2 'Twas well, my soul, he died for thee,  
And shed his vital blood ;  
Appeased stern justice on the tree,  
And then arose to God.
  - 3 Petitions now, and praise may rise,  
And saints their offerings bring ;  
The Priest, with his own sacrifice,  
Presents them to the King.
  - 4 [Let papists trust what names they please,  
Their saints and angels boast ;  
We 've no such advocates as these,  
Nor pray to the heavenly host.]

CHRIST—HIS CHARACTERS.

- 5 Jesus alone shall bear my cries  
Up to his Father's throne ;  
He, dearest Lord ! perfumes my sighs,  
And sweetens every groan.
- 6 [Ten thousand praises to the King,  
"Hosannah in the highest !"  
Ten thousand thanks our spirits bring  
To God and to his Christ.]

**90** L. M. Weymouth New. Horsley.  
*Intercession of Christ.* WATTS.

- BLOOD has a voice to pierce the skies :  
"Revenge !" the blood of Abel cries ;  
But the dear stream when Christ was slain,  
Speaks peace as loud from every vein.
- 2 Pardon and peace from God on high,  
Behold he lays his vengeance by ;  
And rebels that deserve his sword  
Become the favourites of the Lord.
- 3 To Jesus let our praises rise,  
Who gave his life a sacrifice ;  
Now he appears before his God,  
And for our pardon pleads his blood.

**91** L. M. Newport. China. ORIGINAL.  
*Intercession of Christ.*

- AND may I venture to thy throne,  
And plead my sorrows at thy feet ;  
I may with love and wonder too,  
For Jesus there has fixed his seat.
- 2 He ever lives to intercede,  
He stoops to catch my secret groan ;



CHRIST—HIS CHARACTERS.

And he will utter all I feel,  
And make my wretched cause his own.

3 With such an Advocate above,  
How strong should faith and patience be !  
I must enjoy success at last,  
If Jesus is engaged for me.

4 For him the Father ever hears,  
Nor turns away his smiling face ;  
But listens to redeeming love,  
Well pleased to exercise his grace.

5 Forbid it, then, while Jesus prays,  
That we should faint and weary grow ;  
But while he supplicates above,  
So may we ever plead below.

92

104th. Hanover. Portugal New.

*Christ unchangeable,*

HAMMOND.

IF Jesus is ours,  
We have a true Friend,  
Whose goodness endures  
The same to the end :  
Our comforts may vary,  
Our frames may decline,  
We cannot miscarry,  
Our aid is Divine.

2 Though God may delay  
To show us his light,  
And heaviness may  
Endure for a night,

CHRIST—HIS CHARACTERS.

Yet joy in the morning  
Shall surely abound;  
No shadow of turning  
In Jesus is found.

3 The hills may depart,  
And mountains remove,  
But faithful thou art,  
O fountain of love :  
The Father hath graven  
Our names on thy hands ;  
Our building in heaven  
Eternally stands.

4 A moment he hid  
The light of his face,  
Yet firmly decreed  
To save us by grace ;  
And though he reprove us,  
And still may reprove,  
For ever he loved us,  
And ever will love.

5 Then tune every string  
To Jesus's name,  
With angels we 'll sing  
The song of the Lamb :  
Thee every believer  
Shall joyfully praise,  
Thou bountiful giver  
Of glory and grace.

93

C. M. Frome. Piety.

*Christ a Friend.*

SWAIN

A FRIEND there is—your voices join,  
Ye saints, to praise his name !—

CHRIST—HIS CHARACTERS.

Whose truth and kindness are Divine,  
Whose love 's a constant flame.

- 2 When most we need his helping hand,  
This Friend is always near ;  
With heaven and earth at his command,  
He waits to answer prayer.
- 3 His love no end nor measure knows,  
No change can turn its course ;  
Immutably the same it flows,  
From one eternal source.
- 4 When frowns appear to veil his face,  
And clouds surround his throne,  
He hides the purpose of his grace,  
To make it better known.
- 5 And if our dearest comforts fall  
Before his sovereign will ;  
He never takes away our all,  
Himself he gives us still.
- 6 Our sorrows in the scale he weighs,  
And measures out our pains ;  
The wildest storm his word obeys,  
His word its rage restrains.

94

C. M. Arabia. Milbourn Port.  
*Christ the foundation of the church.*  
Psal. cxviii.

WATTS.

BEHOLD the sure foundation-stone  
Which God in Zion lays,  
To build our heavenly hopes upon,  
And his eternal praise.

CHRIST—HIS CHARACTERS.

- 2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,  
And saints adore the name ;  
They trust their whole salvation here,  
Nor shall they suffer shame.
- 3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,  
Reject it with disdain ;  
Yet on this Rock the church shall rest  
And envy rage in vain.
- 4 What though the gates of hell withstood,  
Yet must this building rise ;  
'Tis thy own work, Almighty God,  
And wondrous in our eyes.

95

C. M. Oxford. Israel.

*Christ head of the church.*

DODDRIDGE.

- JESUS, I sing thy matchless grace,  
That calls a worm thine own :  
Gives me among thy saints a place,  
To make thy glories known.
- 2 Allied to thee, our vital Head,  
We act, and grow, and thrive ;  
From thee divided, each is dead,  
When most he seems alive.
- 3 Thy saints on earth, and those above,  
Here join in sweet accord ;  
One body all in mutual love,  
And thou our common Lord.
- 4 O may my faith each hour derive  
Thy Spirit with delight ;  
While death and hell in vain shall strive  
This bond to disunite.

- 5 Thou the whole body wilt present  
 Before thy Father's face ;  
 Nor shall a wrinkle or a spot  
 Its beauteous form disgrace.

96

7s. Hammond. Hart's.

*Refuge.*

TOPLADY.

ROCK of ages, cleft for me !  
 Let me hide myself in thee.  
 Let the water and the blood,  
 From thy side, a healing flood,  
 Be of sin the double cure,  
 Save from wrath, and make me pure.

- 2 Not the labour of my hands  
 Can fulfil thy law's demands.  
 Could my zeal no respite know,  
 Could my tears for ever flow,  
 All for sin could not atone ;  
 Thou must save, and thou alone.
- 3 In my hand no price I bring :  
 Simply to thy cross I cling ;  
 Naked, come to thee for dress ;  
 Helpless, look to thee for grace ;  
 Leprous, to the fountain fly :  
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die !
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,—  
 When my eyes shall close in death,—  
 When I soar to worlds unknown,—  
 See thee on thy judgment-throne,—  
 Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in thee !

97

L. M. Horsley. Weymouth New.

*Christ a hiding-place.*

BREWER.

HAIL! sovereign love, that first began  
The scheme to rescue fallen man!  
Hail! matchless, free, eternal grace,  
That gave my soul a hiding-place!

- 2 Enwrap in thick Egyptian night,  
And fond of darkness more than light;  
Madly I ran the sinful race,  
Secure without a hiding-place.
- 3 But thus the eternal counsel ran,—  
“Almighty love, arrest that man!”  
I felt the arrows of distress,  
And found I had no hiding-place.
- 4 Ere long a heavenly voice I heard,  
And mercy’s angel-form appeared;  
She led me on, with gentle pace,  
To Jesus, as my hiding-place.
- 5 On him Almighty vengeance fell,  
That must have sunk a world to hell;  
He bore it for his chosen race,  
And thus became their hiding-place.
- 6 Should storms of seven-fold thunder roll,  
And shake the globe from pole to pole;  
No flaming bolt could daunt my face,  
For Jesus is my hiding-place.
- 7 A few more rolling suns at most  
Will land me on fair Canaan’s coast;  
There shall I sing the song of grace,  
And see my glorious hiding-place.

98

L. M. Old 100th. Wareham.

*Christ the Physician.*

STEELE.

DEEP are the wounds which sin has made,  
Where shall the sinner find a cure ?  
In vain, alas ! is nature's aid ;  
The work exceeds all nature's power.

- 2 Sin, like a raging fever, reigns  
With fatal strength in every part ;  
The dire contagion fills the veins,  
And spreads its poison to the heart.
- 3 And can no sovereign balm be found ?  
And is no kind physician nigh,  
To ease the pain, and heal the wound,  
Ere life and hope for ever fly ?
- 4 There is a great Physician near ;  
Look up, O fainting soul, and live ;  
See in his heavenly smiles appear  
Such ease as nature cannot give !
- 5 Sin throws in vain its pointed dart ;  
For here a sovereign cure is found ;  
A cordial for the fainting heart,  
A balm for every painful wound.

99

C. M. Devizes. Warwick.

*Christ the pearl of price.*

STEELE.

YE glittering toys of earth, adieu,  
A nobler choice be mine ;  
A real prize attracts my view,  
A treasure all Divine.

- 2 Begone, unworthy of my cares,  
Ye specious baits of sense ;  
Inestimable worth appears,  
The pearl of price immense.

to multitudes unknown,  
 ame divinely sweet !  
 in thee, in thee alone,  
 alth, honour, pleasure meet.  
 l earth's vain treasures all depart,  
 his dear gift possessed,  
 asp it to my joyful heart,  
 l be for ever blessed.  
 Sovereign of my soul's desires,  
 love is bliss divine ;  
 t the wish that love inspires,  
 l bid me call thee mine.

See also LORD'S SUPPER.

# CHRIST—HIS REIGN.

L. M. Portugal. Zion's Temple.

*Christ exalted.* Psal. cx.

WATTS.

§ the eternal Father spake  
 Christ the Son : " Ascend and sit  
 right hand, till I shall make  
 foes submissive at thy feet.  
 n Zion shall thy word proceed ;  
 word, the sceptre in thy hand,  
 make the hearts of rebels bleed,  
 bow their wills to thy command.  
 day shall show thy power is great,  
 ensaints shall flock with willing minds,  
 inners crowd thy temple gate,  
 ere holiness in beauty shines."



- 4 O blessed power ! O glorious day !  
 What a large victory shall ensue !  
 And converts, who thy grace obey,  
 Exceed the drops of morning dew.

**101** L. M. Derby. Zion's Temple.  
*The kingdom of Christ* Psal. lxxii. WATTS.

GREAT God, whose universal sway  
 The known and unknown worlds obey,  
 Now give the kingdom to thy Son,  
 Extend his power, exalt his throne.

- 2 As rain on meadows newly mown,  
 So shall he send his influence down ;  
 His grace on fainting souls distils,  
 Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.
- 3 The heathen lands that lie beneath  
 The shades of overspreading death,  
 Revive at his first dawning light,  
 And deserts blossom at the sight.
- 4 The saints shall flourish in his days,  
 Dressed in the robes of joy and praise ;  
 Peace, like a river from his throne,  
 Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

**102** C. M. Milbourn Port. New York.  
*Christ's coming and kingdom.*  
 Psal. xeviii. WATTS.

JOY to the world ! the Lord is come !  
 Let earth receive her King ;  
 Let every heart prepare him room,  
 And heaven and nature sing.

CHRIST—HIS REIGN

- 2 Joy to the earth ! the Saviour reigns !  
Let men their songs employ,  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and  
plains,  
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,  
Nor thorns infest the ground ;  
He comes to make his blessings flow  
Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,  
And makes the nations prove  
The glories of his righteousness,  
And wonders of his love.

**103** C. M. Tiverton. Hephzibah.  
*Christ's first and second coming. Psal. xcvi. WATTS*

- SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,  
Ye tribes of every tongue ;  
His new-discovered grace demands  
A new and nobler song.
- 2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,  
God's own almighty Son ;  
His power the sinking world sustains,  
And grace surrounds his throne.
- 3 Let heaven proclaim the joyful day,  
Joy through the earth be seen ;  
Let cities shine in bright array,  
And fields in cheerful green.
- 4 Let an unusual joy surprise  
The islands of the sea :  
Ye mountains, sink ; ye valleys, rise ;  
Prepare the Lord his way.

CHRIST—HIS REIGN.

- 5 Behold, he comes, he comes to bless  
The nations as their God ;  
To show the world his righteousness,  
And send his truth abroad.
- 6 But when his voice shall raise the dead,  
And bid the world draw near,  
How will the guilty nations dread  
To see their Judge appear !

104

8. 7. 4. Helmsley.

*Christ crowned.*

KELLY.

- LOOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious,  
See "The man of sorrows" now :  
From the fight returned victorious,  
Every knee to him shall bow :  
Crown him, crown him :  
Crowns become the Victor's brow.
- 2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown him :  
Rich the trophies Jesus brings :  
In the seat of power enthrone him,  
While the vault of heaven rings :  
Crown him, crown him :  
Crown the Saviour "King of kings !"
- 3 Sinners in derision crowned him,  
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim ;  
Saints and angels crowd around him,  
Own his title, praise his name :  
Crown him, crown him :  
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.
- 4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation !  
Hark, those loud triumphant chords !

CHRIST—HIS REIGN.

Jesus takes the highest station :  
Oh what joy the sight affords !  
Crown him, crown him,  
“ King of kings, and Lord of lords.”

**105** C. M. Miles's Lane. Coronation.  
*Christ crowned universally.* SHRUBSOLE

- ALL hail the power of Jesus' name,  
Let angels prostrate fall :  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Crown him, ye martyrs of your God,  
Who from his altar call ;  
Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,  
A remnant weak and small,  
Hail him who saves you by his grace,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall ;  
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 6 Oh that with yonder sacred throng  
We at his feet may fall ;  
There join the everlasting song,  
And crown him Lord of all.

CHRIST—HIS REIGN.

106

L. M. New Sabbath. China.

*Christ our Forerunner.*

DODDRIDGE.

JESUS the Lord our souls adore,  
A painful sufferer now no more ;  
High on his Father's throne he reigns  
O'er earth, and heaven's extensive plains.

- 2 His race for ever is complete ;  
For ever undisturbed his seat ;  
Myriads of angels round him fly,  
And sing his well-gained victory.
- 3 Yet, 'midst the honours of his throne,  
He joys not for himself alone ;  
His meanest servants share their part,  
Share in their Saviour's tender heart.
- 4 Raise, raise, my soul, thy raptured sight  
With sacred wonder and delight ;  
Jesus thy own Forerunner see  
Entered beyond the veil for thee.
- 5 Loud let the howling tempest yell,  
And foaming waves to mountains swell,  
No shipwreck can my vessel fear,  
Since hope hath fixed its anchor here.

107

L. M. Duke Street. Antigua.

*Immutability of Christ.*

DODDRIDGE.

WITH transport, Lord, our souls proclaim  
The immortal honours of thy name ;  
Assembled round our Saviour's throne,  
We make his ceaseless glories known.

- 2 High on his Father's royal seat  
Our Jesus shone divinely great,

CHRIST—HIS REIGN.

Ere Adam's clay with life was warmed,  
Or Gabriel's nobler spirit formed.

- 3 Through all succeeding ages, he  
The same hath been, the same shall be :  
Immortal radiance gilds his head,  
While stars and suns wax old and fade.
- 4 The same his power his flock to guard ;  
The same his bounty to reward ;  
The same his faithfulness and love  
To saints on earth, and saints above.
- 5 Let nature change, and sink, and die ;  
Jesus shall raise his chosen high,  
And fix them near his stable throne,  
In glory changeless as his own.

108

L. M. Newport. Atwaters.

*Reign of Christ.*

DODDRIDGE.

HAIL to the Prince of life and peace,  
Who holds the keys of death and hell !  
The spacious world unseen is his,  
And sovereign power becomes him well.

- 2 In shame and torment once he died ;  
But now he lives for evermore :  
Bow down, ye saints, around his seat,  
And, all ye angel-bands, adore.
- 3 So live for ever, glorious Lord,  
To crush thy foes, and guard thy friends ;  
While all thy chosen tribes rejoice,  
That thy dominion never ends.

CHRIST—HIS REIGN.

- 4 Worthy thy hand to hold the keys,  
Guided by wisdom, and by love;  
Worthy to rule o'er mortal life,  
O'er worlds below, and worlds above.
- 5 When death thy servants shall invade,  
When powers of hell thy church annoy,  
Controlled by thee, their rage shall help  
The cause they labour to destroy.
- 6 For ever reign, victorious King :  
Wide thro' the earth thy name be known ;  
And call my longing soul to sing,  
Sublimar anthems near thy throne.

**109** 148th. Burnham. Greenwich New.

*Reign of Christ.*

ANON.

- REJOICE, the Lord is King ;  
Your Lord and King adore ;  
Mortals, give thanks and sing,  
And triumph evermore :  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,  
Rejoice, he bids his saints rejoice.
- 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,  
The God of truth and love ;  
When he had purged our stains,  
He took his seat above :  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,  
Rejoice, he bids his saints rejoice.
- 3 His kingdom cannot fail,  
He rules o'er earth and heaven ;  
The keys of death and hell  
Are to our Jesus given :

CHRIST—HIS REIGN.

Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,  
Rejoice, he bids his saints rejoice.

- 4    He sits at God's right hand,  
      Till all his foes submit,  
      And bow at his command,  
      And fall beneath his feet :  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,  
Rejoice, he bids his saints rejoice.
- 5    Rejoice in glorious hope,  
      Jesus the Judge shall come,  
      And take his servants up  
      To their eternal home :  
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice,  
The trump of God shall sound, rejoice.

**110**    S. M.    Wirksworth.    Compassion.  
          *Christ rising and reigning.*    Psal. ii.    WATTS

      WHY did the Gentiles rage,  
      And Jews, with one accord,  
Bend all their counsels to destroy  
The Anointed of the Lord ?

- 2    Rulers and kings agree  
      To form a vain design ;  
Against the Lord their powers unite,  
      Against his Christ they join.
- 3    The Lord derides their rage,  
      And will support his throne ;  
He that hath raised him from the dead  
      Hath owned him for his Son.



CHRIST—HIS REIGN.

- 4 Now he's ascended high,  
And asks to rule the earth;  
The merit of his blood he pleads,  
And pleads his heavenly birth.
- 5 He asks, and God bestows  
A large inheritance;  
Far as the world's remotest ends  
His kingdom shall advance.
- 6 The nations that rebel  
Must feel his iron rod;  
He'll vindicate those honours well  
Which he received from God.

**111** C. M. America. Hampshire.  
*Christ ascending and reigning.* Psal. xlvii. WATTS

- O FOR a shout of sacred joy  
To God the sovereign King!  
Let every land their tongues employ,  
And hymns of triumph sing.
- 2 Jesus our God ascends on high,  
His heavenly guards around  
Attend him rising through the sky,  
With trumpets' joyful sound.
- 3 While angels shout and praise their King,  
Let mortals learn their strains;  
Let all the earth his honours sing;  
O'er all the earth he reigns.
- 4 Rehearse his praise with awe profound  
Let knowledge lead the song,  
Nor mock him with a solemn sound  
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

CHRIST—HIS REIGN.

- 5 In Israel stood his ancient throne,  
He loved that chosen race ;  
But now he calls the world his own,  
And heathens taste his grace.
- 6 The British islands are the Lord's,  
There Abraham's God is known ;  
While powers and princes, shields and swords,  
Submit before his throne.

112

S. M. Peckham. Cranbrook.

*Christ superior to Moses.*

WATTS

- THE law by Moses came,  
But peace, and truth, and love,  
Were brought by Christ, a nobler name,  
Descending from above.
- 2 Amidst the house of God  
Their different works were done ;  
Moses a faithful servant stood,  
But Christ a faithful Son.
- 3 Then to his new commands  
Be strict obedience paid ;  
O'er all his Father's house he stands  
The Sovereign and the Head.
- 4 The man that durst despise  
The law that Moses brought,  
Behold ! how terribly he dies  
For his presumptuous fault !
- 5 But sorer vengeance falls  
On that rebellious race,  
Who hate to hear when Jesus calls,  
And dare resist his grace.

CHRIST—HIS REIGN.

**113** S. M. Bradley Church. Mount Ephraim.  
*The glory of Christ.* Psal. xlv. WATTS.

MY Saviour and my King,  
Thy beauties are divine ;  
Thy lips with blessings overflow,  
And every grace is thine.

2 Now make thy glory known,  
Gird on thy dreadful sword,  
And ride in majesty to spread  
The conquests of thy word.

3 Strike through thy stubborn foes,  
Or melt their hearts t' obey,  
While justice, meekness, grace, and truth,  
Attend thy glorious way.

4 Thy laws, O God, are right ;  
Thy throne shall ever stand ;  
And thy victorious gospel proves  
A sceptre in thy hand.

**114** S. M. Bradley Church. Peckham.  
*The kingdom of Christ.* Psal. xcix. WATTS.

THE God Jehovah reigns !  
Let all the nations fear ;  
Let sinners tremble at his throne,  
And saints be humble there.

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns !  
Let earth adore its Lord ;  
Bright cherubs his attendants stand,  
Swift to fulfil his word.

3 In Zion is his throne,  
His honours are divine ;

CHRIST—HIS REIGN.

His church shall make his wonders known,  
For there his glories shine.

- 4 How holy is his name !  
How terrible his praise !  
Justice, and truth, and judgment join  
In all his works of grace.

- 5 Exalt the Lord our God,  
And worship at his feet ;  
His nature is all holiness,  
And mercy is his seat.

**115** L. M. Foundling. Gloucester.  
*Christ's kingdom among the Gentiles.*  
Psal. lxxii.

WATTS.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun  
Does his successive journeys run ;  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

- 2 For him shall endless prayer be made,  
And praises throng to crown his head ;  
His name like sweet perfume shall rise  
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue  
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on his name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,  
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains ;  
The weary find eternal rest,  
And all the sons of want are blessed.

- 5 [Where he displays his healing power  
Death and the curse are known no more ;  
In him the tribes of Adam boast  
More blessings than their father lost.
- 6 Let every creature rise and bring  
Peculiar honours to our King ;  
Angels descend with songs again,  
And earth repeat the long Amen.]

**116**

7, 6. Greenland.

*Kingdom of Christ.* Psal. lxxii. MONTGOMERY

- HAIL to the Lord's Anointed !  
Great David's greater Son !  
Hail, in the time appointed,  
His reign on earth begun !  
He comes to break oppression,  
To set the captive free ;  
To take away transgression,  
And rule in equity.
- 2 He shall come down like showers  
Upon the fruitful earth ;  
And joy and hope, like flowers,  
Spring in his path to birth.  
Before him, on the mountains,  
Shall peace, the herald, go ;  
And righteousness, in fountains  
From hill to valley flow.
- 3 Kings shall fall down before him,  
And gold and incense bring :  
All nations shall adore him ;  
His praise all people sing :

CHRIST—HIS REIGN.

For he shall have dominion  
O'er river, sea, and shore,  
Far as the eagle's pinion  
Or dove's light wing can soar.

- 4 O'er every foe victorious,  
He on his throne shall rest ;  
From age to age more glorious,  
All blessing and all blest.  
The tide of time shall never  
His covenant remove :  
His name shall stand for ever ;  
His great, best name of Love !

**117** L. M. Wareham. Atwaters. Psal. xcvi.  
*Christ reigning and coming to judgment. WATTS.*

HE reigns ! the Lord, the Saviour reigns !  
Praise him in evangelic strains ;  
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,  
And distant islands join their voice.

- 2 Deep are his counsels and unknown,  
But grace and truth support his throne ;  
Though gloomy clouds his way surround,  
Justice is their eternal ground.
- 3 In robes of judgment, lo ! he comes,  
Shakes the wide earth and cleaves the tombs ;  
Before him burns devouring fire ;  
The mountains melt, the seas retire.
- 4 His enemies, with sore dismay,  
Fly from the sight and shun the day ;  
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,  
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

See also THE WORD—ITS SPREAD.

CHRIST—HIS PRAISE.

118

L. M. Truro. Martin's Lane.

*Glory and grace in Christ.*

WATTS.

NOW to the Lord a noble song !  
Awake, my soul ; awake, my tongue ;  
Hosannah to the eternal Name,  
And all his boundless love proclaim.

- 2 See where it shines in Jesus's face,  
The brightest image of his grace ;  
God, in the person of his Son,  
Has all his mightiest works outdone.
- 3 Grace ! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme ;  
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name :  
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound ;  
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground !
- 4 Oh may I live to reach the place  
Where he unveils his lovely face !  
Where all his beauties you behold,  
And sing his name to harps of gold !

119

L. M. Chard. Zion's Temple.

*Praise to Christ.*

WATTS.

NOW for a tune of lofty praise  
To great Jehovah's equal Son !  
Awake, my voice, in heavenly lays  
Tell the loud wonders he hath done.

- 2 Sing how he left the worlds of light,  
And the bright robes he wore above ;  
How swift and joyful was his flight,  
On wings of everlasting love.

- 3 [Down to this base, this sinful earth,  
He came to raise our nature high ;  
He came to atone Almighty wrath ;  
Jesus, the God, was born to die.]
- 4 Deep in the shades of gloomy death  
The almighty Captive prisoner lay ;  
The almighty Captive left the earth,  
And rose to everlasting day.
- 5 Lift up your eyes, ye sons of light,  
Up to his throne of shining grace ;  
See what immortal glories sit  
Round the sweet beauties of his face !
- 6 Amongst a thousand harps and songs,  
Jesus, the God, exalted reigns ;  
His sacred name fills all their tongues,  
And echoes through the heavenly plains.

**120**

L. M. Doversdale. Fordingbridge.

*Christ's exaltation.*

WATTS.

- WHAT equal honour shall we bring  
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,  
When all the notes that angels sing  
Are far inferior to thy name ?
- 2 Worthy is he that once was slain,  
The Prince of Peace that groaned and died ;  
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign  
At his Almighty Father's side.
  - 3 Power and dominion are His due  
Who stood condemned at Pilate's bar ;  
Wisdom belongs to Jesus, too,  
Though he was charged with madness here.



CHRIST—HIS PRAISE.

- 4 All riches are his native right,  
Yet he sustained amazing loss :  
To him ascribe eternal might  
Who left his weakness on the cross.
- 5 Honour immortal must be paid,  
Instead of scandal and of scorn ;  
While glory shines around his head,  
And a bright crown without a thorn.
- 6 Blessings for ever on the Lamb  
Who bore the curse for wretched men ;  
Let angels sound his sacred name,  
And every creature say, Amen.

**121** L. M. Fordingbridge. Martin's Lane.  
*Praise to Christ.*

WATTS.

- JESUS, our everlasting King,  
Accept the tribute which we bring ;  
Accept the well-deserved renown,  
And wear our praises as thy crown.
- 2 Let every act of worship be  
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee ;  
Like the dear hour when from above  
We first received thy pledge of love :
- 3 The gladness of that happy day,  
Our hearts would wish it long to stay !  
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,  
Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.
- 4 Each following minute as it flies,  
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,  
Till we are raised to sing thy name  
At the great supper of the Lamb.

- 5 Oh that the months would roll away,  
And bring that coronation day !  
The King of Grace shall fill the throne,  
With all his Father's glories on.

**122**

8. 7. 4. Lewes. Calvary.

*Praise to Christ.*

ROBINSON.

- MIGHTY God ! while angels bless thee,  
May a sinner speak thy name ?  
Lord of men as well as angels,  
Thou art every creature's theme. Hal.
- 2 Lord of every land and nation,  
Ancient of eternal days !  
Sounded through the wide creation  
Be thy just and lawful praise. Hal.
- 3 For the grandeur of thy nature,—  
Grand beyond a seraph's thought ;  
For created works of power,—  
Works with skill and kindness wrought ;
- 4 For thy providence that governs  
Through thine empire's wide domain ;  
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow :  
Blessed be thy gentle reign. Hal.
- 5 But thy rich, thy free redemption,  
Dark through brightness all along :  
Thought is poor, and poor expression ;  
Who dare sing that awful song ? Hal
- 6 Brightness of the Father's glory,  
Shall thy praise unuttered lie ?  
Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence !  
Sing the Lord who came to die. Hal.

- 7 Go, return, immortal Saviour !  
 Leave thy footstool, take thy throne ;  
 Thence return, and reign for ever,  
 Be the kingdom all thy own. Hal.

123

6. 4. Bermondsey.

*Worthy the Lamb.*

ANON.

- GLORY to God on high !  
 Let heaven and earth reply,  
 " Praise ye his name !"  
 Angels his love adore,  
 Who all our sorrows bore ;  
 And saints cry evermore,  
 " Worthy the Lamb."
- 2 All they around the throne  
 Cheerfully join in one,  
 Praising his name :  
 We, who have felt his blood  
 Sealing our peace with God,  
 Sound his dear fame abroad ;  
 Worthy the Lamb !
- 3 Join all the ransomed race,  
 Our Lord and God to bless :  
 Praise ye his name.  
 In him we will rejoice,  
 Making a cheerful noise,  
 And shout with heart and voice,  
 Worthy the Lamb !
- 4 Though we must change our place,  
 Yet shall we never cease  
 Praising his name :

CHRIST—HIS PRAISE.

To him we 'll tribute bring ;  
Hail him our gracious King ;  
And without ceasing sing,  
Worthy the Lamb !

**24** S. M. Reuben. Falcon Street.  
*Praise for persevering grace.*

WATTS.

TO God the only wise,  
Our Saviour and our King,  
Let all the saints below the skies  
Their humble praises bring.  
'Tis his almighty love,  
His counsel, and his care,  
Preserves us safe from sin and death,  
And every hurtful snare.

He will present our souls,  
Unblemished and complete,  
Before the glory of his face,  
With joys divinely great.

Then all the chosen seed  
Shall meet around the throne,  
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,  
And make his wonders known.

To our Redeemer, God,  
Wisdom and power belongs,  
Immortal crowns of majesty,  
And everlasting songs.

**25** L. M. Truro. New Sabbath.  
*Praise to Christ.*

WATTS.

NOW to the Lord that makes us know  
The wonders of his dying love,

CHRIST—HIS PRAISE.

- Be humble honours paid below,  
And strains of nobler praise above.
- 2 'Twas he that cleansed our foulest sins,  
And washed us in his richest blood ;  
'Tis he that makes us priests and kings,  
And brings us rebels near to God.
- 3 To Jesus, our atoning Priest,  
To Jesus, our superior King,  
Be everlasting power confessed,  
And every tongue his glory sing.
- 4 Behold, on flying clouds he comes,  
And every eye shall see him move ;  
Though with our sins we pierced him once,  
Then he displays his pardoning love.
- 5 The unbelieving world shall wail,  
While we rejoice to see the day :  
Come, Lord ; nor let thy promise fail,  
Nor let thy chariot long delay.

126

C. M. Otford. Liverpool.  
*Praise to Christ.* Psal. viii.

WATTS.

- O LORD, our Lord, how wondrous great  
Is thine exalted name !  
The glories of thy heavenly state  
Let men and babes proclaim.
- 2 Lord, what is man, or all his race,  
Who dwells so far below,  
That thou shouldst visit him with grace,  
And love his nature so ?

CHRIST—HIS PRAISE.

- 3 That thine eternal Son should bear •  
    To take a mortal form ;  
    Made lower than his angels are,  
    To save a dying worm.
- 4 Let him be crowned with majesty  
    Who bowed his head to death ;  
    And be his honours sounded high,  
    By all things that have breath.
- 5 Jesus, our Lord, how wondrous great  
    Is thine exalted name !  
    The glories of thy heavenly state  
    Let the whole earth proclaim.

**127** C. M. Liverpool. Braintree.  
    *Hosannah to Christ.*

WATTS.

- HOSANNAH to the royal Son  
    Of David's ancient line !  
His natures two, his person one,  
    Mysterious and divine.
- 2 The root of David here, we find,  
    And offspring is the same :  
Eternity and time are joined  
    In our Immanuel's name.
- 3 Blessed he that comes to wretched men  
    With peaceful news from heaven !  
Hosannahs of the highest strain  
    To Christ the Lord be given !
- 4 Let mortals ne'er refuse to take  
    The hosannah on their tongues,  
Lest rocks and stones should rise and break  
    Their silence into songs.

- ANGELS, from the realms of glory,  
 Wing your flight o'er all the earth ;  
 Ye, who sang creation's story,  
 Now proclaim Messiah's birth :  
 Come and worship,  
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- 2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,  
 Watching o'er your flock by night,  
 God with man is now residing ;  
 Yonder shines the infant light :  
 Come and worship,  
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- 3 Sages, leave your contemplations,  
 Brighter visions beam afar ;  
 See the great Desire of nations,  
 Ye have seen his natal star :  
 Come and worship,  
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- 4 Saints, before the altar bending,  
 Waiting long with hope and fear,  
 Suddenly the Lord, descending,  
 In his temple shall appear :  
 Come and worship,  
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- 5 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,  
 Doomed for guilt to endless pains,  
 Justice now repeals the sentence,  
 Mercy calls you—breaks your chains :  
 Come and worship,  
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.

CHRIST—HIS PRAISE.

**129**

C. M. America. Hampshire.

*Praise to the Lamb slain.*

WATTS.

BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb  
Amidst his Father's throne ;  
Prepare new honours for his name,  
And songs before unknown.

- 2 Let elders worship at his feet,  
The church adore around,  
With vials full of odours sweet,  
And harps of sweeter sound.
- 3 Now to the Lamb that once was slain  
Be endless blessings paid ;  
Salvation, glory, joy, remain  
For ever on thy head.
- 4 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,  
Hast set the prisoners free ;  
Hast made us kings and priests to God,  
And we shall reign with thee.
- 5 The worlds of nature and of grace  
Are put beneath thy power ;  
Then shorten these delaying days,  
And bring the promised hour.

**130**

C. M. Abridge. Charmouth.

*Praise to the Redeemer.*

WATTS.

PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair  
We wretched sinners lay,  
Without one cheerful beam of hope,  
Or spark of glimmering day.

- 2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace  
Beheld our helpless grief ;



CHRIST—HIS PRAISE.

He saw, and, O amazing love !  
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above  
With joyful haste he fled,  
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,  
And dwelt among the dead.

4 He spoiled the powers of darkness thus,  
And brake our iron chains ;  
Jesus hath freed our captive souls  
From everlasting pains.

5 O for this love let rocks and hills  
Their lasting silence break,  
And all harmonious human tongues  
The Saviour's praises speak.

6 [Yes, we will praise thee, dearest Lord,  
Our souls are all on flame ;  
Hosannah round the spacious earth  
To thine adored name.

7 Angels, assist our mighty joys,  
Strike all your harps of gold ;  
But when you raise your highest notes,  
His love can ne'er be told.]

131

C. M. Ann's. Devizes.

*Love of Christ.*

WATTS.

DOWN headlong from their native skies  
The rebel angels fell,  
And thunderbolts of flaming wrath  
Pursued them deep to hell

CHRIST—HIS PRAISE.

- 2 Down from the top of earthly bliss  
Rebellious man was hurled ;  
And Jesus stooped beneath the grave  
To reach a sinking world.
- 3 O love of infinite degree !  
Unmeasurable grace !  
Must heaven's eternal Darling die,  
To save a traitorous race ?
- 4 Must angels sink for ever down,  
And burn in quenchless fire,  
While God forsakes his shining throne  
To raise us wretches higher ?
- 5 O for this love let earth and skies  
With hallelujahs ring,  
And the full choir of human tongues  
All hallelujahs sing.

**132**

C. M. Liverpool. Arlington.

*Christ's victory.*

WATTS.

- HOSANNAH to our conquering King !  
The prince of darkness flies ;  
His troops rush headlong down to hell,  
Like lightning from the skies.
- 2 Hosannah to our conquering King !  
All hail incarnate Love !  
Ten thousand songs and glories wait  
To crown thy head above.
- 3 Thy victories and thy deathless fame  
Through the wide world shall run,  
And everlasting ages sing  
The triumphs thou hast won.

CHRIST—HIS PRAISE.

**133** C. M. Ebenezer New. Providence.  
*Praise for redemption and protection.* WATTS.

ARISE, my soul, my joyful powers,  
And triumph in my God ;  
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim  
His glorious grace abroad.

2 He raised me from the deeps of sin,  
The gates of gaping hell,  
And fixed my standing more secure  
Than 'twas before I fell.

3 The arms of everlasting love  
Beneath my soul he placed ;  
And on the Rock of ages set  
My slippery footsteps fast.

4 The city of my blessed abode  
Is walled round with grace ;  
Salvation for a bulwark stands,  
To shield the sacred place.

5 Satan may vent his sharpest spite,  
And all his legions roar ;  
Almighty mercy guards my life,  
And bounds his raging power.

6 Arise, my soul ; awake, my voice,  
And tunes of pleasure sing ;  
Loud hallelujahs shall address  
My Saviour and my King.

**134** C. M. America. Missionary.  
*Praise to Christ.* STEELE.

COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,  
And joy to make it known ;

CHRIST—HIS PRAISE.

The Sovereign of your heart proclaim,  
And bow before his throne.

2 Behold your King, your Saviour crowned  
With glories all divine ;  
And tell the wondering nations round  
How bright those glories shine.

3 Infinite power and boundless grace  
In him unite their rays :  
You that have e'er beheld his face,  
Can you forbear his praise ?

4 When in his earthly courts we view  
The glories of our King,  
We long to love as angels do,  
And wish like them to sing.

5 And shall we long and wish in vain ?  
Lord, teach our songs to rise !  
Thy love can animate the strain,  
And bid it reach the skies.

6 O happy period ! glorious day !  
When heaven and earth shall raise,  
With all their powers, the raptured lay,  
To celebrate thy praise.

**135**

C. M. Cambridge New. Irish.

*Praise for redemption.*

WATTS.

JESUS, with all thy saints above,  
My tongue would bear her part,  
Would sound aloud thy saving love,  
And sing thy bleeding heart.

CHRIST—HIS PRAISE.

- 2 Blessed be the Lamb, my dearest Lord,  
Who bought me with his blood,  
And quenched his Father's flaming sword  
In his own vital flood.
- 3 The Lamb that freed my captive soul  
From Satan's heavy chains,  
And sent the lion down to howl  
Where hell and horror reigns.
- 4 All glory to the dying Lamb,  
And never-ceasing praise,  
While angels live to know his name,  
Or saints to feel his grace.

**136** C. M. New Victory. Nehemiah.

*Praise to the Redeemer.*

WATTS.

- COME, let us join our cheerful songs  
With angels round the throne ;  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one.
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,  
"To be exalted thus :"  
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,  
"For he was slain for us."
  - 3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honour and power divine ;  
And blessings more than we can give,  
Be, Lord, for ever thine.
  - 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,  
And air, and earth, and seas,  
Conspire to lift thy glories high,  
And speak thine endless praise.

CHRIST—HIS PRAISE.

- 5 The whole creation join in one,  
To bless the sacred name  
Of him that sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb.

**137**

C. M. Eythorn. New Victory.

*Praise to Christ.*

WESLEY.

- OH, for a thousand tongues to sing  
My dear Redeemer's praise ;  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of his grace !
- 2 My gracious Saviour, and my God,  
Assist me to proclaim,  
To spread through all the earth abroad,  
The honours of thy name.
- 3 Jesus, the name that calms our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease ;  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears ;  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of reigning sin,  
He sets the prisoner free ;  
His blood can make the foulest clean ;  
His blood availed for me.
- 5 Let us obey, we then shall know,  
Shall feel our sins forgiven :  
Anticipate our heaven below,  
And own that love is heaven.

**138**

C. M. Hensbury. Ashley.

*Christ our strength.* Psal. lxxi.

WATTS.

- MY Saviour, my almighty Friend,  
When I begin thy praise,

CHRIST—HIS PRAISE,

Where will the growing numbers end,  
The numbers of thy grace ?

- 2 Thou art my everlasting trust,  
Thy goodness I adore !  
And since I knew thy graces first,  
I speak thy glories more.
- 3 My feet shall travel all the length  
Of the celestial road,  
And march with courage in thy strength,  
To see my Father God.
- 4 When I am filled with sore distress  
For some surprising sin,  
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,  
And mention none but thine.
- 5 How will my lips rejoice to tell  
The victories of my King !  
My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,  
Shall thy salvation sing.
- 6 [My tongue shall all the day proclaim  
My Saviour and my God ;  
His death has brought my foes to shame,  
And drowned them in his blood.
- 7 Awake, awake, my tuneful powers ;  
With this delightful song  
I'll entertain the darkest hours,  
Nor think the season long.]

139

L. M. Derby. Kindness.

*Praise to Christ.*

MEDLEY.

AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,  
To sing thy great Redeemer's praise;  
He justly claims a song from me,  
His lovingkindness, oh how free!

- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,  
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;  
He saved me from my lost estate,  
His lovingkindness, oh how great!
- 3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,  
Though earth and hell my way oppose,  
He safely leads my soul along,  
His lovingkindness, oh how strong!
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,  
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,  
He near my soul has always stood,  
His lovingkindness, oh how good!
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart  
Prone from my Saviour to depart;  
But though I have him oft forgot,  
His lovingkindness changes not.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,  
Soon all my mortal powers must fail:  
Oh may my last expiring breath  
His lovingkindness sing in death
- 7 Then let me mount and soar away  
To the bright world of endless day;  
And sing, with rapture and surprise,  
His lovingkindness in the skies.



CHRIST—HIS PRAISE.

**140** 7s. Shore Cottage. Mount Hermon.  
*Praise for redeeming love.*

ANON.

NOW begin the heavenly theme,  
Sing aloud in Jesus' name :  
Ye who his salvation prove,  
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye who see the Father's grace  
Beaming in the Saviour's face,  
As to Canaan on ye move,  
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,  
Banish all your guilty fears ;  
See your guilt and curse remove,  
Cancelled by redeeming love.

4 Ye, alas ! who long have been  
Willing slaves of death and sin,  
Now from bliss no longer rove,  
Stop and taste redeeming love.

5 Welcome all, by sin opprest,  
Welcome to the Saviour's breast ;  
Nothing brought him from above,  
Nothing but redeeming love.

6 Hither then your music bring,  
Strike aloud each joyful string ;  
Mortals, join the hosts above,  
Join to praise redeeming love.

**141** 7s. Feversham. German Hymn.  
*Praise to Christ.*

COWPER.

I WILL praise thee every day !  
Now thine anger's turned away,

CHRIST—HIS PRAISE.

Comfortable thoughts arise  
From the bleeding sacrifice.

- 2 Here, in the fair gospel field,  
Wells of free salvation yield  
Streams of life, a plenteous store,  
And my soul shall thirst no more.
- 3 Jesus is become at length  
My salvation and my strength ;  
And his praises shall prolong,  
While I live, my pleasant song.
- 4 Praise ye, then, his glorious name,  
Publish his exalted fame ;  
Still his worth your praise exceeds,  
Excellent are all his deeds.
- 5 Raise again the joyful sound,  
Let the nations roll it round !  
Zion, shout, for this is he,  
God the Saviour dwells in thee.

142

C. M. Hampshire Auburn.

*Praise to Christ.*

NEWTON.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear !  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.

- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast ;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary rest.

- 3 Dear name ! the rock on which I build,  
My shield and hiding-place ;  
My never-failing treasury, filled  
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus ! my shepherd, husband, friend,  
My prophet, priest, and king :  
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,  
Accept the praise I bring.
- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought ;  
But when I see thee as thou art,  
I 'll praise thee as I ought.
- 6 Till then I would thy love proclaim  
With every fleeting breath ;  
And may the music of thy name  
Refresh my soul in death.

**143**

C. M. Newington. Melchisedec.

*Christ our song.*

GENNICK.

- THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,  
We love to hear of thee ;  
No music 's like thy charming name,  
Nor half so sweet can be.
- 2 O let us ever hear thy voice  
In mercy to us speak,  
And in our Priest will we rejoice,  
Thou great Melchisedec.
  - 3 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,  
While in this world we stay ;  
We 'll sing our Saviour's lovely name,  
When all things else decay.

CHRIST—HIS PRAISE.

- 4 When we appear in yonder cloud  
With all the favoured throng,  
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,  
And Christ shall be our song.

**144**

C. M. Halifax. Otford.

*Praise to Christ.*

STEELE.

- TO our Redeemer's glorious name  
Awake the sacred song !  
Oh may his love (immortal flame !)  
Tune every heart and tongue.
- 2 His love, what mortal thought can reach ?  
What mortal tongue display ?  
Imagination's utmost stretch  
In wonder dies away.
- 3 He left his radiant throne on high,  
Left the bright realms of bliss,  
And came to earth to bleed and die !—  
Was ever love like this ?
- 4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay  
Our humble thanks to thee ;  
May every heart with rapture say,  
The Saviour died for me.
- 5 Oh may the sweet, the blissful theme  
Fill every heart and tongue ;  
Till strangers love thy charming name,  
And join the sacred song.

**145**

148th. Carmarthen New.

*Praise to Christ.*

STENNETT.

COME, every pious heart  
That loves the Saviour's name,

CHRIST—HIS PRAISE.

Your noblest powers exert  
To celebrate his fame :  
Tell all above, and all below,  
The debt of love to him you owe.

- 2    He left his starry crown,  
      And laid his robes aside ;  
      On wings of love came down,  
      And wept, and bled, and died ;  
What he endured, O who can tell,  
To save our souls from death and hell !
- 3    From the dark grave he rose,  
      The mansions of the dead,  
      And thence his mighty foes  
      In glorious triumph led :  
Up through the sky the Conqueror rode,  
And reigns on high the Saviour God.
- 4    From thence he 'll quickly come,  
      His chariot will not stay,  
      And bear our spirits home  
      To realms of endless day :  
There shall we see his lovely face,  
And ever rest in his embrace.
- 5    Jesus, we ne'er can pay  
      The debt we owe thy love ;  
      Yet tell us how we may  
      Our gratitude approve :  
Our hearts, our all, to thee we give ;  
The gift, though small, thou wilt receive.

**146**

S. M. Mansfield. Reuben.

*Praise to Christ.*

HAMMOND.

AWAKE and sing the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb,  
Wake every heart and every tongue,  
To praise the Saviour's name.

- 2 Sing of his dying love,  
Sing of his rising power,  
Sing how he intercedes above  
For those whose sins he bore.
- 3 Sing till we feel our hearts  
Ascending with our tongues ;  
Sing till the love of sin departs,  
And grace inspires our songs.
- 4 Sing on your heavenly way,  
Ye ransomed sinners, sing ;  
Sing on, rejoicing every day  
In Christ the eternal King.
- 5 Soon shall we hear him say,  
"Ye blessed children, come ;"  
Soon will he call us hence away,  
And take his wanderers home.

**147**

C. M. Mount Pleasant. Missionary.

*Praise to the Redeemer.*

FAWCETT.

INFINITE excellence is thine,  
Almighty King of grace !  
Thy uncreated glories shine  
With never-fading rays.

CHRIST—HIS PRAISE.

- 2 Sinners from earth's remotest end,  
Come bending at thy feet :  
To thee their prayers and songs ascend ;  
In thee their wishes meet.
- 3 Millions of happy spirits live  
On thine exhaustless store :  
From thee they all their bliss receive,  
And still thou givest more.
- 4 Thou art their triumph and their joy ;  
They find their all in thee :  
Thy glories will their tongues employ  
Through all eternity.

148

8. 7. Jewin Street. Welch.

*Praise to the Redeemer.*

ANON.

- PASCHAL Lamb, by God appointed !  
All our sins on thee were laid :  
By Almighty Love anointed,  
Thou hast full atonement made.  
All thy people are forgiven,  
Through the virtue of thy blood.  
Opened is the gate of heaven :  
Peace is made for man with God.
- 2 Jesus, hail! Abashed before thee,  
Seraphs bright their faces hide :  
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,  
Seated at thy Father's side.  
There for sinners thou art pleading ;  
There thou dost our place prepare ;  
Ever for us interceding,  
Till in glory we appear.

- 3 Worship, honour, power, and blessing,  
 'Thou art worthy to receive :  
 Loudest praises, without ceasing,  
 Meet it is for us to give.  
 Help, ye bright angelic spirits !  
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays :  
 Help to sing our Saviour's merits,  
 Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

149

7. 6. Cambridge Heath.

*Praise to the Saviour.*

HAWKES.

TO thee, my God and Saviour,  
 My soul exulting sings ;  
 Rejoicing in thy favour,  
 Almighty King of kings !  
 I'll celebrate thy glory  
 With all thy saints above,  
 And tell the joyful story  
 Of thy redeeming love.

- 2 Soon as the morn with roses  
 Bedecks the dewy east,  
 And when the sun reposes  
 Upon the ocean's breast,  
 My voice in supplication,  
 My Saviour, thou shalt hear :  
 O grant me thy salvation,  
 And to my soul draw near.

- 3 By thee through life supported,  
 I pass the dangerous road,  
 With heavenly hosts escorted  
 Up to their bright abode ;



CHRIST—HIS PRAISE.

Then cast my crown before thee,  
And, all my conflicts o'er,  
Unceasingly adore thee :  
What could an angel more ?

**150**

C. M. Grove House. New York.

*Praise to the Redeemer.* TOPLADY ALTERED.

- WE sing to thee, thou Son of God,  
The universal Lord ;  
Worthy o'er heaven and earth to reign,  
By heaven and earth adored !
- 2 Angels to thee do ceaseless cry,  
Before thy glorious seat ;  
And seraphim and cherubim  
Thy endless praise repeat.
- 3 Prophets to thee, great Son of God,  
Attune the ancient lyre ;  
And spread thy worthy name abroad,  
With more than prophet's fire.
- 4 The apostles—glorious company—  
Do lift thy praise on high ;  
The martyrs, who for thee did die,  
In equal strains reply.
- 5 Brightness of Majesty divine,  
Thou great Incarnate Word,  
Through all the world thy churches join  
To worship thee, their Lord.
- 6 We sing to thee while we have breath,  
Thou holy Lamb of God ;  
Thou hast redeemed our souls from death,  
Redeemed them with thy blood.

CHRIST—HIS PRAISE.

**151**

L. M. Berwick. Derby.

*Hosannah.*

HEBER.

HOSANNAH to the living Lord !  
Hosannah to the Incarnate Word !  
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,  
Let earth, let heaven, Hosannah sing.

- 2 Hosannah, Lord ! thine angels cry ;  
Hosannah, Lord ! thy saints reply :  
Above, beneath us, all around,  
The dead and living swell the sound.
- 3 O Saviour ! with protecting care,  
Return to this thy house of prayer.  
Assembled in thy sacred name,  
Here we thy parting promise claim !
- 4 But chief, in every cleansed breast,  
Eternal ! bid thy Spirit rest ;  
And make our secret soul to be  
A temple pure and worthy thee !
- 5 So, in the last and dreadful day,  
When earth and heaven shall melt away,  
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,  
Shall swell the sound of praise again.

**152**

7s. Shore Cottage. Anticipation.

*Praise to the Redeemer.*

CENNICK.

BRETHREN, let us join to bless  
Christ, our Peace and Righteousness :  
Let our praise to him be given,  
High at God's right hand in heaven.

- 2 Son of God, to thee we bow :  
Thou art Lord, and only thou.  
Thou, the woman's promised Seed,  
Thou, who didst for sinners bleed !
- 3 Thee the angels ceaseless sing :  
Thee we praise, our Priest and King.  
Worthy is thy name of praise,  
Full of glory, full of grace !
- 4 Thou hast the glad tidings brought  
Of salvation by thee wrought ;  
Wrought to set thy people free,  
Wrought to bring our souls to thee.
- 5 Thee, our Lord, whom we adore,  
May we follow more and more.  
Guide and bless us with thy love,  
Till we join thy saints above.

**153**

L. M. Martin's Lane. Eaton.

*Praise to Christ.* Psal. lxxvi. PRATT'S COL.

- JESUS demands the voice of joy,  
Loud through the land let triumph ring :  
His honours should your songs employ,  
Let glorious praises hail the King.
- 2 Shout to the Lord,—adoring own,  
Thy works thy wondrous might disclose,  
Thine arm victorious power has shown ;  
Thus did thy cross confound thy foes !
  - 3 Low at that cross the world shall bow,  
All nations shall its blessings prove ;  
While grateful strains in concert flow,  
To sing thy power, and praise thy love.

CHRIST—HIS PRAISE.

- 4 O bless our God, ye nations round ;  
People and lands, rehearse his name ;  
Let shouts of joy through earth resound,  
Let every tongue his praise proclaim.

**154** 8. 7. Mariners.  
*Praise to Christ.* Psal. cxviii. PRATT'S COL.

CROWN his head with endless blessing,  
Who in God the Father's name,  
With compassion never ceasing,  
Comes salvation to proclaim !

Hallelujah.

- 2 Lo, Jehovah, we adore thee !—  
Thee our Saviour ! thee our God !  
From thy throne let beams of glory  
Shine through all the world abroad.

- 3 Jesus, thee our Saviour hailing,  
Thee our God in praise we own ;  
Highest honours, never failing,  
Rise eternal round thy throne.

- 4 Now, ye saints, his power confessing,  
In your grateful strains adore ;  
For his mercy, never ceasing,  
Flows, and flows for evermore.

Hallelujah, Amen.

**155** 104th. Portugal New. Hanover.  
*Praise to Christ.*

ANON.

YE servants of God,  
Your Master proclaim,  
And publish abroad  
His wonderful name ;

- The name all victorious  
 Of Jesus extol ;  
 His kingdom is glorious,  
 And rules over all.
- 2 God ruleth on high,  
 Almighty to save ;  
 And still he is nigh,  
 His presence we have :  
 The great congregation  
 His triumph shall sing,  
 Ascribing salvation  
 To Jesus our King.
- 3 Salvation to God  
 Who sits on the throne—  
 Let all cry aloud  
 And honour the Son :  
 The Saviour's high praises  
 The angels proclaim ;  
 Fall down on their faces  
 And worship the Lamb.
- 4 Then let us adore,  
 And give him his right ;  
 All glory and power,  
 And wisdom and might :  
 All honour and blessing,  
 With angels above ;  
 And thanks never ceasing,  
 And infinite love.

**156** 148th. Carter Lane. Greenwich New.  
*Universal praise to Christ.*

ANON.

SHALL hymns of grateful love  
 Through heaven's high arches ring,

CHRIST—HIS PRAISE.

And all the host above  
Their songs of triumph sing ?  
And shall we not take up the strain,  
And send the echo back again ?

2 Shall every ransomed tribe  
Of Adam's scattered race,  
To Christ all power ascribe,  
Who saved them by his grace ?  
And shall we not take up the strain,  
And send the echo back again ?

3 Shall they adore the Lord  
Who bought them with his blood,  
And all the love record  
That led them home to God ?  
And shall we not take up the strain,  
And send the echo back again ?

4 O spread the joyful sound,  
The Saviour's love proclaim ;  
And publish all around  
Salvation through his name ;  
Till the whole world take up the strain,  
And send the echo back again !

157

C. M. Lydia. Auburn.  
*Praise to Christ.*

NEWTON.

FOR mercies countless as the sands,  
Which daily I receive  
From Jesus, my Redeemer's hands,  
My soul, what canst thou give ?

CHRIST—HIS PRAISE.

- 2 Alas! from such a heart as mine  
What can I bring him forth?  
My best is stained and dyed with sin;  
My all is nothing worth.
- 3 Yet this acknowledgment I'll make  
For all he has bestowed;  
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,  
And call upon my God.
- 4 The best returns for one like me,  
So wretched and so poor,  
Is from his gifts to draw a plea,  
And ask him still for more.
- 5 I cannot serve him as I ought;  
No works have I to boast;  
Yet would I glory in the thought,  
That I shall owe him most.

**158** C. M. 8. 7. Ebenezer. Robinson.

*Grateful recollection.*

ROBINSON.

- COME, thou fount of every blessing!  
Tune my heart to sing thy grace!  
Streams of mercy never ceasing,  
Call for songs of loudest praise:  
Teach me some melodious sonnet  
Sung by flaming tongues above;  
Raise the mount—O fix me on it,  
Mount of God's unchanging love.
- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,  
Hither by thy help I'm come;  
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,  
Safely to arrive at home:

HOLY SPIRIT—HIS WORK AND WORSHIP.

Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God ;  
He, to rescue me from danger,  
Interposed his precious blood.

- 3 O ! to grace how great a debtor  
Daily I'm constrained to be !  
Let that grace, now, like a fetter,  
Bind my wandering heart to thee !  
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,  
Prone to leave the God I love—  
Here's my heart—O, take and seal it !  
Seal it from thy courts above.
- 

HOLY SPIRIT—HIS WORK AND WORSHIP.

**159**

L. M. Wareham. New Court.

*The effusion of the Spirit.*

WATTS.

**GREAT** was the day, the joy was great ;  
When the divine disciples met ;  
Whilst on their heads the Spirit came,  
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.

- 2 What gifts, what miracles he gave !  
And power to kill, and power to save !  
Furnished their tongues with wondrous  
words,  
Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.
- 3 Thus armed, he sent the champions forth  
From east to west, from south to north :  
“ Go, and assert your Saviour's cause,  
Go, spread the mystery of his cross.”



- 4 These weapons of the holy war,  
Of what almighty force they are  
To make our stubborn passions bow,  
And lay the proudest rebel low !
- 5 Nations, the learned and the rude,  
Are by these heavenly arms subdued ;  
While Satan rages at his loss,  
And hates the doctrine of the cross.
- 6 Great King of grace ! my heart subdue,  
I would be led in triumph too,  
A willing captive to my Lord,  
And sing the victories of his word.

160

L. M. New Court. Portugal.

*The operations of the Holy Spirit.*

WATTS.

- ETERNAL Spirit ! we confess,  
And sing the wonders of thy grace ;  
Thy power conveys our blessings down  
From God the Father and the Son.
- 2 Enlightened by thine heavenly ray,  
Our shades and darkness turn to day ;  
Thine inward teachings make us know  
Our danger and our refuge too.
- 3 Thy power and glory work within,  
And break the chains of reigning sin,  
Do our imperious lusts subdue,  
And form our wretched hearts anew.
- 4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice,  
Thy cheering words awake our joys ;  
Thy words allay the stormy wind,  
And calm the surges of the mind.

HOLY SPIRIT—HIS WORK AND WORSHIP.

**161**

C. M. Arabia. Devizes.

*The gift of the Spirit.*

HUMPHRIES.

ENTHRONED on high, Almighty Lord,  
The Holy Ghost send down.  
Fulfil in us thy faithful word,  
And all thy mercies crown.

- 2 Though on our heads no tongues of fire  
Their wondrous powers impart,  
Grant, Saviour, what we more desire,  
Thy Spirit in our heart.
- 3 Spirit of life, and light, and love,  
Thy heavenly influence give.  
Quicken our souls, born from above,  
In Christ, that we may live.
- 4 To our benighted minds reveal  
The glories of his grace,  
And bring us where no clouds conceal  
The brightness of his face.
- 5 His love within us shed abroad,  
Life's ever-springing well ;  
Till God in us, and we in God,  
In love eternal dwell.

**162**

C. M. Milbourn Port. Suffolk New.

*The gift of the Spirit.*

DODDRIDGE.

GREAT Father of each perfect gift,  
Behold thy servants wait ;  
With longing eyes and lifted hands,  
We flock around thy gate.

- 2 O shed abroad that choicest gift,  
Thy Spirit from above,  
To bless our eyes with sacred light,  
And fire our hearts with love.

HOLY SPIRIT—HIS WORK AND WORSHIP.

- 3 With speedy flight may he descend,  
And solid comfort bring,  
And o'er our languid souls extend  
His all-reviving wing.
- 4 Blest earnest of eternal joy,  
Declare our sins forgiven ;  
And bear with energy divine  
Our raptured thoughts to heaven.
- 5 Diffuse, O God, those copious showers,  
That earth its fruits may yield,  
And change this barren wilderness  
To Carmel's flowery field.

163

C. M. Irish. Walsall.  
*The renewing of the Spirit.*

STEELE.

- HOW helpless guilty nature lies,  
Unconscious of its load !  
The heart unchanged can never rise  
To happiness and God.
- 2 Can aught beneath a power divine  
The stubborn will subdue ?  
'Tis thine, eternal Spirit, thine  
To form the heart anew.
- 3 'Tis thine the passions to recall,  
And upwards bid them rise ;  
And make the scales of error fall  
From reason's darkened eyes.
- 4 To chase the shades of death away,  
And bid the sinner live :  
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,  
'Tis thine alone to give.

HOLY SPIRIT—HIS WORK AND WORSHIP.

- 5 O change these wretched hearts of ours,  
And give them life divine !  
Then shall our passions and our powers,  
Almighty Lord, be thine.

**164**

C. M. Worksop. Sandgate.

*The witnessing of the Spirit.*

WATTS.

- WHY should the children of a King  
Go mourning all their days ?  
Great Comforter ! descend and bring  
Some tokens of thy grace.
- 2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,  
And seal them heirs of heaven ?  
When wilt thou banish my complaints,  
And show my sins forgiven ?
- 3 Assure my conscience of her part  
In the Redeemer's blood ;  
And bear thy witness with my heart,  
That I am born of God.
- 4 Thou art the earnest of his love,  
The pledge of joys to come ;  
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,  
Will safe convey me home.

**165**

C. M. Carolina. Tiverton.

*The Spirit implored.*

WATTS.

- COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quickening powers ;  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours.

HOLY SPIRIT—HIS WORK AND WORSHIP.

- 2 Look how we grovel here below,  
Fond of these trifling toys;  
Our souls can neither fly nor go  
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,  
In vain we strive to rise;  
Hosannahs languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord ! and shall we ever lie  
At this poor dying rate ?  
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,  
And thine to us so great ?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quickening powers ;  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

**166** S. M. Matthias. Mount Ephraim.

*The Spirit implored.*

HART.

- COME, Holy Spirit, come,  
Let thy bright beams arise ;  
Dispel the darkness from our minds,  
And open all our eyes.
- 2 Convince us of our sin,  
Then lead to Jesus' blood ;  
And to our wondering view reveal  
The secret love of God.
- 3 Revive our drooping faith,  
Our doubts and fears remove,  
And kindle in our breasts the flame  
Of never-dying love.

HOLY SPIRIT—HIS WORK AND WORSHIP.

- 4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,  
To sanctify the soul,  
To pour fresh life in every part,  
And new-create the whole.
- 5 Dwell therefore in our hearts ;  
Our minds from bondage free :  
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,  
The FATHER, SON, and THEE.

**167** S. M. Sutton Colefield. Bradley Church.  
*The Spirit implored.* MONTGOMERY.

- LORD God the Holy Ghost,  
In this accepted hour,  
As on the day of Pentecost,  
Descend in all thy power.  
We meet with one accord  
In our appointed place,  
And wait the promise of our Lord,  
The Spirit of all grace.
- 2 Like mighty rushing wind  
Upon the waves beneath,  
Move with one impulse every mind :  
One soul, one feeling breathe :  
The young, the old, inspire  
With wisdom from above ;  
And give us hearts and tongues of fire,  
To pray, and praise, and love.
- 3 Spirit of light, explore  
And chase our gloom away,  
With lustre shining more and more  
Unto the perfect day.

HOLY SPIRIT—HIS WORK AND WORSHIP.

Spirit of truth, be thou,  
In life and death, our guide !  
O Spirit of adoption, *now*  
May we be sanctified !

**168**

112th. Hoxton. Francis.

*The Spirit implored.* PRES. DAVIES.

ETERNAL Spirit, source of light,  
Enlivening, consecrating fire,  
Descend, and with celestial heat  
Our dull, our frozen hearts inspire.  
Our souls refine, our dross consume !  
Come, condescending Spirit, come !

- 2 In our cold breasts, O strike a spark  
Of the pure flame, which seraphs feel,  
Nor let us wander in the dark,  
Or lie benumbed and stupid still :  
Come, vivifying Spirit, come,  
And make our hearts thy constant home !
- 3 Let pure devotion's fervour rise ;  
Let every pious passion glow :  
O let the raptures of the skies  
Kindle in our cold hearts below !  
Come, condescending Spirit, come,  
And make our souls thy constant home !

**169**

L. M. Bredby. China.

*The Spirit implored.* ANON.

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With light and comfort from above ;  
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide,  
O'er every thought and step preside.

HOLY SPIRIT—HIS WORK AND WORSHIP.

- 2 The light of truth to us display,  
And make us know and choose thy way ;  
Plant holy fear in every heart,  
That we from God may ne'er depart.
- 3 Lead us to holiness, the road  
That we must take to dwell with God ;  
Lead us to Christ, the living way,  
Nor let us from his pastures stray.

170

-7s double. Hotham. Alcester.

*Prayer to the Spirit.*

ORIGINAL.

- HOLY Ghost, with *light* divine,  
Shine upon this heart of mine ;  
Chase the shades of night away,  
Turn the darkness into day.  
Let me see my Saviour's face,  
Let me all his beauties trace :  
Show those glorious truths to me,  
Which are only known by thee.
- 2 Holy Ghost, with *power* divine,  
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine :  
Long has sin without control  
Held dominion o'er my soul :  
Oft I of its power complain,  
Yet I live beneath its reign :  
In thy mercy pity me,  
From this bondage set me free.
  - 3 Holy Ghost, with *joy* divine,  
Cheer this saddened heart of mine ;  
Bid my many woes depart,  
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart ;



HOLY SPIRIT—HIS WORK AND WORSHIP.

Yield a sacred, settled peace,  
Bid it grow and still increase ;  
Till each anxious thought expires,  
Till my joy to heaven aspires.

- 4 Holy Spirit, all divine,  
Dwell within this heart of mine ;  
Cast down every idol throne,  
Reign supreme, and reign alone.  
See, to thee I yield my heart,  
Shed thy life through every part ;  
A pure temple I would be,  
Wholly dedicate to thee.

**171**

C. M. Hensbury. Grove House.

*Prayer to the Spirit.*

ORIGINAL.

SPIRIT divine ! attend our prayers,  
And make this house thy home ;  
Descend with all thy gracious powers,  
O come—Great Spirit—come !

- 2 Come as the *light*—to us reveal  
Our emptiness and woe ;  
And lead us in those paths of life  
Where all the righteous go.
- 3 Come as the *fire*—and purge our hearts  
Like sacrificial flame ;  
Let our whole soul an offering be  
To our Redeemer's name.
- 4 Come as the *dew*—and sweetly bless  
This consecrated hour ;  
May barrenness rejoice to own  
Thy fertilizing power.

HOLY SPIRIT—HIS WORK AND WORSHIP.

- 5 Come as the *dove*—and spread thy wings,  
The wings of peaceful love ;  
And let thy church on earth become  
Blest as the church above.
- 6 Come as the *wind*—with rushing sound  
And pentecostal grace ;  
That all of woman born may see  
The glory of thy face.
- 7 Spirit divine ! attend our prayers,  
Make a lost world thy home ;  
Descend with all thy gracious powers,  
O come—Great Spirit—come !

**172**

L. M. Doversdale. Portugal.

*The Spirit entreated not to depart.* C. WESLEY.

- STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,  
Though I have done thee such despite,  
Cast not the sinner quite away,  
Nor take thine everlasting flight.
- 2 Though I have most unfaithful been  
Of all who e'er thy grace received,  
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,  
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved ;
  - 3 Yet, oh, the chief of sinners spare,  
In honour of my great High Priest ;  
Nor in thy righteous anger swear,  
I shall not see thy people's rest.
  - 4 If yet thou canst my sins forgive,  
E'en now, O Lord, relieve my woes ;  
Into thy rest of love receive,  
And let my soul on thee repose.

MAN—THE SOUL.

- 5 E'en now my weary soul release,  
And raise me by thy gracious hand !  
Guide me into thy perfect peace,  
And bring me to thy promised land.
- 

MAN—THE SOUL.

173

C. M. Sprowston. Arabia.

*The value of the soul.*

MONTGOMERY.

- WHAT is the thing of greatest price  
The whole creation round ?  
That which was lost in Paradise,  
That which in Christ is found.
- 2 The soul of man—Jehovah's breath,  
That keeps two worlds at strife ;  
Hell moves beneath to work its death,  
Heaven stoops to give it life.
- 3 God, to redeem it, did not spare  
His well-beloved Son ;  
Jesus, to save it, deigned to bear  
The sins which we had done.
- 4 And is this treasure borne below  
In earthen vessels frail ?  
Can none its utmost value know  
Till flesh and spirit fail ?
- 5 Then let us gather round the cross,  
That knowledge to obtain ;  
Not by the soul's eternal loss,  
*But everlasting gain !*

174

C. M. Bangor. Abridge.

*The immortality of the soul.*

WATTS.

STOOP down, my thoughts, that use to rise,  
Converse awhile with death ;  
Think how a gasping mortal lies,  
And pants away his breath.

2 His quivering lip hangs feebly down,  
His pulses faint and few ;  
Then speechless, with a doleful groan  
He bids the world adieu.

3 But oh ! the soul that never dies !  
At once it leaves the clay !  
Ye thoughts, pursue it where it flies,  
And track its wondrous way.

4 Up to the courts where angels dwell,  
It mounts triumphant there ;  
Or devils plunge it down to hell,  
In infinite despair.

5 And must my body faint and die ?  
And must this soul remove ?  
Oh for some guardian angel nigh,  
To bear it safe above !

6 Jesus, to thy dear faithful hand  
My naked soul I trust,  
And my flesh waits for thy command  
To drop into the dust.

175

S. M. Compassion. Peckham.

*The soul made for God.*

MONTGOMERY.

OH, where shall rest be found,  
Rest for the weary soul ?

MAN—THE SOUL.

- 'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,  
Or pierce to either pole.
- 2 The world can never give  
The bliss for which we sigh ;  
'Tis not the whole of life to live,  
Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears  
There is a life above,  
Unmeasured by the flight of years,  
And all that life is love.
- 4 There is a death whose pang  
Outlasts the fleeting breath ;  
Oh ! what eternal horrors hang  
Around the second death !
- 5 Lord God of truth and grace,  
Teach us that death to shun ;  
Lest we be driven from thy face,  
And evermore undone !

176

L. M. Lebanon. Penitence.  
*The soul made for God.*

WATTS.

MAN has a soul of vast desires,  
He burns within with restless fires,  
Tost to and fro, his passions fly  
From vanity to vanity.

- 2 In vain on earth we hope to find  
Some solid good to fill the mind :  
We try new pleasures, but we feel  
The inward thirst and torment still.

MAN—HIS STATE OF SIN.

- 3 So when a raging fever burns,  
We shift from side to side by turns;  
And 'tis a poor relief we gain,  
To change the place, but keep the pain.
- 4 Great God, subdue this vicious thirst,  
This love to vanity and dust;  
Cure the vile fever of the mind,  
And feed our souls with joys refined.

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MAN—HIS STATE OF SIN.

177

C. M. Stephens. Crowle.

*Original sin.*

WATTS.

- BACKWARD with humble shame we look  
On our original;  
How is our nature dashed and broke  
In our first father's fall!
- 2 To all that's good averse and blind,  
But prone to all that's ill;  
What dreadful darkness veils our mind!  
How obstinate our will!
  - 3 What mortal power from things unclean  
Can pure productions bring?  
Who can command a vital stream  
From an infected spring?
  - 4 Yet, mighty God! thy wondrous love  
Can make our nature clean,  
While Christ and grace prevail above  
The tempter, death, and sin.

- 5 The Second Adam shall restore  
The ruins of the first ;  
Hosannah to that sovereign power  
That new-creates our dust !

**178** C. M. Ann's. Worksof.  
*Original sin.* WATTS.

- BLESSED with the joys of innocence  
Adam our father stood,  
Till he debased his soul to sense,  
And ate the unlawful food.
- 2 Now we are born a sensual race,  
To sinful joys inclined ;  
Reason has lost its native place,  
And flesh enslaves the mind.
- 3 While flesh, and sense, and passion reigns,  
Sin is the sweetest good ;  
We fancy music in our chains,  
And so forget the load.
- 4 Great God ! renew our ruined frame,  
Our broken powers restore,  
Inspire us with a heavenly flame,  
And flesh shall reign no more.
- 5 Eternal Spirit ! write thy law  
Upon our inward parts,  
And let the Second Adam draw  
His image on our hearts.

**179** L. M. Ulverston. Doversdale.  
*The first and Second Adam.* WATTS.

- DEEP in the dust before thy throne  
Our guilt and our disgrace we own ;



Great God ! we own the unhappy name  
Whence sprang our nature and our shame ;

- 2 Adam the sinner ; at his fall,  
Death like a conqueror seized us all :  
A thousand new-born babes are dead  
By fatal union to their head.
- 3 But whilst our spirits, filled with awe,  
Behold the terrors of thy law,  
We sing the honours of thy grace,  
That sent to save our ruined race.
- 4 We sing thine everlasting Son,  
Who joined our nature to his own :  
Adam the Second from the dust  
Raises the ruins of the first.
- 5 Where sin did reign, and death abound,  
There have the sons of Adam found  
Abounding life ; there glorious grace  
Reigns through the Lord our Righteousness.

**180**

C. M. Worksop. Bangor.

*The deceitfulness of sin.*

WATTS.

SIN has a thousand treacherous arts  
To practise on the mind ;  
With flattering looks she tempts our hearts,  
But leaves a sting behind.

- 2 With names of virtue she deceives  
The aged and the young ;  
And while the heedless wretch believes,  
*She makes his fetters strong.*



- 3 She pleads for all the joys she brings,  
And gives a fair pretence ;  
But cheats the soul of heavenly things,  
And chains it down to sense.
- 4 So on a tree divinely fair  
Grew the forbidden food ;  
Our mother took the poison there,  
And tainted all her blood.

181

L. M. Bampton. Ulverston.

*Grief at transgressors.*

DODDRIDGE.

- ARISE, my tenderest thoughts, arise ;  
To torrents melt my streaming eyes ;  
And thou, my heart, with anguish feel  
Those evils, which thou canst not heal.
- 2 See human nature sunk in shame ;  
See scandals poured on Jesus' name ;  
The Father wounded through the Son ;  
The world abused ; the soul undone.
  - 3 See the short course of vain delight  
Closing in everlasting night ;  
In flames, that no abatement know,  
Though briny tears for ever flow.
  - 4 My God, I feel the mournful scene ;  
My bowels yearn o'er dying men ;  
And fain my pity would reclaim,  
And snatch the firebrands from the flame.
  - 5 But feeble my compassion proves,  
And can but weep, where most it loves :  
Thine own all-saving arm employ,  
And turn these tears of grief to joy.

182

C. M. Bangor. Carolina.

*The fall lamented.*

DODDRIDGE.

WITH flowing eyes and bleeding hearts  
A blasted world survey !  
See the wide ruin sin hath wrought  
In one unhappy day !

2 Adam, in God's own image formed,  
From God and bliss estranged,  
And all the joys of Paradise  
For guilt and horror changed !

3 But, O my soul, with rapture hear  
The Second Adam's name ;  
And the celestial gifts he brings,  
To all his seed proclaim.

4 In holiness and joy complete  
He reigns to endless years,  
And each adopted, chosen child  
His splendid image wears.

5 What though in mortal life they mourn ?  
What though by death they fall ?  
Jesus in one triumphant day  
Transforms and crowns them all.

6 Praise to his rich, mysterious grace !  
E'en by our fall we rise ;  
And gain, for earthly Eden lost,  
A heavenly Paradise.

183

C. M. Abridge. Walsall.

*All have sinned.* Psal. xiv.

WATTS.

FOOLS in their heart believe and say,  
" *That all religion's vain ;*

MAN—HIS STATE OF SIN.

There is no God that reigns on high,  
Or minds the affairs of men."

- 2 The Lord from his celestial throne  
Looked down on things below,  
To find the man that sought his grace,  
Or did his justice know.
- 3 By nature all are gone astray,  
Their practice all the same ;  
There 's none that fears his Maker's hand,  
There 's none that loves his name.
- 4 Their tongues are used to speak deceit,  
Their slanders never cease ;  
How swift to mischief are their feet,  
Nor know the paths of peace !
- 5 Such seeds of sin (that bitter root)  
In every heart are found ;  
Nor can they bear diviner fruit,  
Till grace refine the ground.

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MAN—EXPOSTULATION.

184

L. M. Sheffield. Old 100th.

*Sinners entreated.*

WATTS.

SINNER, O why so thoughtless grown ;  
Why in such dreadful haste to die ;  
Daring to leap to worlds unknown,  
Heedless against thy God to fly ?

MAN—EXPOSTULATION.

- 2 Wilt thou despise eternal fate,  
    Urged on by sin's fantastic dreams,  
    Madly attempt the infernal gate,  
    And force thy passage to the flames?
- 3 Stay, sinner, on the gospel plains,  
    Behold the God of love unfold  
    The glories of his dying pains,  
    For ever telling, yet untold.

185

7. 6. Dartford. Amsterdam.

*The sinner warned.*

NEWTON.

- SINNER, stop—O stop and think,  
    Before you further go ;  
Will you sport upon the brink  
    Of everlasting woe ?  
On the verge of ruin stop—  
    Now the friendly warning take—  
Stay your footsteps—ere you drop  
    Into the burning lake.
- 2 Say, have you an arm like God,  
    That you his will oppose ?  
Fear ye not that iron rod  
    With which he breaks his foes ?  
Can you stand in that dread day,  
    Which his justice shall proclaim,  
When the earth shall melt away  
    Like wax before the flame ?
  - 3 Ghastly death will quickly come,  
    And drag you to his bar ;  
Then to hear your awful doom,  
    Will fill you with despair !

All your sins will round you crowd ;  
 You shall mark their crimson dye ;  
 Each for vengeance crying loud,  
 And what can you reply ?

- 4 Though your heart were made of steel,  
 Your forehead lined with brass,  
 God at length will make you feel,  
 He will not let you pass.  
 Sinners then in vain will call,  
 Those who now despise his grace,  
 " Rocks and mountains on us fall,  
 And hide us from his face."

186

L. M. Old 100th. Bampton.

*The sinner warned.*

HYDE.

- SAY, sinner, hath a voice within,  
 Oft whispered to thy secret soul,  
 Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,  
 And yield thy heart to God's control ?
- 2 Hath something met thee in the path  
 Of worldliness and vanity,  
 And pointed to the coming wrath,  
 And warned thee from that wrath to flee ?
- 3 Sinner, it was a heavenly voice,  
 It was the Spirit's gracious call ;  
 It bade thee make the better choice,  
 And haste to seek in Christ thine all.
- 4 Spurn not the call to life and light ;  
 Regard in time the warning kind ;  
 That call thou mayst not always slight,  
 And yet the gate of mercy find.

- 5 God's Spirit will not always strive  
 With hardened, self-destroying man ;  
 Ye, who persist his love to grieve,  
 May never hear his voice again.
- 6 Sinner—perhaps this very day  
 Thy last accepted time may be ;  
 Oh, shouldst thou grieve him now away,  
 Then hope may never beam on thee.

187

7s. Mitcham.

*The sinner entreated.*

C. WESLEY.

SINNERS, turn, why will ye die ?  
 God, your Maker, asks you why :  
 God, who did your being give,  
 Made you with himself to live ;  
 He the fatal cause demands,  
 Asks the work of his own hands ;  
 Why, ye thankless creatures, why  
 Will ye grieve his love and die ?

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die ?  
 God, your Saviour, asks you why :  
 He, who did your souls retrieve,  
 Died himself that ye might live.  
 Will ye let him die in vain ?  
 Crucify your Lord again ?  
 Why, ye ransomed sinners, why  
 Will ye slight his grace and die ?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die ?  
 God, the Spirit, asks you why :  
 Many a time with you he strove,  
 Wooed you to embrace his love.

Will ye not his grace receive ?

Will ye still refuse to live ?

Why will ye for ever die ?

O, ye dying sinners, why ?

188

C. M. Newbury. Bangor.

*Sinners exhorted to repent.*

DODDRIDGE.

REPENT, the voice celestial cries,

Nor longer dare delay :

The wretch that scorns the mandate dies,

And meets a fiery day.

2 No more the sovereign eye of God

O'erlooks the crimes of men ;

His heralds are despatched abroad

To warn the world of sin.

3 The summons reach through all the earth ;

Let earth attend and fear :

Listen, ye men of royal birth,

And let their vassals hear.

4 Together in his presence bow,

And all your guilt confess ;

Accept the promised Saviour now,

Nor trifle with the grace.

5 Bow, ere the awful trumpet sound,

And call you to his bar ;

For mercy knows the appointed bound,

And turns to vengeance there.

6 Amazing love, that yet will call,

And yet prolong our days !

Our hearts subdued by goodness fall,

And weep, and love, and praise.

189

L. M. Bampton. Old 100th.

*Sinners exhorted.*

DODDRIDGE.

WHY will ye lavish out your years  
Amidst a thousand trifling cares ;  
While in this various range of thought  
The one thing needful is forgot ?

- 2 Why will ye chase the fleeting wind,  
And famish an immortal mind ;  
While angels with regret look down  
To see you spurn a heavenly crown ?
- 3 The eternal God calls from above,  
And Jesus pleads his bleeding love ;  
Awakened conscience gives you pain ;  
And shall they join their pleas in vain ?
- 4 Not so your dying eyes shall view  
Those objects which you now pursue ;  
Not so shall heaven and hell appear,  
When the decisive hour is near.
- 5 Almighty God, thy power impart,  
To fix convictions on the heart :  
Thy power unveils the blindest eyes,  
And makes the haughtiest scorner wise.

190

C. M. Arabia. Condescension.

*The rich worldling.*

NEWTON.

“MY barns are full, my stores increase ;  
And now, for many years,  
Soul, eat and drink, and take thine ease,  
Secure from wants and fears.”



MAN—INVITATION.

- 2 Thus, while a worldling boasted once,  
As many now presume,  
He heard the Lord himself pronounce  
His sudden, awful doom :
- 3 “ This night, vain man, thy soul must pass  
Into a world unknown ;  
And who shall then the stores possess,  
Which thou hast called thine own ? ”
- 4 Thus blinded mortals fondly scheme  
For happiness below ;  
Till death destroys the pleasing dream,  
And they awake to woe.

See also DEATH—JUDGMENT.

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MAN—INVITATION.

191

8. 7. 4. Trevecca. Helmsley.

*The sinner invited.*

ORIGINAL.

LISTEN, sinner ! mercy hails you,  
With her sweetest voice she calls ;  
Bids you hasten to the Saviour,  
Ere the hand of justice falls.  
Listen, sinner !  
'Tis the voice of mercy calls.

- 2 See ! the storm of vengeance gathering  
O'er the path you dare to tread ;

MAN—INVITATION.

Hark ! the awful thunders rolling  
Loud and louder o'er your head ;  
Tarry, sinner !  
Lest the lightnings strike you dead.

- 3 Haste ! ah, hasten ! to the Saviour,  
Sue his mercy while you may ;  
Soon the day of grace is over ;  
Soon your life will pass away ;  
Hasten, sinner !  
You must perish if you stay.

192

8. 7. 4. Helmsley. Calvary.

*Sinners invited to Christ.* HART. (altered).

COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,  
Come, in this accepted hour ;  
Jesus ready stands to save you,  
Full of pity—full of power :  
He is able,  
He is willing : doubt no more.

- 2 Come, ye thirsty, come and welcome ;  
God's free bounty glorify :  
True belief and true repentance,  
Every grace that brings us nigh,  
Without money,  
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

- 3 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,  
Bruised and broken by the fall !  
If you tarry till you're better,  
You will never come at all ;  
Not the righteous—  
*Sinners, Jesus came to call.*

MAN—INVITATION.

- 4 Let not conscience make you linger,  
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;  
All the fitness he requireth  
Is to feel your need of him :  
This he gives you,  
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.
- 5 Agonizing in the garden,  
Lo ! your Maker prostrate lies !  
On the bloody tree behold him ;  
Hear him cry before he dies,  
" It is finished !"  
Sinners, will not this suffice ?
- 6 Lo ! the incarnate God ascended,  
Pleads the merit of his blood :  
Venture on him, venture wholly,  
Let no other trust intrude :  
None but Jesus  
Can do helpless sinners good.
- 7 Saints and angels, joined in concert,  
Sing the praises of the Lamb ;  
While the blissful seats of heaven  
Sweetly echo with his name :  
Hallelujah !  
Heaven and earth his praise proclaim.

193

L. M. Ulverston. Peru.

*The weary invited to rest.*

STEELE.

COME, weary souls, with sin distressed,  
Come and accept the promised rest ;  
The Saviour's gracious call obey,  
And cast your gloomy fears away.

MAN—INVITATION.

- 2 Oppressed with guilt, a painful load,  
O come and spread your woes abroad;  
Divine compassion, mighty love,  
Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,  
To cleanse your guilt, and heal your woes;  
Pardon and life, and endless peace;  
How rich the gift, how free the grace!
- 4 Lord, we accept, with thankful heart,  
The hope thy gracious words impart;  
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,  
And bless the kind inviting voice.
- 5 Dear Saviour, let thy powerful love  
Confirm our faith, our fears remove,  
And sweetly influence every breast,  
And guide us to eternal rest.

194

8. 7. Monmouth. Mariners.

*Sinners invited.*

MONTGOMERY.

COME to Calvary's holy mountain,

Sinners, ruined by the fall;

Here, a pure and healing fountain

Flows to you—to me—to all,

In a full, perpetual tide,—

Opened when the Saviour died.

- 2 Come, in sorrow and contrition,  
Wounded, impotent, and blind;  
Here, the guilty free remission—  
Here, the troubled, peace may find:  
Health, this fountain will restore;  
*He that drinks shall thirst no more.*

MAN—INVITATION.

- 3 He that drinks shall live for ever ;  
 'Tis a soul-reviving flood :  
 God is faithful ;—God will never  
 Break his covenant in blood,  
 Signed when our Redeemer died,—  
 Sealed when he was glorified.

195

7s. Aaron's. Cookham.

*Sinners invited.*

ANON.

- PILGRIM, burdened with thy sin,  
 Haste to Zion's gate to-day ;  
 There, till mercy let thee in,  
 Knock, and weep, and watch, and pray.
- 2 Knock—for mercy lends an ear ;  
 Weep—she marks the sinner's sigh ;  
 Watch—till heavenly light appear ;  
 Pray—she hears the mourner's cry.
- 3 Mourning pilgrim ! what for thee  
 In this world can now remain ?  
 Seek that world from which shall flee  
 Sorrow, shame, and tears, and pain.
- 4 Sorrow—shall for ever fly ;  
 Shame—shall never enter there ;  
 Tears—be wiped from every eye ;  
 Pain—in endless bliss expire.

196

L. M. Horsley. New Sabbath.

*The sinner invited.*

ORIGINAL

COME, sinner, hasten to the Lord,  
 Believe with joy his holy word ;  
 The man shall live who seeks his face  
 The man shall die who scorns his grace.

MAN—INVITATION.

The blood of Christ, and that alone,  
Has power sufficient to atone.

- 2 Could all the good which has been done  
By mortal man, since time begun,  
To your account at once be laid,  
Your debt to heaven could ne'er be paid.

The blood of Christ, &c.

- 3 If all the sins of all mankind  
To death and hell your soul should bind ;  
Your bonds should burst at Christ's com-  
mand,  
Your soul complete in judgment stand.

The blood of Christ, &c.

- 4 Then, sinner, haste, ah, haste away,  
No longer fear—no more delay ;  
Accept his grace and trust his name,  
With all your powers his love proclaim.

The blood of Christ, &c.

197

P. M. Wycliffe Chapel.

*The sinner invited.*

ANON.

CHILD of sin and sorrow,  
Filled with dismay,  
Wait not for to-morrow,  
Yield thee to-day :  
Heaven bids thee come,  
While yet there's room ;  
Child of sin and sorrow,  
*Hear and obey.*

MAN—INVITATION,

- 2 Child of sin and sorrow,  
Why wilt thou die ?  
Come, whilst thou canst borrow  
Help from on high :  
Grieve not that love,  
Which from above—  
Child of sin and sorrow,  
Would bring thee nigh.

198

L. M. Portugal. Doversdale.

*Christ's invitation to sinners.*

WATTS.

- “ COME hither, all ye weary souls,  
Ye heavy-laden sinners, come ;  
I'll give you rest from all your toils,  
And raise you to my heavenly home.
- 2 “ They shall find rest that learn of me ;  
I'm of a meek and lowly mind ;  
But passion rages like a sea,  
And pride is restless as the wind.
- 3 “ Blessed is the man whose shoulders take  
My yoke, and bear it with delight ;  
My yoke is easy to his neck,  
My grace shall make the burden light.”
- 4 Jesus, we come at thy command ;  
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,  
Resign our spirits to thy hand,  
To mould and guide us at thy will.

199

L. M. Ulverston. Peru.

*The sinner invited.*

ANON.

HASTEN, O sinner, to be wise,  
And stay not for the morrow's sun ;

MAN—INVITATION.

The longer wisdom you despise,  
The harder is she to be won.

2 O, hasten mercy to implore,  
And stay not for the morrow's sun,  
For fear thy season should be o'er  
Before this evening's course be run.

3 Hasten, O sinner, to return,  
And stay not for the morrow's sun,  
For fear thy lamp should fail to burn  
Before the needful work is done.

4 Hasten, O sinner, to be blest,  
And stay not for the morrow's sun,  
For fear the curse should thee arrest  
Before the morrow is begun.

**200** C. M. Nehemiah. Milbourn Port.

*The sinner exhorted.*

WATTS.

IN vain we lavish out our lives  
To gather empty wind;  
The choicest blessings earth can yield  
Will starve a hungry mind.

2 Come, and the Lord shall feed our souls  
With more substantial meat,  
With such as saints in glory love,  
With such as angels eat.

3 Come, and he'll cleanse our spotted souls,  
And wash away our stains  
In the dear fountain that his Son  
Poured from his dying veins.



MAN—INVITATION.

- 4 Our heart, that flinty, stubborn thing,  
That terrors cannot move,  
That fears no threatenings of his wrath,  
Shall be dissolved by love :
- 5 Or he can take the flint away  
That would not be refined ;  
And from the treasures of his grace,  
Bestow a softer mind.
- 6 There shall his sacred Spirit dwell,  
And deep engrave his law,  
And every motion of our souls  
To swift obedience draw.
- 7 Thus will he pour salvation down,  
And we shall render praise ;  
We the dear people of his love,  
And he our God of grace.

**201**

7s. Hart's. Aaron.

*Invitation to the sinner.*

ORIGINAL.

- 'TIS the day of grace and love,  
Mercy hails you from above ;  
Whither, sinner, would you stray ?  
Come to Jesus while you may.
- 2 Days and years have run to waste,  
Life escapes with ceaseless haste ;  
Wherefore, sinner, would you stay ?  
Come to Jesus while you may.
- 3 Look around, the world will fade,  
All by mortal eye surveyed—  
Sinner, these will soon decay :  
*Come to Jesus while you may.*

MAN—INVITATION.

- 4 There 's a day, 'tis on the wing,  
Awful tidings it may bring :  
Sinner, if you dread that day,  
Come to Jesus while you may.

**202**

C. M. New Victory. Cambridge New.

*The gospel invitation.*

WATTS.

- LET every mortal ear attend,  
And every heart rejoice :  
The trumpet of the gospel sounds  
With an inviting voice.
- 2 Ho ! all ye hungry, starving souls,  
That feed upon the wind,  
And vainly strive with earthly toys  
To fill an empty mind.
- 3 Eternal Wisdom has prepared  
A soul-reviving feast,  
And bids your longing appetites  
The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho ! ye that pant for living streams,  
And pine away and die ;  
Here you may quench your raging thirst  
With springs that never dry.
- 5 Rivers of love and mercy here  
In a rich ocean join ;  
Salvation in abundance flows,  
Like floods of milk and wine.
- 6 Dear God ! the treasures of thy love  
Are everlasting mines,  
Deep as our helpless miseries are,  
And boundless as our sins

- 7 The happy gates of gospel grace  
Stand open night and day :  
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,  
And drive our wants away.

**203**

148th. Eagle Street. Grove.

*And yet there is room.*

BODEN.

- YE dying sons of men,  
Immerged in sin and woe,  
The gospel's voice attend,  
While Jesus sends to you :  
Ye perishing and guilty, come,  
In Jesus' arms there yet is room.
- 2 No longer now delay,  
Nor vain excuses frame ;  
He bids you come to-day,  
Though poor, and blind, and lame :  
All things are ready, sinners, come,  
For every trembling soul there's room.
- 3 Believe the heavenly word  
His messengers proclaim ;  
He is a gracious Lord,  
And faithful is name :  
Backsliding souls, return and come,  
Cast off despair, there yet is room.
- 4 Compelled by bleeding love,  
Ye wandering sheep, draw near ;  
Christ calls you from above,  
His charming accents hear !  
Let whosoever will, now come ;  
*In mercy's breast there still is room.*

DESTRUCTION'S dangerous road

What multitudes pursue !

While that which leads the soul to God,  
Is known or sought by few.

2 Believers find the way  
Through Christ the living gate ;  
But those who hate this holy way  
Complain it is too strait.

3 If self must be denied,  
And sin no more caressed,  
They rather choose the way that's wide,  
And strive to think it best.

4 Encompassed by a throng,  
On numbers they depend ;  
They say, so many can't be wrong,  
And miss a happy end.

5 But hear the Saviour's word :  
" Strive for the heavenly gate ;  
Many will call upon the Lord,  
And find their cries too late."

6 Obey the gospel call,  
And enter while you may ;  
The flock of Christ is always small,  
And none are safe but they.

7 Lord, open sinners' eyes,  
Their awful state to see ;  
And make them, ere the storm arise,  
To thee for safety flee.

What multitudes come  
 While that voice from heav'n is heard,  
 Is known or sung?  
 2 Believers find their  
 Through Christ's blood,  
 But those who live in sin,  
 Complain it is too late,  
 If self must be the price,  
 And sin must be the cost,  
 They rather will be lost,  
 And never be restored.  
 New. Devizes.  
 Invited.

STEELE.

—let every ear  
 Hear the joyful sound;  
 And dismiss your fear,  
 And sing around.  
 Longing heart,  
 And joy flow;  
 And bliss impart,  
 And with

voice,

hearts,

hearts,

MAN—INVITATION.

205

S. M. Reuben. Shirland.

*The accepted time.*

DOBELL.

NOW is the accepted time,  
Now is the day of grace ;  
Now, sinners, come without delay,  
And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is the accepted time,  
The Saviour calls to-day ;  
To-morrow it may be too late—  
Then why should you delay ?

3 Now is the accepted time,  
The gospel bids you come ;  
And every promise in his word  
Declares there yet is room.

4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,  
To seek a Father's love ;  
Then shall attendant angels bear,  
The joyful news above.

206

L. M. Job. Islington.

*The accepted time.*

ORIGINAL.

O DO not let the word depart,  
And close thine eyes against the light ;  
Poor sinner, harden not thy heart,  
Thou wouldst be saved, why not to-night ?

2 To-morrow's sun may never rise  
To bless thy long deluded sight ;  
This is the time, O then be wise,  
Thou wouldst be saved, why not to-night ?

- 3 Our God in pity lingers still,  
And wilt thou thus his love requite?  
Renounce at length thy stubborn will,  
Thou wouldst be saved, why not to-night?
- 4 The world has nothing left to give,  
It has no new, no pure delight;  
O try the life which Christians live;  
Thou wouldst be saved, why not to-night?
- 5 Our blessed Lord refuses none  
Who would to him their souls unite;  
Then be the work of grace begun;  
Thou wouldst be saved, why not to-night?

**207**

C. M. Cambridge New. Devizes.

*Sinners invited.*

STEELE.

- THE Saviour calls—let every ear  
Attend the heavenly sound;  
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear,  
Hope smiles reviving round.
- 2 In every thirsty, longing heart,  
Here streams of bounty flow;  
And life, and health, and bliss impart,  
To banish mortal woe.
  - 5 Ye sinners, come, 'tis mercy's voice,  
The gracious call obey;  
Mercy invites to heavenly joys,  
And can you yet delay?
  - 4 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts,  
To thee let sinners fly;  
And take the bliss thy love imparts,  
*And drink and never die.*



MAN—INVITATION.

**208** L. M. Ulverston. Babylon's Streams.  
*Believe and be saved.* WATTS.

NOT to condemn the sons of men,  
Did Christ, the Son of God, appear ;  
No weapons in his hands are seen,  
No flaming sword nor thunder there.

2 Such was the pity of our God,  
He loved the race of man so well,  
He sent his Son to bear our load  
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.

3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word,  
Trust in his mighty name and live ;  
A thousand joys his lips afford,  
His hands a thousand blessings give.

4 But vengeance and damnation lies  
On rebels who refuse the grace ;  
Who God's eternal Son despise,  
The hottest hell shall be their place.

**209** P. M.  
*The wanderer invited.* ANON.

RETURN, O wanderer, to thy home,  
Thy Father calls for thee ;  
No longer now an exile roam,  
In guilt and misery.  
Return, Return.

2 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,  
'Tis Jesus calls for thee ;  
The Spirit and the bride say come ;  
O now for refuge flee.  
Return, Return.



MAN—INVITATION.

- 3 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,  
 'Tis madness to delay ;  
 There are no pardons in the tomb,  
 And brief is mercy's day.  
 Return, Return.

210

L. M. Bampton. Ulverston.

*The wanderer invited.*

COLLYER.

- RETURN, O wanderer, return,  
 And seek an injured Father's face ;  
 Those warm desires that in thee burn  
 Were kindled by reclaiming grace.
- 2 Return, O wanderer, return,  
 And seek a Father's melting heart ;  
 His pitying eyes thy grief discern,  
 His hand shall heal thy inward smart.
- 3 Return, O wanderer, return,  
 Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live ;  
 Go to his bleeding feet, and learn  
 How freely Jesus can forgive.
- 4 Return, O wanderer, return,  
 And wipe away the falling tear ;  
 'Tis God who says, " No longer mourn,"  
 'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

211

7s.

*The weary invited.*

WESLEY.

WEARY souls, that wander wide  
 From the central point of bliss,  
 Turn to Jesus crucified,  
 He of grace the fountain is :  
 Bathe within the purple flood ;  
 Rise into the life of God.

MAN—INVITATION.

- 2 Find in Christ the way of peace,  
Peace unspeakable, unknown :  
By his pain he gives you ease,  
Life by his expiring groan :  
Rise, exalted by his fall ;  
Find in Christ your all in all.
- 3 O believe the record true,  
God to you his Son hath given !  
Ye may now be happy too ;  
Find on earth the life of heaven :  
Live the life of heaven above,  
All the life of glorious love.

**212**

P. M. Hanover, Portugal New.

*The sinner exhorted.*

ANON.

- WHILE mercy invites you,  
While Jesus is near,  
Awake from your slumbers,  
Ye sinners, and hear.  
Salvation is offered,  
Accept it to-day :  
O, quench not the Spirit,  
Nor grieve him away.
- 2 The love that now urges,  
If once it depart  
May never return  
To thy desolate heart.  
While mercy invites you,  
While Jesus is near,  
Awake from your slumbers,  
Ye sinners, and hear.

213

S. 7. 4. Mariners. Helmsley.

*The sinner exhorted.*

ALLEN.

SINNERS, will you scorn the message,  
Sent in mercy from above ?

Every sentence—oh how tender !

Every line is full of love ;

Listen to it—

Every line is full of love.

2 Hear the heralds of the gospel,

News from Zion's King proclaim,

To each rebel sinner—" Pardon,

Free forgiveness in his name."

How important !

Free forgiveness in his name !

3 Tempted souls, they bring you succour ;

Fearful hearts, they quell your fears ;

And with news of consolation

Chase away the falling tears :

Tender heralds—

Chase away the falling tears.

4 False professors, grovelling worldlings,

Callous hearers of the word,

While the messengers address you,

Take the warnings they afford ;

We entreat you,

Take the warnings they afford.

5 Who hath our report believed ?

Who received the joyful word ?

Who embraced the news of pardon,

Offered to you by the Lord ?

Can you slight it—

*Offered to you by the Lord ?*

MAN—INVITATION.

- 6 O, ye angels, hovering round us,  
Waiting spirits, speed your way,  
Hasten to the court of heaven,  
Tidings bear without delay :  
Rebel sinners  
Glad the message will obey.

**214** S. M. Compassion. Lowell.  
*Preparation for the judgment.* DODDRIDGE.

- HOW will my heart endure  
The terrors of that day,  
When earth and heaven, before the Judge,  
Astonished shrink away !
- 2 But ere that trumpet shakes  
The mansions of the dead ;  
Hark ! from the gospel's cheering sound,  
What joyful tidings spread !
- 3 Ye sinners, seek his grace,  
Whose wrath ye cannot bear ;  
Fly to the shelter of his cross,  
And find salvation there.
- 4 So shall that curse remove,  
By which the Saviour bled ;  
And the last awful day shall pour  
His blessings on your head.

MAN—HIS CONTRITION.

215

8. 8. 6. Westbury Leigh. Chatham.

*Conviction of sin.*

G. WESLEY.

THOU God of glorious majesty,  
To thee, against myself, to thee,

A worm of earth, I cry ;  
A half-awakened child of man,  
An heir of endless bliss or pain,  
A sinner born to die.

2 Lo, on a narrow neck of land,  
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,  
Secure, insensible ;  
A point of time, a moment's space,  
Removes me to yon happy place,  
Or shuts me up in hell.

3 O God, mine inmost soul convert,  
And deeply on my thoughtful heart  
Eternal things impress ;  
Give me to feel their solemn weight,  
And tremble on the brink of fate,  
And wake to righteousness.

4 Be this my one great business here,  
With holy trembling, holy fear,  
To make my calling sure :  
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,  
And suffer all thy righteous will,  
And to the end endure.

5 'Then Saviour, then my soul receive,  
Transported from this vale to live  
*And reign with thee above ;*



MAN—HIS CONTRITION.

Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,  
And hope in full, supreme delight,  
And everlasting love.

**216** S. M. Wirksworth. Bradley Church.  
*Conviction of sin.* COWPER.

- MY former hopes are fled,  
My terror now begins ;  
I feel, alas ! that I am dead  
In trespasses and sins.
- 2 Ah, whither can I fly ?  
I hear the thunder roar ;  
The law proclaims destruction nigh,  
And vengeance at the door.
- 3 When I review my ways,  
I dread impending doom ;  
But sure a friendly whisper says,  
“ Flee from the wrath to come.”
- 4 I see, or think I see,  
A glimmering from afar ;  
A beam of day that shines for me,  
To save me from despair.
- 5 Forerunner of the sun,  
It marks the pilgrim's way ;  
I'll gaze upon it while I run,  
And watch the rising day.

**217** C. M. Stephens. Grove House.  
*Conviction of sin by the law.* WATTS.

LORD, how secure my conscience was,  
And felt no inward dread !

MAN—HIS CONTRITION.

- I was alive without the law,  
And thought my sins were dead.
- 2 My hopes of heaven were firm and bright,  
But since the precept came  
With a convincing power and light,  
I find how vile I am.
- 3 My guilt appeared but small before,  
Till terribly I saw  
How perfect, holy, just, and pure,  
Was thine eternal law.
- 4 Then felt my soul the heavy load,  
My sins revived again,  
I had provoked a dreadful God,  
And all my hopes were slain.
- 5 I'm like a helpless captive sold  
Under the power of sin ;  
I cannot do the good I would,  
Nor keep my conscience clean.
- 6 My God, I cry with every breath  
For some kind power to save,  
To break the yoke of sin and death,  
And thus redeem the slave.

218

C. M. Ann's. Walsall.

*Penitence.*

WATTS.

AND are we wretches yet alive !  
And do we yet rebel !  
'Tis boundless, 'tis amazing love  
That bears us up from hell !

179.

- 2 The burden of our weighty guilt  
Would sink us down to flames,  
And threatening vengeance rolls above,  
To crush our feeble frames.
- 3 Almighty goodness cries, "Forbear!"  
And straight the thunder stays;  
And dare we now provoke his wrath,  
And weary out his grace?
- 4 Lord, we have long abused thy love,  
Too long indulged our sin,  
Our aching hearts e'en bleed to see  
What rebels we have been.
- 5 No more, ye lusts, shall ye command,  
No more will we obey;  
Stretch out, O God, thy conquering hand,  
And drive thy foes away.

**219**

S. M. Stoke. Wirksworth.

*Penitence.*

WATTS.

- IS this the kind return,  
And these the thanks we owe,  
Thus to abuse eternal love,  
Whence all our blessings flow?
- 2 To what a stubborn frame  
Has sin reduced our mind!  
What strange rebellious wretches we,  
And God as strangely kind!
  - 3 [On us he bids the sun  
Shed his reviving rays;  
For us the skies their circles run,  
To lengthen out our days.



MAN—HIS CONTRITION.

- 4 The brutes obey their God,  
And bow their necks to men,  
But we, more base, more brutish things,  
Reject his easy reign.]
- 5 Turn, turn us, mighty God,  
And mould our souls afresh ;  
Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of stone,  
And give us hearts of flesh.
- 6 Let old ingratitude  
Provoke our weeping eyes,  
And hourly as new mercies fall  
Let hourly thanks arise.

220

C. M. Walsall. Crowle.

*Grief for hardness of heart.*

WATTS.

- MY heart, how dreadful hard it is !  
How heavy here it lies !  
Heavy and cold within my breast,  
Just like a rock of ice !
- 2 Sin, like a raging tyrant, sits  
Upon this flinty throne,  
And every grace lies buried deep  
Beneath this heart of stone.
- 3 How seldom do I rise to God,  
Or taste the joys above !  
This mountain presses down my faith,  
And chills my flaming love.
- 4 When smiling mercy courts my soul  
With all its heavenly charms,  
This stubborn, this relentless thing,  
*Would thrust it from my arms.*

MAN—HIS CONTRITION.

- 5 Against the thunders of thy word  
Rebellious I have stood;  
My heart, it shakes not at the wrath  
And terrors of a God.
- 6 Dear Saviour, steep this rock of mine  
In thine own crimson sea!  
None but a bath of blood divine  
Can melt the flint away.

221

C. M. Burford. Crowle.

*Neglect of privileges.*

DODDRIDGE.

- ALAS, how fast our moments fly!  
How short our months appear!  
How swift through various seasons hastes  
The still revolving year!
- 2 Seasons of grace, and days of hope,  
While Jesus waiting stands,  
And spreads the blessings of his love  
With wide-extended hands.
- 3 But oh! how slow our stupid souls  
These blessings to secure!  
Blessings, which through eternal years  
Unwithering shall endure.
- 4 Beneath the word of life we die;  
We starve amidst our store;  
And what salvation should impart,  
Heightens our ruin more.
- 5 Pity this madness, God of love,  
And make us truly wise:  
So from the pregnant seeds of grace  
Shall glorious harvests rise.

**222**

C. M. Arabia. Condescension.

*Penitence.*

HYDE.

AH, what can I, a sinner, do,  
With all my guilt oppressed?  
I feel the hardness of my heart,  
And conscience knows no rest.

2 Great God, thy good and perfect law  
Does all my life condemn;  
The secret evils of my soul  
Fill me with grief and shame.

3 How many precious sabbaths gone,  
I never can recall;  
And oh, what cause have I to mourn,  
Who misimproved them all!

4 How long, how often, have I heard  
Of Jesus, and of heaven;  
Yet scarcely listened to his word,  
Or prayed to be forgiven!

5 Constrain me, Lord, to turn to thee,  
And grant renewing grace;  
For thou this flinty heart canst break,  
And thine shall be the praise.

**223**

C. M. Grove House. Bangor.

*Mourning at the cross.*

WATTS.

INFINITE grief! amazing woe!  
Behold my bleeding Lord!  
Hell and the Jews conspired his death,  
And used the Roman sword.

MAN—HIS CONTRITION.

- 2 Oh the sharp pangs of smarting pain  
My dear Redeemer bore,  
When knotty whips, and ragged thorns,  
His sacred body tore!
- 3 But knotty whips and ragged thorns  
In vain do I accuse ;  
In vain I blame the Roman bands,  
And the more spiteful Jews.
- 4 'Twere you, my sins, my cruel sins,  
His chief tormentors were ;  
Each of my crimes became a nail,  
And unbelief the spear.
- 5 'Twere you that pulled the vengeance down  
Upon his guiltless head :  
Break, break, my heart, O burst, mine eyes,  
And let my sorrows bleed.
- 6 Strike, mighty grace, my flinty soul,  
Till melting waters flow,  
And deep repentance drown mine eyes  
In undissembled woe.

224

C. M. Crowle. Ludlow.

*Penitence at the cross.*

STENNETT.

PROSTRATE, dear Jesus! at thy feet  
A guilty rebel lies ;  
And upwards to the mercy-seat  
Presumes to lift his eyes.

- 2 Oh, let not justice frown me hence ;  
Stay, stay the vengeful storm :  
Forbid it, that Omnipotence  
Should crush a feeble worm!

- 3 If tears of sorrow would suffice  
To pay the debt I owe,  
Tears should from both my weeping eyes  
In ceaseless torrents flow.
- 4 But no such sacrifice I plead  
To expiate my guilt :  
No tears, but those which thou hast shed ;  
No blood, but thou hast spilt.
- 5 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord !  
And all my sins forgive :  
Justice will well approve the word  
That bids the sinner live.

**225**

L. M. Penitence. Ulverston.

*Pleading for pardon.* Psal. li.

WATTS.

- SHOW pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive,  
Let a repenting rebel live :  
Are not thy mercies large and free ?  
May not a sinner trust in thee ?
- 2 My crimes are great, but not surpass  
The power and glory of thy grace :  
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,  
So let thy pardoning love be found.
  - 3 O wash my soul from every sin,  
And make my guilty conscience clean ;  
Here on my heart the burden lies,  
And past offences pain my eyes.
  - 4 My lips with shame my sins confess  
Against thy law, against thy grace !  
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,  
I am *condemned*, but thou art clear.



MAN—HIS CONTRITION.

- 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,  
I must pronounce thee just in death ;  
And if my soul were sent to hell,  
Thy righteous law approves it well.
- 6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,  
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,  
Would light on some sweet promise there,  
Some sure support against despair.

**226**

L. M. Old 100th. Bampton.

*Pleading for pardon.* Psal. li.

WATTS.

- O THOU that hearest when sinners cry,  
Though all my crimes before thee lie,  
Behold them not with angry look,  
But blot their memory from thy book.
- 2 Create my nature pure within,  
And form my soul averse to sin :  
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,  
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without thy light,  
Cast out and banished from thy sight :  
Thine holy joys, my God, restore,  
And guard me that I fall no more.
- 4 Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,  
His help and comfort still afford ;  
And let a wretch come near thy throne,  
To plead the merits of thy Son.
- 5 A broken heart, my God, my King,  
Is all the sacrifice I bring ;  
The God of grace will ne'er despise  
A broken heart for sacrifice.

MAN—HIS CONTRITION.

- 6 My soul lies humbled in the dust,  
And owns thy dreadful sentence just ;  
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,  
And save the soul condemned to die.
- 7 Then will I teach the world thy ways ;  
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace ;  
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,  
And they shall praise a pardoning God.
- 8 O may thy love inspire my tongue !  
Salvation shall be all my song ;  
And all my powers shall join to bless  
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

**227**

C. M. Abridge. Carolina.

*Pardoning grace.* Psal. cxxx.

WATTS.

- OUT of the deeps of long distress,  
The borders of despair,  
I sent my cries to seek thy grace,  
My groans to move thine ear.
- 2 Great God, should thy severer eye,  
And thine impartial hand,  
Mark and revenge iniquity,  
No mortal flesh could stand.
- 3 But there are pardons with my God  
For crimes of high degree ;  
Thy Son has bought them with his blood,  
To draw us near to thee.
- 4 [I wait for thy salvation, Lord,  
With strong desires I wait ;  
My soul, invited by thy word,  
*Stands watching at thy gate.*]

- 5 [Just as the guards that keep the night  
Long for the morning skies,  
Watch the first beams of breaking light,  
And meet them with their eyes ;
- 6 So waits my soul to see thy grace,  
And more intent than they,  
Meets the first openings of thy face,  
And finds a brighter day.]
- 7 Then in the Lord let Israel trust,  
Let Israel seek his face ;  
The Lord is good as well as just,  
And plenteous in his grace.
- 8 There's full redemption at his throne  
For sinners long enslaved ;  
The great Redeemer is his Son,  
And Israel shall be saved.

228

C. M. Crowle. Walsall.

*Penitence.*

DODDRIDGE.

- O INJURED Majesty of heaven,  
Look from thy holy throne,  
While prostrate rebels own with grief  
What treasons they have done.
- 2 Thy grace, when sin abounded most,  
Reigns with superior sway ;  
And pardons bought with Jesus' blood,  
To rebels doth display.
- 3 While love its grateful anthems tunes,  
Tears mingle with the song ;  
My heart with tender anguish bleeds,  
That I such grace should wrong.



MAN—HIS CONTRITION.

- 4 How shall I lift these guilty eyes  
To mine offended Lord ?  
Or how, beneath his heaviest strokes,  
Pronounce one murmuring word ?
- 5 Remorse and shame my lips have sealed ;  
But, O my Father, speak ;  
And all the harmony of heaven  
Shall through the silence break.

**229**

L. M. Angel's Hymn. Ulverston.

*The penitent pleading.*

TOPLADY.

- BOWED with a sense of sin, I faint  
Beneath the complicated load ;  
Father, attend my deep complaint,  
I am thy creature, thou my God !
- 2 Though I have broke thy righteous law,  
Yet with me let thy Spirit stay ;  
Thyself from me do not withdraw,  
Nor take my spark of hope away.
- 3 Mercy unlimited is thine,  
God of the penitent thou art ;  
The saving power of blood divine  
Shall ease the anguish of my heart.
- 4 Then let not sin my ruin be,  
Give me in thee my rest to find :  
Jesus, the sick have need of thee,  
Thou great Physician of mankind.
- 5 In my salvation, Lord, display  
The triumphs of abounding grace ;  
Tell me my guilt is done away,  
And turn my mourning into praise.

MAN—HIS CONTRITION.

- 6 Then shall I add my feeble song  
To theirs who chant thy praise on high,  
And spread with an immortal tongue  
Thy glory through the echoing sky.

**230**

7s. Eglon. GLENELG (ALTERED).

*Penitents pleading.*

- BY thy birth and by thy tears,  
By thy human griefs and fears,  
By thy conflict in the hour  
Of the subtle tempter's power,  
Saviour, look with pitying eye ;  
Saviour, help me, or I die !
- 2 By the tenderness that wept  
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept,  
By the bitter tears that flowed  
Over Salem's lost abode,  
Saviour, &c.
- 3 By thine hour of dark despair,  
By thine agony of prayer,  
By thy cross and dying cries,  
By thy one great sacrifice,  
Saviour, &c.
- 4 By thy triumph o'er the grave,  
By thy power the lost to save,  
By thy high majestic throne,  
By the empire all thine own,  
Saviour, &c.

**231**

L. M. Ulverston. Portugal.

*God's promise to the humble.*

WATTS.

THUS saith the high and lofty one :  
" I sit upon my holy throne ;

MAN—HIS CONTRITION.

My name is God, I dwell on high,  
Dwell in my own eternity.

- 2 "But I descend to worlds below,  
On earth I have a mansion too;  
The humble spirit and contrite  
Is an abode of my delight.
- 3 "The humble soul my words revive,  
I bid the mourning sinner live,  
Heal all the broken hearts I find,  
And ease the sorrows of the mind.
- 4 ["When I contend against their sin,  
I make them know how vile they've been;  
But should my wrath for ever smoke,  
Their souls would sink beneath my stroke."
- 5 O may thy pardoning grace be nigh,  
Lest we should faint, despair, and die!  
Thus shall our better thoughts approve  
The methods of thy chastening love.]

**232**

C. M. Condensation. Stephens.

*Penitents pitied.*

DODDRIDGE.

THE Lord, from his exalted throne,  
In majesty arrayed,  
Looks with a melting pity down  
On all that seek his aid.

- 2 When, touched with penitent remorse,  
Our follies past we mourn,  
With what a tenderness of love  
He meets *our first return!*

- 3 From heaven he sent his only Son,  
To ransom us with blood,  
To snatch us from the burning pit,  
When on its brink we stood.
- 4 From death and hell he leads us up  
By a delightful way ;  
And the bright beams of endless life  
Doth round our path display.
- 5 Great God, we wonder and adore ;  
And, to exalt such grace,  
We long to learn the songs of heaven  
Ere yet we reach the place.

**233**

C. M. Brighthelmstone. Walsall.

*Desiring contrition.*

COWPER.

- THE Lord will happiness divine  
On contrite hearts bestow ;  
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine  
A contrite heart, or no ?
- 2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,  
Insensible as steel ;  
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain,  
To find I cannot feel.
  - 3 I sometimes think myself inclined  
To love thee if I could ;  
But often feel another mind,  
Averse from all that's good.
  - 4 My best desires are faint and few ;  
I fain would strive for more ;  
But when I cry " My strength renew,"  
Seem weaker than before.

MAN—HIS CONTRITION.

- 5 Thy saints are comforted, I know,  
And love thy house of prayer ;  
I therefore go where others go,  
But find no comfort there.
- 6 O make this heart rejoice, or ache ;  
Decide this doubt for me ;  
And if it be not broken, break,  
And heal it if it be.

**234**

C. M. Stephens. Arabia.

*Mercy implored.*

MONTGOMERY.

- MERCY alone can meet my case ;  
For mercy, Lord ! I cry.  
Jesus, Redeemer ! show thy face  
In mercy, or I die.
- 2 Save me, for none beside can save.  
At thy command I tread,  
With failing step, life's stormy wave ;  
The wave goes o'er my head.
- 3 I perish, and my doom were just ;  
But wilt thou leave me ?—No :  
I hold thee fast, my Hope, my Trust ;  
I will not let thee go.
- 4 Still sure to me thy promise stands,  
And ever must abide :  
Behold it written on thy hands,  
And graven in thy side.
- 5 To this, this only will I cleave ;  
Thy word is all my plea :  
That word is truth, and I believe :—  
Have mercy, Lord ! on me.



MAN—HIS CONTRITION.

235

C. M. Stephens. Crowle.

*Repentance at the cross.*

WATTS.

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?  
And did my Sovereign die?  
Would he devote that sacred head  
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done  
He groaned upon the tree?  
Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in,  
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,  
For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,  
While his dear cross appears;  
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
And melt my eyes to tears.

5 But tears of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe:  
Here, Lord, I give myself away;  
'Tis all that I can do.

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MAN—HIS CONVERSION.

236

C. M. Abridge. Arlington.

*Converting grace.*

WATTS.

GREAT King of glory and of grace,  
We own, with humble shame,  
How vile is our degenerate race,  
And our first father's name.

MAN—HIS CONVERSION.

- 2 From Adam flows our tainted blood,  
The poison reigns within,  
Makes us averse to all that's good,  
And willing slaves to sin.
- 3 Daily we break thy holy laws,  
And then reject thy grace ;  
Engaged in the old serpent's cause,  
Against our Maker's face.
- 4 We live estranged afar from God,  
And love the distance well ;  
With haste we run the dangerous road  
That leads to death and hell.
- 5 And can such rebels be restored ?  
Such natures made divine ?  
Let sinners see thy glory, Lord,  
And feel this power of thine.
- 6 We raise our Father's name on high,  
Who his own Spirit sends  
To bring rebellious strangers nigh,  
And turn his foes to friends.

**237**

C. M. Stephens. Ann's.

*Lord, I believe.*

NEWTON.

APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,  
Where Jesus answers prayer ;  
Then humbly fall before his feet,  
For none can perish there.

- 2 Thy promise is my only plea :  
With this I venture nigh.  
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,  
And *such*, O Lord ! am I.

MAN—HIS CONVERSION.

- 3 Be thou my shield and hiding-place ;  
That, sheltered near thy side,  
I may my fierce accuser face,  
And tell him, thou hast died.
- 4 Oh wondrous love ! to bleed and die,  
To bear the cross and shame,  
That guilty sinners, such as I,  
Might plead thy gracious name.

**238**

S. M. Bradley Church.

*Motive to conversion.*

BEDDOME.

- DID Christ o'er sinners weep ?  
And shall our cheeks be dry ?  
Let floods of penitential grief  
Burst forth from every eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears,  
Angels with wonder see.  
Be thou astonished, O my soul !  
He shed those tears for thee.
- 3 He wept that we might weep :  
Each sin demands a tear.  
In heaven alone no sin is found ;  
No weeping shall be there.

**239**

148th. Grove. Portsmouth New.

*Renouncing the world.*

TAYLOR.

- COME, my fond, foolish heart,—  
Come, struggle to be free :  
Thou and the world must part,  
However hard it be :  
My trembling spirit owns it just,  
But still lies cleaving to the dust.



MAN—HIS CONVERSION.

- 2    Ye tempting sweets, forbear,—  
      Ye dearest idols, fall :  
      My love ye must not share ;  
      Jesus shall have it all :  
      Though painful and acute the smart,  
      His love can heal the bleeding heart.
- 3    Ye fair, enchanting throng,  
      Ye golden dreams, adieu !  
      Earth has prevailed too long ;  
      Too long I've cherished you :  
      Forbidden joys of early years  
      Demand my penitential tears.
- 4    In Gilead there is balm,  
      A kind Physician there,  
      My fevered mind to calm,  
      And save me from despair :  
      Aid me, dear Saviour ! set me free ;  
      My all I would resign to thee.
- 5    Oh ! may I feel thy worth ;  
      And let no idol dare—  
      No vanity of earth,  
      With thee, my Lord, compare :  
      Now, bid all earthly joys depart,  
      And reign unrivalled in my heart !

240

C. M. Hensbury. Sprowston.

*Approaching the Saviour.*

JONES.

COME, humble sinner, in whose breast  
A thousand thoughts revolve ;  
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,  
And make this last resolve :—

- 2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin  
Hath like a mountain rose ;  
I know his courts, I'll enter in,  
Whatever may oppose.
- 3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,  
And there my guilt confess ;  
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone  
Without his sovereign grace.
- 4 Perhaps he will admit my plea,  
Perhaps will hear my prayer ;  
But, if I perish, I will pray  
And perish only there !
- 5 I can but perish if I go ;  
I am resolved to try ;  
For if I stay away, I know  
I must for ever die !

**241**

C. M. Salem. Missionary.

*The new creation.*

WATTS.

- ATTEND, while God's exalted Son  
Doth his own glories show :  
" Behold, I sit upon my throne,  
Creating all things new.
- 2 " Nature and sin are passed away,  
And the old Adam dies ;  
My hands a new foundation lay,  
See the new world arise.
  - 3 " I'll be a Sun of righteousness  
To the new heavens I make :  
*None* but the new-born heirs of grace  
*My glories shall partake."*

MAN—HIS CONVERSION.

- 4 Mighty Redeemer ! set me free  
From my old state of sin ;  
O make my soul alive to thee,  
Create new powers within.
- 5 Renew mine eyes, and form mine ears,  
And mould my heart afresh ;  
Give me new passions, joys, and fears,  
And turn the stone to flesh.
- 6 Far from the regions of the dead,  
From sin, and earth, and hell,  
In the new world that grace has made,  
I would for ever dwell.

242

L. M. Angel's Hymn. Portugal.

*Almost a Christian.*

WATTS.

- BROAD is the road that leads to death,  
And thousands walk together there ;  
But wisdom shows a narrower path,  
With here and there a traveller.
- 2 " Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"  
Is the Redeemer's great command :  
Nature must count her gold but dross,  
If she would gain this heavenly land.
- 3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,  
And walks the ways of God no more,  
Is but esteemed almost a saint,  
And makes his own destruction sure.
- 4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain ;  
Create my heart entirely new ;  
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,  
*Which false apostates never knew.*

MAN—HIS CONVERSION.

243

C. M. Carolina. Ludlow.

*Repentance at the cross.*

WATTS.

OH, if my soul were formed for woe,  
How would I vent my sighs !  
Repentance should like rivers flow  
From both my streaming eyes.

2 'Twas for my sins my dearest Lord  
Hung on the cursed tree,  
And groaned away a dying life  
For thee, my soul, for thee.

3 Oh how I hate those lusts of mine  
That crucified my God,  
Those sins that pierced and nailed his flesh  
Fast to the fatal wood !

4 Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die,  
My heart has so decreed ;  
Nor will I spare the guilty things  
That made my Saviour bleed.

5 Whilst with a melting, broken heart,  
My murdered Lord I view,  
I'll raise revenge against my sins,  
And slay the murderers too.

244

C. M. Hensbury. Arabia.

*Prayer for spiritual healing.*

COWPER.

HEAL us, Emmanuel, here we stand,  
Waiting to feel thy touch :  
To wounded souls stretch forth thy hand,  
Blest Saviour, we are such.

MAN—HIS CONVERSION.

- 2 Remember him who once applied  
With trembling for relief;  
“Lord, I believe,” with tears he cried,  
“Oh, help my unbelief!”
- 3 She, too, who touched thee in the press,  
And healing virtue stole,  
Was answered, “Daughter, go in peace,  
Thy faith hath made thee whole.”
- 4 Like her, with hopes and fears we come  
To touch thee, if we may;  
Oh, send us not despairing home,  
Send none unhealed away.

**245** C. M. Braintree. Gainsborough.  
*The difficulty of conversion.* WATTS.

STRAIT is the way, the door is strait  
That leads to joys on high;  
’Tis but a few that find the gate,  
While crowds mistake and die.

- 2 Beloved self must be denied,  
The mind and will renewed,  
Passion suppressed, and patience tried,  
And vain desires subdued.
- 3 [Flesh is a dangerous foe to grace,  
Where it prevails and rules;  
Flesh must be humbled, pride abased,  
Lest they destroy our souls.
- 4 The love of gold be banished hence,  
That vile idolatry;  
And every member, every sense,  
In sweet subjection lie.

- 5 The tongue, that most unruly power,  
 Requires a strong restraint ;  
 We must be watchful every hour,  
 And pray, but never faint.]
- 6 Lord, can a feeble, helpless worm,  
 Fulfil a task so hard?  
 Thy grace must all my work perform,  
 And give the free reward.

**246** 8. 8. 6. Westbury Leigh. Leach.  
*True convert.* BROWN.

- WHEN with my mind devoutly pressed,  
 Dear Saviour, my revolving breast  
 Would past offences trace ;  
 Trembling I make the black review,  
 Yet pleased behold, admiring too,  
 The power of changing grace.
- 2 This tongue with blasphemies defiled,  
 These feet to erring paths beguiled,  
 In heavenly league agree :  
 Who would believe such lips could praise,  
 Or think from dark and winding ways  
 I e'er should turn to thee ?
- 3 These eyes that once abused the light,  
 Now lift to thee their watery sight,  
 And weep a silent flood ;  
 These hands are raised in ceaseless prayer,  
 O wash away the stains they wear,  
 In pure redeeming blood.
- 4 These ears, that once could entertain  
 The midnight oath, the festive strain,  
 Around the sinful board ;



Now deaf to all the enchanting noise,  
Avoid the throng, detest their joys,  
And long to hear thy word.

- 5 Thus art thou served in every part ;  
Go on, blessed Lord, to cleanse my heart,  
That drossy thing refine ;  
That grace may nature's powers control,  
And a new creature, body, soul,  
Be all and ever thine.

**247** 8. 8. 6. Leach. Westbury Leigh.  
*The penitent surrendering.* NEWTON.

LORD, thou hast won, at length I yield ;  
My heart, by mighty grace compelled,  
Surrenders all to thee :  
Against thy terrors long I strove,  
But who can stand against thy love ?  
Love conquers even me.

- 2 If thou hadst bid thy thunders roll,  
And lightnings flash to blast my soul,  
I still had stubborn been :  
But mercy has my heart subdued,  
A bleeding Saviour I have viewed,  
And now I hate my sin.

- 3 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,  
Come, take possession of thine own,  
For thou hast set me free :  
Released from Satan's hard command,  
See all my powers waiting stand,  
To be *employed* by thee.

MAN—HIS CONVERSION.

- 4 My will conformed to thine should move,  
On thee my hope, desire, and love,  
In fixed attention join ;  
My hands, my eyes, my ears, my tongue,  
Have Satan's servants been too long,  
But now they shall be thine.

248

C. M. Irish. Hensbury.

*The joy of conversion.* Psal. cxxvi. WATTS.

WHEN God revealed his gracious name,  
And changed my mournful state,  
My rapture seemed a pleasing dream,  
The grace appeared so great.

- 2 The world beheld the glorious change,  
And did thy hand confess ;  
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,  
And sung surprising grace.
- 3 "Great is the work," my neighbours cried,  
And owned the power Divine ;  
"Great is the work," my heart replied,  
"And be the glory thine."
- 4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,  
Can give us day for night ;  
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise  
To rivers of delight.
- 5 Let those that sow in sadness wait  
Till the fair harvest come ;  
They shall confess their sheaves are great,  
And shout the blessings home.



MAN—HIS CONVERSION.

- 6 Though seed lie buried long in dust,  
It sha'n't deceive their hope !  
The precious grain can ne'er be lost,  
For grace insures the crop.

249

L. M. Portugal. Bredby.  
*Joy in heaven over the convert.*

WATTS.

WHO can describe the joys that rise  
Through all the courts of paradise,  
To see a prodigal return,  
To see an heir of glory born ?

- 2 With joy the Father doth approve  
The fruit of his eternal love ;  
The Son with joy looks down and sees  
The purchase of his agonies.

- 3 The Spirit takes delight to view  
The holy soul he formed anew ;  
And saints and angels join to sing,  
The growing empire of their King.

250

C. M. Devizes. Ann's.  
*Regeneration.*

WATTS.

NOT all the outward forms on earth,  
Nor rites that God has given,  
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,  
Can raise a soul to heaven.

- 2 The sovereign will of God alone  
Creates us heirs of grace ;  
Born in the image of his Son,  
A new peculiar race.

- 3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,  
Blows on the sons of flesh,  
New models all the carnal mind,  
And forms the man afresh.
- 4 Our quickened souls awake, and rise  
From the long sleep of death ;  
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,  
And praise employs our breath.

**251** L. M. Ulverston. Kingsbridge.

*Parting with carnal joys.*

WATTS.

- I SEND the joys of earth away ;  
Away, ye tempters of the mind !  
False as the smooth deceitful sea,  
And empty as the whistling wind.
- 2 Your streams were floating me along  
Down to the gulf of black despair ;  
And whilst I listened to your song,  
Your streams had e'en conveyed me there.
- 3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,  
That warned me of that dark abyss,  
That drew me from those treacherous seas,  
And bid me seek superior bliss.
- 4 Now to the shining realms above  
I stretch my hands, and glance mine eyes ;  
Oh for the pinions of a dove,  
To bear me to the upper skies !
- 5 There, from the bosom of my God,  
Oceans of endless pleasures roll ;  
There would I fix my last abode,  
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

MAN—HIS CONVERSION.

252

7s. Jewin Street.

*Seeking grace.*

WESLEY.

JESUS, full of truth and love,  
We thy kindest word obey :  
Faithful let thy mercies prove ;  
Take our load of guilt away :  
Fain we would on thee rely,  
Cast on thee our every care ;  
To thine arms of mercy fly,  
Find our lasting quiet there.

- 2 Burdened with a world of grief,  
Burdened with our sinful load,  
Burdened with this unbelief,  
Burdened with the wrath of God :  
Lo ! we come to thee for ease,  
True and gracious as thou art ;  
Now our groaning souls release,  
Write forgiveness on our heart.

253

S. M. Reuben. Lowell.

*Against presumption.*

COWPER.

- BEWARE of Peter's word,  
Nor confidently say,  
" I *never will* deny the Lord,"  
But, " Grant I *never may*."
- 2 Man's wisdom is to seek  
His strength in God alone ;  
And e'en an angel would be weak,  
Who trusted in his own.
- 3 Retreat beneath his wings,  
And *in his grace* confide ;

MAN—HIS CONVERSION.

This more exalts the King of kings  
Than all your works beside.

- 4 In Jesus is our store ;  
Grace issues from his throne ;  
Whoever says, " I want no more,"  
Confesses he has none.

**254** L. M. Ulverston. Angel's Hymn.  
*Self-inquiry.*

ORIGINAL.

IS there no guilt my heart allows,  
No secret idol in my breast ;  
No law to which my spirit bows,  
No sin I do not quite detest ?

- 2 Have I no hope, no resting-place,  
Beside the hope the Scriptures give ?  
And do I glory in that grace  
By which immortal spirits live ?

- 3 Are all my longings for thy grace  
Lasting and deep as they should be ?  
And do I come before thy face  
Entreating to be tried by thee ?

- 4 Are all my sacred sabbaths  
And do I love the hour  
And revere the day  
As I should do ?

5

255

L. M. Job. Portugal.

*Resolution.*

AND be it so—that, till this hour,  
We never knew what faith has meant  
And slaves to sin and Satan's power,  
Have never felt these hearts relent.

2 What shall we do? shall we lie down,  
Sink in despair, and groan, and die?  
And, sunk beneath the Almighty's frown  
Not glance one cheerful hope on high?

3 Forbid it, Saviour! to thy grace  
As sinners, strangers, we will come;  
Among thy saints we ask a place;  
For in thy mercy there is room.

4 Lord, we believe! oh, by thy power,  
Disperse the clouds of unbelief:  
Lord, we repent! oh, in this hour,  
Dissolve our hearts in sacred grief.

5 Now spread the banner of thy love,  
And let us know that we are thine;  
Cheer us with blessings from above,  
With all the joys of hope divine!

8. 7. 4. Helmsley. Mariners.

*The surrender.*

HASTINGS

COME, welcome, dear Redeemer,  
Come to this heart of mine;  
I make a full surrender,  
Thy power and love be thine;  
Thine only, Lord, I am,  
Thine, Lord, I am.

MAN—HIS CONVERSION.

- 2 Known to all to be thy mansion,  
Earth and hell will disappear ;  
Or in vain attempt possession,  
When they find the Lord is near—  
Shout, O Zion !  
Shout, ye saints, the Lord is here !

**257**

C. M. New York. Salem.

*The heart surrendered.*

ANON.

- LORD, take my heart just as it is,  
Set up therein thy throne ;  
So shall I love thee above all,  
And live to thee alone.
- 2 Complete thy work and crown thy grace,  
Oh may I faithful prove !  
And listen to the Spirit's voice,  
Which manifests thy love ;
- 3 Which teaches me what is thy will,  
And tells me what to do ;  
Which covers me with shame when I  
Do not thy will pursue.
- 4 This unction may I ever feel,  
This teaching from my Lord,  
And learn obedience to thy voice,  
In thy reviving word.

**258**

C. M. Condescension. Stephens.

*The call of Christ.*

BP. HEBER.

- HOW long the time since Christ began  
To call in vain on me !  
Deaf to his warning voice, I ran  
Through paths of vanity.
- 210



MAN—HIS CONVERSION.

- 2 He called me, when my thoughtless prime  
Was early ripe to ill.  
I passed from folly on to crime,  
And yet he called me still.
- 3 He called me, in the time of dread,  
When death was full in view :  
I trembled on my feverish bed,  
And rose to sin anew.
- 4 Yet, could I hear him once again,  
As I have heard of old,  
Methinks he should not call in vain  
His wanderer to the fold.
- 5 O thou that every thought dost know,  
And answerest every prayer !  
Try me with sickness, want, or woe,  
But snatch me from despair.
- 6 My struggling will by grace control,  
Renew my broken vow :—  
What blessed light breaks on my soul ?  
My God ! I hear thee now.

259

7s. Bath Abbey. Cookham.

*Surrendering to Christ.*

LEEDS COL.

- ONCE to other lords we bowed,  
None were more enslaved than we ;  
Once we joined the thoughtless crowd ;  
Saviour, now we come to thee.
- 2 Long, too long, alas ! we were  
Slaves of sin and foes to thee ;  
Now with truth we can declare,  
None owe more to grace than we.

- 3 Lord, we now confess with shame  
 How we slighted all thy love ;  
 How we long withstood thy claim,  
 And against thy mercy strove.
- 4 Henceforth we desire to be  
 Thine alone, for ever thine :  
 Thou hast set the prisoners free ;  
 Saviour, on thy people shine.

**260**

C. M. Devizes. Warwick.

*Parting with carnal joys.*

LEEDS COL.

- AND must I part with all I have,  
 Jesus, my Lord, for thee ?  
 This is my joy, since thou hast done  
 Much more than this for me.
- 2 Yes, let it go :—one look from thee  
 Will more than make amends  
 For all the losses I sustain,  
 Of credit, riches, friends.
- 3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,  
 How worthless they appear,  
 Compared with thee, supremely good,  
 Divinely bright and fair !
- 4 Saviour of souls, while I from thee  
 A single smile obtain,  
 Though destitute of all things else,  
 I'll glory in my gain.

**261**

C. M. Salem. Condescension.

*Sincere convert.*

LEEDS COL.

LONG have I seemed to serve thee, Lord,  
 With unavailing pain ;



## MAN—HIS CONVERSION.

Labour'd, and pray'd, and read thy word,  
And heard it preach'd, in vain.

- 2 Oft did I with the assembly join,  
And near thine altar drew :  
A form of godliness was mine,  
The power I never knew.
  - 3 For I of means have made my boast,  
Of means an idol made !  
The spirit in the letter lost,  
The substance in the shade !
  - 4 But now I learn thy will requires  
Truth in the inward parts ;  
Our full consent, our whole desires,  
Our undivided hearts.
  - 5 Where am I now, or what my hope ?  
What can my weakness do ?  
Jesus, to thee my soul looks up ;  
'Tis thou must make it new.
- 

## MAN—HIS FAITH.

**262**

C. M. Irish. Thyatira.  
*A living and a dead faith.*

WATTS.

MISTAKEN souls, that dream of heaven,  
And make their empty boast  
Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,  
While *they* are slaves to lust !

MAN—HIS FAITH.

- 2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,  
If faith be cold and dead ;  
None but a living power unites  
To Christ the living head.
- 3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart ;  
'Tis faith that works by love ;  
That bids all sinful joys depart,  
And lifts the thoughts above.
- 4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell  
By a celestial power ;  
This is the grace that shall prevail  
In the decisive hour.
- 5 [Faith must obey her Father's will,  
As well as trust his grace ;  
A pardoning God is jealous still  
For his own holiness.]
- 6 When from the curse he sets us free,  
He makes our natures clean ;  
Nor would he send his Son to be  
The minister of sin.
- 7 [His Spirit purifies our frame,  
And seals our peace with God ;  
Jesus and his salvation came  
By water and by blood.]

**263**

C. M. Bath Chapel. New York.

*Faith of things unseen.*

WATTS.

FAITH is the brightest evidence  
Of things beyond our sight,  
Breaks through the clouds of flesh and sense,  
And dwells in heavenly light.

- 2 It sets times past in present view,  
Brings distant prospects home,  
Of things a thousand years ago,  
Or thousand years to come.
- 3 By faith we know the worlds were made  
By God's almighty word ;  
Abra'm, to unknown countries led,  
By faith obeyed the Lord.
- 4 He sought a city fair and high,  
Built by the eternal hands,  
And faith assures us, though we die,  
That heavenly building stands.

**264**

C. M. Bedford. Worksop.

*Justification by faith.*

WATTS.

- VAIN are the hopes the sons of men  
On their own works have built ;  
Their hearts by nature all unclean,  
And all their actions guilt.
- 2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths  
Without a murmuring word,  
And the whole race of Adam stand  
Guilty before the Lord.
  - 3 In vain we ask God's righteous law  
To justify us now ;  
Since to convince and to condemn  
Is all the law can do.
  - 4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace !  
When in thy name we trust,  
Our faith receives a righteousness  
That makes the sinner just.

265

C. M. Newbury. Evans.

*Strength from heaven.*

WATTS.

- WHENCE do our mournful thoughts arise?  
 And where's our courage fled?  
 Has restless sin and raging hell  
 Struck all our comforts dead?
- 2 Have we forgot the almighty name  
 That formed the earth and sea?  
 And can an all-creating arm  
 Grow weary or decay?
- 3 Treasures of everlasting might  
 In our Jehovah dwell;  
 He gives the conquest to the weak,  
 And treads their foes to hell.
- 4 Mere mortal power shall fade and die,  
 And youthful vigour cease;  
 But we that wait upon the Lord  
 Shall feel our strength increase.
- 5 The saints shall mount on eagles' wings,  
 And taste the promised bliss,  
 Till their unwearied feet arrive  
 Where perfect pleasure is.

266

L. M. Bampton. Monmouth.

*Faith the way to salvation.*

WATTS.

- NOT by the laws of innocence  
 Can Adam's sons arrive at heaven;  
 New works can give us no pretence  
 To have our ancient sins forgiven.
- 2 Not the best deeds that we have done  
 Can make a wounded conscience whole;

Faith is the grace, and faith alone,  
That flies to Christ, and saves the soul.

3 Lord, I believe thy heavenly word,  
Fain would I have my soul renewed ;  
I mourn for sin, and trust the Lord  
To have it pardoned and subdued.

4 O may thy grace its power display,  
Let guilt and death no longer reign ;  
Save me in thine appointed way,  
Nor let my humble faith be vain.

**267**

L. M. Alfred. Truro.

*The triumph of faith.*

WATTS.

WHO shall the Lord's elect condemn ?  
'Tis God that justifies their souls ;  
And mercy, like a mighty stream,  
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell ?  
'Tis Christ that suffered in their stead ;  
And, the salvation to fulfil,  
Behold him rising from the dead !

3 He lives ! he lives ! and sits above,  
For ever interceding there ;  
Who shall divide us from his love ?  
Or what should tempt us to despair ?

4 Shall persecution, or distress,  
Famine, or sword, or nakedness ?  
He that hath loved us bears us through,  
And makes us more than conquerors too.

- 5 Faith hath an overcoming power ;  
 It triumphs in the dying hour :  
 Christ is our life, our joy, our hope,  
 Nor can we sink with such a prop.
- 6 Not all that men on earth can do,  
 Nor powers on high, nor powers below,  
 Shall cause his mercy to remove,  
 Or wean our hearts from Christ our love.

**268**

C. M. Grove House. Tiverton.

*Faith in the covenant.*

WATTS.

- OUR God ! how firm his promise stands,  
 E'en when he hides his face !  
 He trusts in our Redeemer's hands  
 His glory and his grace.
- 2 Then why, my soul, these sad complaints,  
 Since Christ and we are one ?  
 Thy God is faithful to his saints,  
 Is faithful to his Son.
- 3 Beneath his smiles my heart has lived,  
 And part of heaven possessed ;  
 I praise his name for grace received,  
 And trust him for the rest.

**269**

L. M. Luton. Ulverston.

*We walk by faith, not by sight.*

WATTS.

- 'TIS by the faith of joys to come  
 We walk through deserts dark as night ;  
 Till we arrive at heaven, our home,  
 Faith is our guide, and faith our light.
- 2 The want of sight she well supplies,  
 She makes the pearly gates appear ;

MAN—HIS FAITH.

Far into distant worlds she pries,  
And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,  
While faith inspires a heavenly ray ;  
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,  
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

4 So Abra'm, by Divine command,  
Left his own house to walk with God ;  
His faith beheld the promised land,  
And fired his zeal along the road.

**270**

L. M. New Court. Angel's Hymn.

*Faith and repentance.*

WATTS.

LIFE and immortal joys are given  
To souls that mourn the sins they've done ;  
Children of wrath made heirs of heaven  
By faith in God's eternal Son.

2 Woe to the wretch that never felt  
The inward pangs of pious grief,  
But adds to all his crying guilt  
The stubborn sin of unbelief !

3 The law condemns the rebel dead,  
Under the wrath of God he lies ;  
He seals the curse on his own head,  
And with a double vengeance dies.

**271**

L. M. Ulverston. Peru.

*Faith in Christ.*

CENNICK.

JESUS, my All, to heaven is gone ;  
He whom I fix my hopes upon.  
His track I see, and I'll pursue  
The narrow way, till him I view.



- 2 The way the holy prophets went,  
The way that leads from banishment,  
The King's highway of holiness,  
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long had sought,  
And mourned because I found it not ;  
Till late I heard my Saviour say,  
" Come hither, soul ; I am the way."
- 4 Lo ! glad I come ; and thou, blest Lamb !  
Wilt take me guilty as I am.  
My sinful self to thee I give :  
Nothing but love shall I receive
- 5 Now will I tell to sinners round,  
What a dear Saviour I have found :  
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,  
And say, " Behold the way to God !"

**272**

L. M. Kingsbridge. Ulverston.

*Faith in Christ.*

WATTS.

- NO more, my God, I boast no more  
Of all the duties I have done ;  
I quit the hopes I held before  
To trust the merits of thy Son.
- 2 Now, for the love I bear his name,  
What was my gain I count my loss ;  
My former pride I call my shame,  
And nail my glory to his cross.
  - 3 Yes, and I must and will esteem  
All things but loss for Jesus' sake :  
Oh may soul be found in him,  
And of his righteousness partake !



- 4 The best obedience of my hands,  
Dares not appear before thy throne ;  
But faith can answer thy demands  
By pleading what my Lord has done.

**273**

S. M. Peckham. Reuben.

*Trust in God.* Psal. xxv.

WATTS.

- I LIFT my soul to God,  
My trust is in his name :  
Let not my foes that seek my blood  
Still triumph in my shame.
- 2 Sin, and the powers of hell,  
Persuade me to despair :  
Lord, make me know thy covenant well,  
That I may 'scape the snare.
- 3 From the first dawning light  
Till the dark evening rise,  
For thy salvation, Lord, I wait  
With ever-longing eyes.
- 4 Remember all thy grace,  
And lead me in thy truth ;  
Forgive the sins of riper days,  
And follies of my youth.
- 5 The Lord is just and kind,  
The meek shall learn his ways,  
And every humble sinner find  
The methods of his grace.
- 6 For his own goodness' sake  
He saves my soul from shame :  
He pardons, though my guilt be great,  
Through my Redeemer's name.

274

L. M. Portugal. Magdalene.

*Repose in God.* Psal. iii.

WATTS.

O LORD, how many are my foes,  
 In this weak state of flesh and blood !  
 My peace they daily discompose,  
 But my defence and hope is God.

- 2 Tired with the burdens of the day,  
 To thee I raised an evening cry :  
 Thou heardest when I began to pray,  
 And thine almighty help was nigh.
- 3 Supported by thine heavenly aid,  
 I laid me down, and slept secure :  
 Not death should make my heart afraid,  
 Though I should wake and rise no more.
- 4 But God sustained me all the night :  
 Salvation doth to God belong ;  
 He raised my head to see the light,  
 And makes his praise my morning song.

275

C. M. Stephens. Staughton.

*Confidence in God.*

HYLAND.

O LORD ! I would delight in thee,  
 And on thy care depend ;  
 To thee in every trouble flee,  
 My best, my only Friend !

- 2 When all created streams are dried,  
 Thy fulness is the same.  
 May I with this be satisfied,  
 And glory in thy name.

- 3 No good in creatures can be found,  
 But may be found in thee.  
 I must have all things and abound,  
 While God is God to me.
- 4 O Lord! I cast my care on thee :  
 I triumph and adore.  
 Henceforth my great concern shall be,  
 To love and praise thee more.

**276**

L. M. Job. Zion's Temple.

*Faith in Christ.*

C. WESLEY.

- JESUS, thy robe of righteousness  
 My beauty is, my glorious dress ;  
 'Midst flaming worlds in this arrayed,  
 With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 When from the dust of death I rise,  
 To claim my mansion in the skies,  
 E'en then shall this be all my plea,  
 " Jesus hath lived and died for me."
- 3 Bold shall I stand in that great day,  
 For who aught to my charge shall lay?  
 Fully through thee absolved I am  
 From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
- 4 His spotless robe the same appears  
 When ruined nature sinks in years :  
 No age can change its glorious hue,  
 The grace of Christ is ever new.
- 5 O let the dead now hear thy voice,  
 Now bid thy banished ones rejoice ;  
 Their beauty this, their glorious dress,  
 Jesus, the Lord our righteousness.

277

C. M. Tunbridge. Sprowston.

*Faith in the atonement.*

COWPER.

- THERE is a fountain filled with blood  
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;  
 And sinners plunged beneath that flood,  
 Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
 That fountain in his day ;  
 And there have I, as vile as he,  
 Washed all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood  
 Shall never lose its power,  
 Till all the ransomed church of God  
 Be saved to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream  
 Thy flowing wounds supply ;  
 Redeeming love has been my theme,  
 And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song  
 I'll sing thy power to save ;  
 When this poor lisping, stammering tongue  
 Lies silent in the grave.
- 6 Lord, I believe thou hast prepared  
 (Unworthy though I be)  
 For me a blood-bought free reward,  
 A golden harp for me !
- 7 'Tis strung, and tuned for endless years,  
 And formed by power divine,  
 To sound in God the Father's ears  
*No other name but thine.*

MAN—HIS FAITH.

278

C. M. Frome. Devizes.

*Confidence in God.*

DODDRIDGE.

JEHOVAH, 'tis a glorious name,  
Still pregnant with delight ;  
It scatters round a cheerful beam,  
To gild the darkest night.

2 What though our mortal comforts fade,  
And drop like withering flowers ?  
Nor time nor death can break that band,  
Which makes Jehovah ours.

3 My cares, I give you to the wind,  
And shake you off like dust ;  
Well may I trust my all with him,  
With whom my soul I trust.

279

C. M. Condescension. Lydia.

*Trust in Christ.*

STEELE.

MY God, my Father, blissful name !  
O may I call thee mine ;  
May I with sweet assurance claim  
A portion so divine ?

2 This only can my fears control,  
And bid my sorrows fly ;  
What harm can ever reach my soul  
Beneath my Father's eye ?

3 Whate'er thy providence denies,  
I calmly would resign,  
For thou art good, and just, and wise ;  
O bend my will to thine.

4 Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,  
O give me strength to bear ;

MAN—HIS FAITH.

And let me know my Father reigns,  
And trust his tender care.

5 Thy sovereign ways are all unknown  
To my weak, erring sight ;  
Yet let my soul adoring own  
That all thy ways are right.

6 My God, my Father, be thy name  
My solace and my stay ;  
O wilt thou seal my humble claim,  
And drive my fears away.

280

L. M. Oswestry. Peru.

*Faith resting in God.*

ORIGINAL.

\* MY God, with transport I embrace  
The sacred promises of grace ;  
And leave my all within thy hands,  
Submitted to thy high commands.

2 If thou my future course attend,  
My first, my never-failing Friend,  
And o'er each circumstance preside,  
Then I shall want no other guide.

3 My Jesus, while with thee I stay,  
The night is changed to smiling day :  
The long-lamented rod I kiss,  
And every pain produces bliss.

4 O keep me, keep me near thy seat !  
It is my only safe retreat ;  
And let me, whilst my moments flee,  
*Enjoy the life that's hid with thee.*

- 5 Much have I heard of mortal things,  
 Yet grant me but a seraph's wings,  
 No earthly thing shall tempt my stay,  
 I'd spurn them all, and soar away.

281

104th. Portugal New. Hanover.

*Conflict of faith.*

NEWTON.

BEGONE, unbelief !  
 My Saviour is near,  
 And for my relief  
 Will surely appear :  
 By prayer let me wrestle,  
 And he will perform :  
 With Christ in the vessel,  
 I smile at the storm.

- 2 Though dark be my way,  
 Since he is my guide,  
 'Tis mine to obey,  
 'Tis his to provide :  
 Though cisterns be broken,  
 And creatures all fail,  
 The word he has spoken  
 Shall surely prevail.

- 3 His love in time past  
 Forbids me to think  
 He'll leave me at last  
 In trouble to sink ;  
 Each sweet Ebenezer  
 I have in review,  
 Confirms his good pleasure  
 To help me quite through.

- 4 Determined to save,  
 He watched o'er my path,  
 When, Satan's blind slave,  
 I sported with death;  
 And can he have taught me  
 To trust in his name,  
 And thus far have brought me  
 To put me to shame?
- 5 Why should I complain  
 Of want or distress,  
 Temptation or pain?  
 He told me no less:  
 The heirs of salvation,  
 I know from his word,  
 Through much tribulation  
 Must follow their Lord.
- 6 How bitter that cup,  
 No heart can conceive,  
 Which he drank quite up,  
 That sinners might live!  
 His way was much rougher  
 And darker than mine—  
 Did Jesus thus suffer,  
 And shall I repine?
- 7 Since all that I meet  
 Does work for my good,  
 The bitter is sweet,  
 The medicine is food:  
 Though painful at present,  
 'Twill cease before long,  
 And then, oh! how pleasant  
 The conqueror's song!



282

L. M. Ulverston. China.

*Conflict of faith.*

DODDRIDGE.

JESUS, our souls' delightful choice,  
In thee believing we rejoice ;  
Yet still our joy is mixed with grief,  
While faith contends with unbelief.

- 2 Thy promises our hearts revive,  
And keep our fainting hopes alive ;  
But guilt, and fears, and sorrows rise,  
And hide the promise from our eyes.
- 3 O let not sin and Satan boast,  
While saints lie mourning in the dust ;  
Nor see that faith to ruin brought,  
Which thy own gracious hand hath wrought.
- 4 Do thou the dying spark inflame ;  
Reveal the glories of thy name ;  
And put all anxious doubts to flight,  
As shades dispersed by opening light.

283

C. M. Stephens. Bedford.

*Longing to trust God.*

STEELE.

GREAT Source of boundless power and  
grace,  
Attend my mournful cry ;  
In the dark hour of deep distress,  
To thee, to thee I fly.

- 2 Thou art my strength, my life, my stay,  
Assist my feeble trust ;  
Drive these distressing fears away,  
And raise me from the dust.

3 O let me call thy grace to mind,  
And trust thy glorious name ;  
Jehovah, powerful, wise, and kind,  
For ever is the same.

4 Here let me rest, on thee depend,  
My God, my hope, my all ;  
Be thou my everlasting Friend,  
And I can never fall.

**284** C. M. Devizes. Gainsborough.  
*Faith encouraged.* Psal. xxxiv. TATE AND BRADY.

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,  
In trouble and in joy,  
The praises of my God shall still  
My heart and tongue employ.

2 Of his deliverance I will boast,  
Till all who are distressed,  
From my example comfort take,  
And charm their griefs to rest.

3 The hosts of God encamp around  
The dwellings of the just :  
Protection he affords to all  
Who make his name their trust.

4 O make but trial of his love !  
Experience will decide  
How blest are they, and only they,  
Who in his name confide.

5 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then  
Have nothing else to fear ;  
Make you his service your delight ;  
Your wants shall be his care.

MAN—HIS FAITH.

285

C. M. Bath Chapel. Staughton.

*Living by faith.*

DODDRIDGE.

MY Jesus, while in mortal flesh  
I hold my frail abode,  
Still would my spirit rest on thee,  
Its Saviour and its God.

2 By hourly faith in thee I live,  
'Midst all my griefs and snares ;  
And death, encountered in thy sight,  
No form of horror wears.

3 Yes, thou hast loved this sinful worm,  
Hast given thyself for me :  
Hast bought me from eternal death,  
Nailed to the bloody tree.

4 On thy dear cross I fix mine eyes,  
Then raise them to thy seat ;  
Till love dissolves my inmost soul,  
At its Redeemer's feet.

5 Be dead, my heart, to worldly charms ;  
Be dead to every sin ;  
And tell the boldest foes without,  
That Jesus reigns within.

6 My life with his connected stands,  
Nor asks a surer ground ;  
He keeps me in his gracious arms,  
Where heaven itself is found.

286

L. M. China. Peru.

*Faith resting on Christ.*

STEELE.

WHEN sins and fears prevailing rise,  
And fainting hope almost expires,

Jesus, to thee I lift mine eyes,—  
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.

- 2 Art thou not mine, my living Lord?  
And can my hope—my comfort die,  
Fixed on thy everlasting word,  
That word which built the earth and sky?
- 3 If my immortal Saviour lives,  
Then my immortal life is sure:  
His word a firm foundation gives;  
Here let me build and rest secure.
- 4 Here let my faith unshaken dwell:  
Immovable the promise stands;  
Nor all the powers of earth and hell,  
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.
- 5 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose!  
If Jesus is for ever mine,  
Not death itself, that last of foes,  
Shall break a union so divine!

**287** 7s. Shore Cottage. German Hymn.  
*Longing for assurance.* ORIGINAL.

YES, my Lord, if thou art mine,  
I can every fear resign;  
On thy care I can rely,  
Whilst I live, and when I die.

- 2 But my faith and hope decline,  
If I doubt that I am thine;  
As the dove I grieve and mourn,  
Fearing thou wilt ne'er return.
- 3 Speak then to me, dearest Lord,  
*Witness to thy written word;*

Tell me, Saviour, thou art mine,  
Tell me I am ever thine.

288

C. M. Piety. Doxology.

*Faith in Providence.*

DODDRIDGE.

MY God, how cheerful is the sound !  
How pleasant to repeat !  
Well may that heart with pleasure bound,  
Where God has fixed his seat.

2 What want shall not our God supply  
From his redundant stores ?  
What streams of mercy from on high  
An arm almighty pours ?

3 From Christ, the ever-living Spring,  
These ample blessings flow :  
Prepare, my lips, his name to sing,  
Whose heart hath loved us so.

4 Now to our Father and our God  
Be endless glory given,  
Through all the realms of man's abode,  
And through the highest heaven.

289

C. M. Staughton. Broömsgrove.

*Confidence in God.*

BROWN.

O GOD, on thee we all depend,  
On thy paternal care ;  
Thou wilt the Father and the Friend  
In every act appear.

2 With open hand, and liberal heart,  
Thou wilt our wants supply ;  
The heavenly blessings still impart,  
And no good thing deny.

- 3 Our Father knows what's good and fit,  
 And wisdom guides his love:  
 To thine appointments we submit,  
 And every choice approve.
- 4 In thy paternal love and care,  
 With cheerful hearts we trust;  
 Thy tender mercies boundless are,  
 And all thy thoughts are just.
- 5 We cannot want while God provides;  
 What he ordains is best;  
 And heaven, whate'er we want besides,  
 Will give eternal rest.

**290** Ss. New Jerusalem. Dartmouth New.  
*Confidence.* TOPLADY.

A DEBTOR to mercy alone,  
 Of covenant mercy I sing;  
 Nor fear, with thy righteousness on,  
 My person and offering to bring.  
 The terrors of law and of God  
 With me can have nothing to do;  
 My Saviour's obedience and blood  
 Hide all my transgressions from view.

- 2 The work which his goodness began,  
 The arm of his strength will complete;  
 His promise is yea and amen,  
 And never was forfeited yet.  
 Things future, nor things that are now,  
 Not all things below nor above,  
 Can make him his purpose forego,  
 Nor sever my soul from his love.

MAN—HIS FAITH.

- 3 My name from the palms of his hands  
Eternity will not erase ;  
Impressed on his heart it remains,  
In marks of indelible grace.  
Yes, I to the end shall endure,  
As sure as the earnest is given ;  
More happy, but not more secure,  
The glorified spirits in heaven.

291

L. M. Oswestry. New Court.

*A living and dead faith.*

COWPER.

- THE Lord receives his highest praise  
From humble minds and hearts sincere ;  
While all the loud professor says,  
Offends the righteous Judge's ear.
- 2 To walk as children of the day ;  
To mark the precept's holy light ;  
To wage the warfare, watch and pray,  
Show who are pleasing in his sight.
- 3 Not words alone it cost the Lord,  
To purchase pardon for his own ;  
Nor will a soul, by grace restored,  
Return the Saviour words alone.
- 4 Easy, indeed, it were to reach  
A mansion in the courts above,  
If swelling words and fluent speech  
Might serve instead of faith and love.
- 5 But none shall gain the blissful place,  
Or God's unclouded glory see ;  
Who talks of free and sovereign grace,  
*Unless that grace has made him free.*

292

C. M. Grove House. Arabia.

*Not ashamed of the gospel.*

WATTS.

I 'M not ashamed to own my Lord,  
Or to defend his cause ;  
Maintain the honour of his word,  
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my God ! I know his name,  
His name is all my trust ;  
Nor will he put my soul to shame,  
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,  
And he can well secure  
What I 've committed to his hands  
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name  
Before his Father's face,  
And in the new Jerusalem  
Appoint my soul a place.

293

S. M. Worksworth. Lowell.

*Faith in Christ.*

WATTS.

NOT all the blood of beasts  
On Jewish altars slain  
Could give the guilty conscience peace,  
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,  
Takes all our sins away ;  
A sacrifice of nobler name  
And richer blood than they



- 3 My faith would lay her hand  
On that dear head of thine,  
While like a penitent I stand,  
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see  
The burdens thou didst bear,  
When hanging on the cursed tree,  
And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice  
To see the curse remove ;  
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,  
And sing his bleeding love.

294

L. M. Ulverston. Paul's.

*Faith in the cross.*

WATTS.

- HERE at thy cross, my dying God,  
I lay my soul beneath thy love,  
Beneath the droppings of thy blood,  
Jesus, nor shall it e'er remove.
- 2 Not all that tyrants think or say,  
With rage and lightning in their eyes,  
Nor hell shall fright my heart away,  
Should hell with all its legions rise.
  - 3 Should worlds conspire to drive me thence,  
Moveless and firm this heart should lie ;  
Resolved, for that 's my last defence,  
If I must perish, there to die.
  - 4 But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear ;  
Am I not safe beneath thy shade ?  
Thy vengeance will not strike me here,  
Nor Satan dares my soul invade.

MAN—HIS FAITH.

- 5 Yes, I 'm secure beneath thy blood,  
And all my foes shall lose their aim :  
Hosannah to my dying God,  
And my best honours to his name.

**295**

C. M. Irish. Abridge.

*Hope in God.* Psal. xx. WRANGHAM.

- THE Lord unto thy prayer attend  
In trouble's darksome hour :  
The name of Jacob's God defend,  
And shield thee by his power.
- 2 In thy salvation we 'll rejoice,  
And triumph in the Lord ;  
For, when in prayer he hears thy voice,  
He will relief afford.
- 3 In chariots and on horses some  
For aid and shelter flee ;  
But in thy name, O Lord, we come,  
And will remember thee.
- 4 O Lord, to us salvation bring,  
In thee alone we trust ;  
Hear us, O God, our heavenly King,  
Thou refuge of the just !

**296**

C. M. Stephens. Broomsgrove.

*The rest of faith.*

WESLEY.

- LORD ! I believe a rest remains,  
To all thy people known ;  
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,  
And thou art loved alone :—

MAN—HIS FAITH.

- 2 A rest where all our soul's desire  
Is fixed on things above ;  
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,  
Cast out by perfect love.
- 3 Oh that I now the rest might know,  
Believe, and enter in !  
Now, Saviour ! now the power bestow,  
And let me cease from sin.
- 4 Remove this hardness from my heart ;  
This unbelief remove.  
To me the rest of faith impart,  
The sabbath of thy love.

**297**

P. M. Newhaven.

*Faith in Christ.*

ANON.

- MY faith looks up to thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary :  
Saviour divine !  
Now hear me while I pray ;  
Take all my guilt away ;  
O let me from this day  
Be wholly thine.
- 2 May thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart,  
My zeal inspire :  
As thou hast died for me,  
O may my love to thee  
Pure, warm, and changeless be,  
A living fire.
- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
Be thou my guide :

Bid darkness turn to day,  
Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
From thee aside.

- 4 When ends life's transient dream,  
When death's cold, sullen stream  
Shall o'er me roll ;  
Blest Saviour, then, in love,  
Fear and distrust remove ;  
O bear me safe above—  
A ransomed soul.

298

C. M. Bedford. Irish.

*Faith aided by sense.*

WATTS.

MY Saviour-God, my Sovereign-Prince,  
Reigns far above the skies ;  
But brings his graces down to sense,  
And helps my faith to rise.

- 2 My eyes and ears shall bless his name,  
They read and hear his word ;  
My touch and taste shall do the same  
When they receive the Lord.

- 3 Baptismal water is designed  
To seal his cleansing grace ;  
While at his feast of bread and wine  
He gives his saints a place.

- 4 But not the waters of a flood  
Can make my flesh so clean,  
As by his Spirit and his blood  
He'll wash my soul from sin.

MAN—HIS LOVE.

- 5 Not choicest meats, or noblest wines,  
    So much my heart refresh,  
    As when my faith goes through the signs,  
    And feeds upon his flesh.
- 6 I love the Lord that stoops so low  
    To give his word a seal ;  
    But the rich grace his hands bestow  
    Exceeds the figures still.
- 

MAN—HIS LOVE.

299

7s. Aaron.

*Lovest thou me ?*

COWPER.

- HARK, my soul ! it is the Lord ;  
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word ;  
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee ;  
“ Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me ? ”
- 2 “ I delivered thee when bound,  
And, when wounded, healed thy wound ;  
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,  
Turned thy darkness into light.
- 3 “ Can a woman's tender care  
Cease towards the child she bare ?  
Yes, she may forgetful be,  
Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 “ Mine is an unchanging love,  
Higher than the heights above ;  
Deeper than the depths beneath,  
Free and faithful, strong as death.

- 5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,  
When the work of grace is done;  
Partner of my throne shalt be:  
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me."
- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,  
That my love is weak and faint;  
Yet I love thee and adore;  
Oh for grace to love thee more.

300

7s. Cookham.

*Anxious to love Christ.*

NEWTON.

- 'TIS a point I long to know,  
Oft it causes anxious thought;  
Do I love the Lord, or no?  
Am I his, or am I not?
- 2 If I love, why am I thus?  
Why this dull and lifeless frame?  
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,  
Who have never heard his name!
- 3 When I turn my eyes within,  
All is dark, and vain, and wild:  
Filled with unbelief and sin,  
Can I deem myself a child?
- 4 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,  
Find my sin a grief and thrall:  
Should I grieve for what I feel,  
If I did not love at all?
- 5 Could I joy his saints to meet,  
Choose the way I once abhorred,  
Find, at times, the promise sweet,  
If I did not love the Lord?

- 6 Lord, decide the doubtful case !  
 Thou who art thy people's sun,  
 Shine upon thy work of grace,  
 If it be indeed begun.
- 7 Let me love thee more and more,  
 If I love at all, I pray ;  
 If I have not loved before,  
 Help me to begin to-day.

**301** C. M. Brighthelmstone. Stephens.

*Anxious to love Christ.*

DODDRIDGE.

- DO not I love thee, O my Lord ?  
 Behold my heart and see ;  
 And turn each cursed idol out,  
 That dares to rival thee.
- 2 Do not I love thee from my soul ?  
 Then let me nothing love ;  
 Dead be my heart to every joy,  
 When Jesus cannot move.
- 3 Is not thy name melodious still  
 To mine attentive ear ?  
 Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound  
 My Saviour's voice to hear.
- 4 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock  
 I would disdain to feed ?  
 Hast thou a foe, before whose face  
 I fear thy cause to plead ?
- 5 Would not my heart pour forth its blood  
 In honour of thy name ;  
 And challenge the cold hand of death  
 To damp the immortal flame ?



- 6 Thou knowest I love thee, dearest Lord ;  
 But O ! I long to soar  
 Far from the sphere of mortal joys,  
 And learn to love thee more.

302

8. 8. 6. Leach.

*Divine love.*

C. WESLEY.

- O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art !  
 When shall I find my willing heart  
 All taken up by thee ?  
 I thirst, and faint, and die to prove  
 The greatness of redeeming love,  
 The love of Christ to me.
- 2 Stronger his love than death or hell ;  
 Its riches are unsearchable ;  
 The first-born sons of light  
 Desire in vain its depth to see,  
 They cannot reach the mystery,  
 The length, and breadth, and height.
- 3 God only knows the love of God ;  
 Oh that it now were shed abroad  
 In this poor stony heart !  
 For love I sigh, for love I pine ;  
 This only portion, Lord, be mine,  
 Be mine this better part.
- 4 Oh that I could for ever sit  
 With Mary at the Master's feet !  
 Be this my happy choice ;  
 My only care, delight, and bliss,  
 My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,  
 To hear the Saviour's voice.



**303**

8. 7. Walsh. Queenborough.

*Divine love.*

ANON.

- LOVE divine, all love excelling,  
 Joy of heaven, to earth come down !  
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling,  
 All thy faithful mercies crown.  
 Jesus, thou art all compassion,  
 Pure, unbounded love thou art ;  
 Visit us with thy salvation,  
 Enter every trembling heart !
- 2 Breathe ! O breathe thy loving Spirit  
 Into every troubled breast !  
 Let us all in thee inherit,  
 Let us find thy promised rest :  
 Take away the power of sinning ;  
 Alpha and Omega be,  
 End of faith, as its beginning ;  
 Set our hearts at liberty.
- 3 Finish, then, thy new creation,  
 Pure, unspotted may we be,  
 Let us see thy great salvation,  
 Perfectly restored by thee !  
 Changed from glory into glory,  
 Till in heaven we take our place,  
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,  
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

**304**

C. M. Auburn. Condescension.

*Love to Christ.*

HEGINOTHAM.

- BLEST Jesus, when my soaring thoughts  
 O'er all thy graces rove,  
 How is my soul with transport lost  
 In wonder, joy, and love !

- 2 Not softest strains can charm mine ears  
Like thy beloved name ;  
Nor aught beneath the skies inspire  
My heart with equal flame.
- 3 Where'er I look, my wondering eyes  
Unnumbered blessings see ;  
But what is life, with all its bliss,  
If once compared with thee ?
- 4 Hast thou a rival in my breast ?  
Search, Lord, for thou canst tell  
If aught can raise my passions thus,  
Or please my soul so well.
- 5 No, thou art precious to my heart,  
My portion and my joy ;  
For ever let thy boundless grace  
My sweetest thoughts employ.
- 6 When nature faints, around my bed  
Let thy bright glories shine ;  
And death shall all his terrors lose,  
In raptures so divine.

**305**

C. M. America. Hampshire.

*Love to Christ.*

DODDIDGE.

- JESUS, I love thy charming name,  
'Tis music to mine ear ;  
Fain would I sound it out so loud,  
That earth and heaven should hear
- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,  
My transport and my trust ;  
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,  
And gold is sordid dust.

- 3 All my capacious powers can wish  
In thee doth richly meet :  
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,  
Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,  
And sheds its fragrance there ;  
The noblest balm of all its wounds,  
The cordial of its care.
- 5 I'll speak the honours of thy name  
With my last labouring breath ;  
Then speechless clasp thee in mine arms,  
The antidote of death.

**306** C. M. Grove House. Hensbury.

*Gratitude.*

ORIGINAL.

- I LOVE the Lord !—he made my frame,  
He gave me living breath ;  
And his sustaining power upholds  
My soul from instant death.
- 2 I love the Lord !—he guides my way.  
By his revealed will ;  
And when my erring feet would stray,  
His hand is with me still.
- 3 I love the Lord !—he hears my prayer,  
When stormy troubles rise ;  
And bids celestial hope look out  
On ever-smiling skies.
- 4 I love the Lord !—he came to earth  
To ransom me from hell ;  
The power, the grace, his cross displays  
What human tongue can tell ?

- 5 I love the Lord!—his grace attends  
 My pilgrimage below ;  
 And all the streams of grace shall soon  
 In boundless glory flow !
- 6 I love the Lord !—may each desire  
 In this united be—  
 As, Lord, thy love descends on me,  
 So raise my heart to thee.

**307**

L. M. Bredby. New Court.

*Gratitude.* Psal. xviii.

WATTS.

- THEE will I love, O Lord, my strength,  
 My rock, my tower, my high defence :  
 Thy mighty arm shall be my trust,  
 For I have found salvation thence.
- 2 Death, and the terrors of the grave,  
 Stood round me with their dismal shade ;  
 While floods of high temptations rose,  
 And made my sinking soul afraid.
- 3 I saw the opening gates of hell,  
 With endless pains and sorrows there,  
 Which none but they that feel can tell,  
 While I was hurried to despair.
- 4 In my distress I called my God,  
 When I could scarce believe him mine :  
 He bowed his ear to my complaint,  
 Then did his grace appear divine.
- 5 [Temptations fled at his rebuke,  
 The blast of his almighty breath ;  
 He sent salvation from on high,  
 And drew me from the deeps of death.]

MAN—HIS LOVE.

- 6 Great were my fears, my foes were great,  
Much was their strength, and more their  
rage ;  
But Christ, my Lord, is conqueror still,  
In all the wars that devils wage.

**308**

L. M. New Sabbath. Luton.

*Religion vain without love.*

WATTS.

- HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,  
And nobler speech than angels use,  
If love be absent, I am found,  
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.
- 2 Were I inspired to preach and tell  
All that is done in heaven and hell,  
Or could my faith the world remove,  
Still I am nothing without love.
- 3 Should I distribute all my store  
To feed and clothe the hungry poor ;  
Or give my body to the flame,  
To gain a martyr's glorious name ;
- 4 If love to God and love to men  
Be absent, all my hopes are vain :  
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,  
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

**309**

C. M. New York. Condescension.

*Religion vain without love.*

WATTS

HAPPY the heart where graces reign,  
Where love inspires the breast ;  
Love is the brightest of the train,  
And strengthens all the rest.

- 2 Knowledge, alas ! 'tis all in vain,  
And all in vain our fear ;  
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,  
If love be absent there.
- 3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet  
In swift obedience move ;  
The devils know and tremble too,  
But Satan cannot love.
- 4 This is the grace that lives and sings  
When faith and hope shall cease ;  
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings  
In the sweet realms of bliss.
- 5 Before we quite forsake our clay,  
Or leave this dark abode,  
The wings of love bear us away  
To see our smiling God.

### 310

8s. Lambeth. Lock.

*Love to Christ.*

FRANCIS.

- MY gracious Redeemer I love,  
His praises aloud I 'll proclaim ;  
And join with the armies above,  
To shout his adorable name :  
To gaze on his glories divine  
Shall be my eternal employ—  
To see them incessantly shine,  
My boundless, ineffable joy.
- 2 He freely redeemed, with his blood,  
My soul from the confines of hell,  
To live on the smiles of my God,  
And in his sweet presence to dwell ;
- 250

To shine with the angels in light,  
 With saints and with seraphs to sing;  
 To view with eternal delight,—  
 My Jesus, my Saviour, my King.

- 3 Ye palaces, sceptres, and crowns,  
 Your pride with disdain I survey;  
 Your pomps are but shadows and sounds;  
 And pass in a moment away:  
 The crown that my Saviour bestows,  
 Yon permanent sun shall outshine;  
 My joy everlastingly flows—  
 My God, my Redeemer is mine.

**311.**

C. M. Hensbury. Jerusalem.

*Love to Christ.*

LEEDS COL.

- TEN thousand talents once I owed,  
 And nothing had to pay;  
 But Jesus freed me from the load,  
 And took my debt away.
- 2 Yet since the Lord forgave my sin,  
 And did my soul restore,  
 Far more indebted have I been,  
 Than e'er I was before.
- 3 The love I owe for sin forgiven,  
 For power to believe,  
 For present peace, and promised heaven,  
 No angel can conceive.
- 4 That love of thine, thou sinners' Friend,  
 Which warmed thy bleeding heart,  
 My little all can ne'er extend  
 To pay a thousandth part.



- 5 The poor returns I strive to make  
 From thee I first obtain ;  
 And 'tis of grace that thou wilt take  
 Such poor returns again.

# 312

C. M. Lydia. Sprowston.

*The love of Christ.*

LEEDS COL.

- MY blessed Saviour, is thy love  
 So great, so full, so free ?  
 O let me give my love, my heart,  
 My life, my all to thee !
- 2 I love thee for that glorious worth 252  
 In thy Great Self I see ;  
 I love thee for that shameful cross  
 Thou hast endured for me.
- 3 No man of greater love can boast  
 Than for his friend to die ;  
 But for thy foes, Lord, thou wast slain ;  
 What love with thine can vie ?

# 313

L. M. Peru. New Sabbath.

*Brotherly love.* BROWNE (altered).

- O GOD, my Saviour and my King,  
 Of all I have, or hope, the spring,  
 Send down thy Spirit from above,  
 And warm my heart with holy love.
- 2 May I from every act abstain  
 That hurts or gives another pain :  
 Still may I feel my heart inclined  
 To be the friend of all mankind !
- 3 With pity let my breast o'erflow,  
 When I behold a brother's woe ;



And bear a sympathizing part,  
Whene'er I meet a wounded heart.

- 4 And let my neighbour's prosperous state  
A mutual joy in me create ;  
His virtuous triumph let me join ;  
His peace and happiness be mine.
- 5 Let love through all my conduct shine,  
An image fair, though faint, of thine !  
Let me thy humble follower prove,  
Father of grace, and God of love.

**314**

S. M. Shirland. Compassion.

*Brotherly love.*

BEDDOME.

LET party names no more  
The Christian world o'erspread ;  
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,  
Are one in Christ their head.

- 2 Among the saints on earth  
Let mutual love be found ;  
Heirs of the same inheritance,  
With mutual blessings crowned.
- 3 Let envy, child of hell,  
Be banished far away :  
Those should in strictest friendship dwell,  
Who the same Lord obey.
- 4 Thus will the church below  
Resemble that above ;  
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,  
And every heart is love.

# 315

7s. Hotham.

*Brotherly love.*

WESLEY.

JESUS, Lord, we look to thee,  
Let us in thy name agree :  
Show thyself the Prince of Peace ;  
Bid all strife for ever cease.  
By thy reconciling love  
Every stumbling-block remove :  
Each to each unite, endear :  
Come and spread thy banner here.

- 2 Make us of one heart and mind,  
Courteous, pitiful, and kind ;  
Lovely, meek, in thought and word,  
Altogether like our Lord.  
Let us each for other care,  
Each the other's burden bear :  
To the church the pattern give ;  
Show how true believers live.
- 3 Free from anger and from pride,  
Let us thus in God abide ;  
All the depths of love express,  
All the heights of holiness :  
Let us then with joy remove  
To the family above :  
On the wings of angels fly :  
Show how true believers die.

# 316

C. M. Auburn. Salem.

*Brotherly love.*

ANON.

HOW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,  
When those that love the Lord

In one another's peace delight,  
And so fulfil his word !

2 When each can feel his brother sigh,  
And with him bear a part :  
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,  
And joy from heart to heart.

3 When free from envy, scorn, and pride,  
Our wishes all above,  
Each can his brother's failings hide,  
And show a brother's love.

4 When love in one delightful stream  
Through every bosom flows ;  
When union sweet, and dear esteem,  
In every action glows.

5 Love is the golden chain that binds  
The happy souls above ;  
And he 's an heir of heaven that finds  
His bosom glow with love.

**317**

L. M. Horsley. Lebanon.

*Brotherly love.*

WATTS.

NOW by the mercies of my God,  
His sharp distress, his sore complaints ;  
By his last groans, his dying blood,  
I charge my soul to love the saints.

2 Clamour, and wrath, and war, begone,  
Envy and spite for ever cease ;  
Let bitter words no more be known  
*Amongst the saints, the sons of peace.*

MAN—HIS LOVE.

- 3 The Spirit, like a peaceful dove,  
Flies from the realms of noise and strife ;  
Why should we vex and grieve his love  
Who seals our souls to heavenly life ?
- 4 Tender and kind be all our thoughts ;  
Through all our lives let mercy run :  
So God forgives our numerous faults,  
For the dear sake of Christ his Son.

**318**

C. M. New York. Nativity.

*Brotherly love.*

WATTS.

- LO! what an entertaining sight  
Are brethren that agree !  
Brethren, whose cheerful hearts unite  
In bands of piety !
- 2 When streams of love from Christ the spring  
Descend to every soul,  
And heavenly peace, with balmy wing,  
Shades and bedews the whole,
- 3 'Tis like the oil, divinely sweet,  
On Aaron's reverend head ;  
The trickling drops perfumed his feet,  
And o'er his garments spread.
- 4 'Tis pleasant as the morning dew  
That fall on Sion's hill,  
Where God his mildest glory shows,  
And makes his grace distil.

**319**

C. M. Sprague. Devizes.

*Christian sympathy.*

ANON.

- FAR from thy servants, gracious God !  
The unfeeling heart remove ;

MAN—HIS LOVE.

And form in our obedient souls  
The image of thy love.

- 2 O may our sympathizing breasts  
The generous pleasure know,  
Kindly to share in others' joys,  
And weep for others' woe!
- 3 Where'er the helpless sons of grief  
In low distress are laid,  
Soft be our hearts, their pains to feel,  
And swift our hands to aid.
- 4 Thus may the sacred law of love  
Through all our actions shine,  
And force a scoffing world to own  
The Christian name divine.
- 5 And thus may we possess the joys  
Which sympathy bestows;  
And patient wait the happy hour.  
When all our sorrows close.

**320**

C. M. Hammond. Doxology.

*Christian sympathy.*

DODDERIDGE.

HAIL, everlasting Prince of Peace!  
Hail, Governor divine!  
How gracious is thy sceptre's sway!  
What gentle laws are thine!

- 2 His tender heart with love o'erflowed,  
Love spoke in every breath;  
Vigorous it reigned through all his life,  
And triumphed in his death.

- 3 All these united charms he shows,  
Our frozen souls to move ;  
This proof of love to him demands  
That we each other love.
- 4 Oh be the law of love fulfilled,  
In every act and thought ;  
Each angry passion far removed,  
Each selfish view forgot.
- 5 Be thou, my heart, dilated wide  
By thy Redeemer's grace :  
And, in one grasp of fervent love,  
All earth and heaven embrace.

# 321

L. M. Benediction. New Court.

*Christian sympathy.*

LEEDS COL.

- HOW blest the sacred tie that binds,  
In union sweet, according minds !  
How swift the heavenly course they run,  
Whose hearts, and faith, and hopes are one !
- 2 To each the soul of each how dear !  
What jealous care, what holy fear !  
How doth the generous flame within,  
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin !
  - 3 Their streaming tears together flow,  
For human guilt and human woe ;  
Their ardent prayers united rise,  
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.
  - 4 Though death the earthly bond shall rend,  
Their severed spirits then ascend,  
And in the blissful realms above  
Again unite in endless love.

## MAN—HIS DESIRES.

**322**

C. M. Bangor. Irish.  
*Desiring a tender conscience.*

WESLEY.

ALMIGHTY God of truth and love,  
In me thy power exert,  
The mountain from my soul remove,  
The hardness from my heart.

- 2 I want a principle within  
Of jealous, godly fear,  
A sensibility of sin,  
A pain to feel it near.
- 3 I want the first approach to feel  
Of pride, or fond desire,  
To catch the wanderings of my will,  
And quench the kindling fire.
- 4 From thee that I no more may part,  
No more thy goodness grieve,  
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,  
The tender conscience give.
- 5 Quick as the apple of an eye,  
O God, my conscience make ;  
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,  
And keep it still awake.

**323**

7s. Stowell. German Hymn.  
*Desiring a child-like temper.*

BERRIDGE.

JESUS, cast a look on me,  
Give me sweet simplicity,  
Make me poor and keep me low,  
*Seeking only thee to know.*



MAN—HIS DESIRES.

- 2 All that feeds my sinful pride,  
Cast it evermore aside ;  
Bid my will to thine submit,  
Lay me humble at thy feet.
- 3 Make me like a little child,  
Of my strength and wisdom spoiled,  
Seeing only in thy light,  
Walking only in thy might ;
- 4 Leaning on thy loving breast,  
Where a weary soul may rest ;  
Feeling well the peace of God  
Flowing from thy precious blood.
- 5 In this posture let me live,  
And hosannas daily give ;  
In this temper let me die,  
And hosanna ever cry.

**324**

7s. Shore Cottage. Alcester.

*Desiring humility.*

ANON.

LORD, if thou the grace impart,  
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,  
I shall as my Saviour be,  
Rooted in humility :

- 2 Simple, teachable, and mild,  
Changed into a little child ;  
Pleased with all the Lord provides,  
Weaned from all the world besides.
- 3 Father, fix my soul on thee,  
Every evil let me flee,  
Nothing want beneath, above,  
*Happy, happy in thy love !*



- 4 Oh that all may seek and find  
Every good in Jesus joined !  
Him let Israel still adore,  
Trust him, praise him evermore !

**325**

L. M. Portugal. Peru.

*Desiring to find all in Christ.*

WESLEY.

WHEN, gracious Lord, when shall it be  
That I shall find my all in thee ;  
The fulness of thy promise prove,  
The seal of thine eternal love ?

- 2 Ah ! wherefore did I ever doubt ?  
Thou wilt in no wise cast me out,  
A helpless soul that comes to thee,  
With only sin and misery.
- 3 Lord, I am sick : my sickness cure.  
I want : do thou enrich the poor.  
Under thy mighty hand I stoop :  
Oh, lift the abject sinner up.
- 4 Lord, I am blind : be thou my sight.  
Lord, I am weak : be thou my might.  
A helper of the helpless be ;  
And let me find my all in thee.

**326**

C. M. Tunbridge. Grove House.

*Desiring Christ as all in all.*

TOPLADY.

COMPARED with Christ, in all beside  
No comeliness I see ;  
The one thing needful, dearest Lord,  
Is to be one with thee.

- 2 The sense of thy expiring love  
Into my soul convey ;

Thyself bestow ! for thee alone,  
My all in all, I pray.

- 3 Less than thyself will not suffice  
My comfort to restore ;  
More than thyself I cannot crave ;  
And thou canst give no more.
- 4 Whate'er consists not with thy love,  
O, teach me to resign ;  
I'm rich to all the intents of bliss,  
If thou, O Lord, art mine.

**327** L. M. New Sabbath. Derby.  
*Desiring experimental knowledge.* DODDRIDGE.

JESUS, mine advocate above,  
Let me not hear of thee alone,  
But make the wonders of thy love  
By deep experience sweetly known.

- 2 On thee my soul would fix its eye ;  
My lips would taste thy heavenly grace ;  
Then would I raise thine honours high,  
And teach a thousand tongues thy praise.
- 3 The sacred flame from heart to heart  
Should with a rapid progress run ;  
Till each in God could boast his part,  
Through sweet communion with his Son.
- 4 Thus may the servants of the Lord  
Feel the salvation they proclaim ;  
And thus may crowds receive the word,  
And echo back the Saviour's name.

MAN—HIS DESIRES.

**328**

C. M. Furman. Smyrna.

*Desiring peace.*

DODDRIDGE.

- MY Saviour, let me hear thy voice  
Pronounce the words of peace ;  
And all my warmest powers shall join  
To celebrate thy grace.
- 2 With gentle voice call me thy child,  
And speak my sins forgiven ;  
The accents mild shall charm mine ear  
Like all the harps of heaven.
- 3 Cheerful, where'er thy hand shall lead,  
The darkest path I'll tread ;  
Cheerful I'll quit these mortal shores,  
And mingle with the dead.
- 4 When dreadful guilt is done away,  
No other fears we know ;  
That hand which scatters pardons down,  
Shall crowns of life bestow.

**329**

C. M. Brighthelmstone. Crowle.

*Desiring growth in grace.*

ANON.

- TRY us, O God, and search the ground  
Of every sinful heart ;  
Whate'er of sin in us is found,  
O bid it all depart.
- 2 When to the right or left we stray,  
Leave us not comfortless,  
But guide our hearts into the way  
Of everlasting peace.
- 3 Help us to help each other, Lord,  
Each other's cross to bear ;

MAN—HIS DESIRES.

Let each his friendly aid afford,  
And feel his brother's care.

- 4 Help us to build each other up,  
Our little stock to improve;  
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,  
And perfect us in love.

**330**

C. M. Worksop. Ludlow.

*Desiring former joys.*

NEWTON.

SWEET was the time when first I felt  
My Saviour's pardoning blood,  
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,  
And bring me home to God.

- 2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,  
His praises tuned my tongue:  
And when the evening shades prevailed,  
His love was all my song.
- 3 In vain the tempter spread his wiles,  
The world no more could charm;  
I lived upon my Saviour's smiles,  
And leaned upon his arm.
- 4 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,  
And saw his glory shine;  
And when I read his holy word,  
I called each promise mine.
- 5 Now, when the evening shade prevails,  
My soul in darkness mourns;  
And when the morning light arrives,  
No light to me returns.

- 6 Now Satan threatens to succeed,  
And make my soul his prey :  
Yet, Lord, thy mercies cannot fail,  
O come without delay.

**331**

C. M. Warwick. Auburn.

*Desire to walk with God.*

COWPER.

- OH for a closer walk with God,  
A calm and heavenly frame !  
A light to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb !
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,  
When first I saw the Lord ?  
Where is the soul-refreshing view  
Of Jesus and his word ?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed !  
How sweet their memory still !  
But they have left an aching void  
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove ! return,  
Sweet messenger of rest !  
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,  
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from thy throne,  
And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,  
Calm and serene my frame :  
So purer light shall mark the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.



**332**

C. M. Halifax. Broomsgrove.

*Desiring the presence of God.* DODDRIDGE.

SHINE on our souls, eternal God,  
With rays of beauty shine :  
O let thy favour crown our days,  
And all their round be thine.

2 Did we not raise our hands to thee,  
Our hands might toil in vain ;  
Small joy success itself could give,  
If thou thy love restrain.

3 With thee let every week begin,  
With thee each day be spent,  
For thee each fleeting hour improved,  
Since each by thee is lent.

4 Thus cheer us through this desert road,  
Till all our labours cease ;  
And heaven refresh our weary souls  
With everlasting peace.

**333**

C. M. Warwick. Abridge.

*Desiring the presence of God.*

WATTS.

OH that I knew the secret place,  
Where I might find my God !  
I'd spread my wants before his face,  
And pour my woes abroad.

2 I'd tell him how my sins arise,  
What sorrows I sustain ;  
How grace decays, and comfort dies,  
And leaves my heart in pain.

- 3 He knows what arguments I'd take  
To wrestle with my God ;  
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,  
And for my Saviour's blood.
- 4 My God will pity my complaints,  
And heal my broken bones ;  
He takes the meaning of his saints,  
The language of their groans.
- 5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,  
And banish every fear ;  
He calls thee to his throne of grace  
To spread thy sorrows there.

# 334

7s. Hotham. German Hymn.

*Desiring protection of Christ.*

ORIGINAL.

- GENTLE Saviour, look on me !  
Full of woe to thee I flee ;  
Roughly do the billows roll ;  
Wave o'er wave afflicts my soul :  
Thou hast long my Saviour been ;  
I have oft thy mercy seen ;  
Let me see it yet once more,  
Brighter than it was before.
- 2 Mighty is thy arm, O Lord ;  
True and faithful is thy word ;  
Wisdom shines in all thy ways ;  
World on world thy will obeys :  
Thou dost softer pity show  
Than the fondest parents know :  
Every glory meets in thee,  
*Thou art all in all to me !*

- 3 Let me in thy name confide,  
 Let me in thy bosom hide ;  
 There in safety would I stay  
 Till the storm has passed away :  
 There for every would I dwell,  
 Far beyond the range of hell ;  
 There thy endless praise proclaim,  
 Sweet hosannahs to thy name.

**335**

C. M. Stephens. Hensbury.

*Desiring the presence of Christ.* ORIGINAL.

- AH ! Jesus, let me *hear* thy voice  
 Fall gently on mine ear ;  
 Thy voice alone can soothe my grief,  
 And charm away my fear.
- 2 Ah ! Jesus, let me *see* thy face  
 Beaming with truth and love ;  
 I ask no other heaven below,  
 No other heaven above.
- 3 Ah ! Jesus, let me *feel* thy grace ;—  
 Now hear my earnest cry :  
 If thou art absent, oh ! behold—  
 I droop, I faint, I die !
- 4 “ I come ! I come ! ” the Saviour cries,  
 “ To give you full repose ;  
 My presence shall revive your joys,  
 My frown confound your foes.”
- 5 I *hear* his voice ! I *see* his face !  
 I *feel* his present grace ;  
 ’Tis life, ’tis heaven, ’tis transport, thus  
 To rest in his embrace !



336

148th. Burnham. Grove.

*Desiring the presence of Christ.*

ORIGINAL.

- COME, my Redeemer, come  
And deign to dwell with me :  
Come, make my heart thy home,  
And bid thy rivals flee:  
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,  
And make my heart thy lasting home.
- 2 Why should the world presume  
To occupy thy throne ?  
Come, all thy right assume,  
I would be thine alone.  
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,  
And make my heart thy lasting home.
- 3 Exert thy mighty power,  
And banish all my sin,  
In this auspicious hour  
Bring all thy graces in.  
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,  
And make my heart thy lasting home.
- 4 Rule thou in every thought  
And passion of my soul,  
Till all my powers are brought  
Beneath thy full control.  
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,  
And make my heart thy lasting home.
- 5 Then shall my days be thine,  
And all my heart be love ;  
And joy and peace be mine,  
Such as are known above.

Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,  
And make my heart thy lasting home.

**337** C. M. Condescension. Warwick.  
*Desiring adoption.* DODDRIDGE.

SOVEREIGN of all the worlds on high,  
Allow my humble claim ;  
Nor, while a worm would raise its head,  
Disdain a father's name.

2 My Father God : how sweet the sound !  
How tender and how dear !  
Not all the melody of heaven  
Could so delight the ear.

3 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name  
On mine expanding heart ;  
And show that in Jehovah's grace  
I share a filial part.

4 Cheered by a signal so divine,  
Unwavering I believe :  
Thou knowest I Abba, Father, cry,  
Nor can the sign deceive.

5 On wings of everlasting love  
The Comforter is come ;  
All terrors at his voice disperse,  
And endless pleasures bloom.

**338** C. M. Bedford. Arabia.  
*Christian desires.* ORIGINAL.

I WOULD be thine, O take my heart,  
And fill it with thy love ;  
Thy sacred image, Lord, impart,  
And seal it from above.

2 I would be thine, but while I strive  
To give myself away,  
I feel rebellion still alive,  
And wander whilst I pray.

3 I would be thine, but oh ! I feel  
Such evil lurk within :  
Do thou thy majesty reveal,  
And overcome my sin.

4 I would be thine, I would embrace  
The Saviour, and adore ;  
O grant me faith, and larger grace,  
To love thee more and more.

**339**

L. M. New Court. Bredby.

*Desiring the fold of Christ.*

WATTS.

THOU whom my soul admires above  
All earthly joy and earthly love,  
Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know,  
Where doth thy sweetest pasture grow ?

2 Where is the shadow of that rock,  
That from the sun defends thy flock ?  
Fain would I feed among thy sheep,  
Among them rest, among them sleep.

3 Why should thy bride appear like one  
That turns aside to paths unknown ?  
My constant feet would never rove,  
Would never seek another love.

4 [The footsteps of thy flock I see ;  
Thy sweetest pastures, here they be ;  
A wondrous feast thy love prepares,  
Bought with thy wounds, and groans, and  
tears.

- 5 His dearest flesh he makes my food,  
And bids me drink his richest blood :  
Here to these hills my soul will come,  
Till my Beloved leads me home.]

**340**

L. M. Kingsbridge. Ulverston.

*Desiring the presence of God.*

WATTS.

I CANNOT bear thine absence, Lord,  
My life expires if thou depart ;  
Be thou, my heart, still near my God,  
And thou, my God, be near my heart.

- 2 I was not born for earth or sin,  
Nor can I live on things so vile ;  
Yet I will stay my Father's time,  
And hope and wait for heaven awhile.

- 3 Then, dearest Lord, in thine embrace  
Let me resign my fleeting breath,  
And with a smile upon my face  
Pass the important hour of death.

**341**

C. M. Frome. Stephens.

*Desiring quickening grace. Psal. cxix.* WATTS.

MY soul lies cleaving to the dust ;  
Lord, give me life divine ;  
From vain desires and every lust  
Turn off these eyes of mine.

- 2 I need the influence of thy grace  
To speed me in thy way,  
Lest I should loiter in my race,  
Or turn my feet astray.

- 3 Are not thy mercies sovereign still,  
And thou a faithful God ?

Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal  
To run the heavenly road?

4 Does not my heart thy precepts love,  
And long to see thy face?  
And yet how slow my spirits move  
Without enlivening grace!

5 Then shall I love thy gospel more,  
And ne'er forget thy word,  
When I have felt its quickening power,  
To draw me near the Lord.

### 342

L. M. Portugal. Peru.

*Desiring peace of conscience.* HEGINBOTHAM.

SWEET peace of conscience, heavenly guest!  
Come, fix thy mansion in my breast;  
Dispel my doubts, my fears control,  
And heal the anguish of my soul.

2 Come, smiling hope, and joy sincere,  
Come, make your constant dwelling here;  
Still let your presence cheer my heart,  
Nor sin compel you to depart.

3 Thou God of hope, and peace divine,  
O, make these sacred pleasures mine!  
Forgive my sins, my fears remove,  
And send the tokens of thy love.

4 Then, should mine eyes, without a tear,  
See death, with all his terrors, near;  
My heart should then in death rejoice,  
*And raptures tune my faltering voice.*



MAN—HIS DESIRES.

343

C. M. Frome. Salem.

*Desiring contentment.*

STEELE.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss  
Thy sovereign hand denies,  
Accepted at thy throne of grace,  
Let this petition rise.

- 2 " Give me a calm, a thankful heart,  
From every murmur free ;  
The blessings of thy grace impart,  
And let me live to thee.
- 3 " Let the sweet hope that thou art mine  
My path of life attend ;  
Thy presence through my journey shine,  
And bless its happy end."

344

P. M. Uxbridge. Lambeth.

*Heaven desired.*

ORIGINAL.

AH! lend me the wings of a dove,  
To fly from these regions of woe :  
My hopes and my joys are above,  
And thither my spirit would go.  
I long with my Saviour to rest,  
Beyond the assault of my foes,  
And lean with a smile on his breast ;  
No pillow can yield such repose.

- 2 How pleased and how blest should I be,  
To gaze on his beauteous face ;  
Whilst love and compassion to me,  
Lend every expression a grace !

No cloud should bewilder my sight ;  
 No sigh from my heart should arise ;  
 But, filled with ecstatic delight,  
 All tears should be wiped from my eyes.

- 3 Ah, then I should cease to offend  
 The Saviour I love and adore ;  
 His grace without limit or end  
 Should reign in my heart evermore.  
 All pure as the angels above,  
 Each thought should exult in his name ;  
 Each passion, resigned to his love,  
 With rapture his praise should proclaim.

**345**

C. M. Salem. Ludlow.

*Heaven desired.* Psal. xc.

WATTS.

RETURN, O God of love, return ;

Earth is a tiresome place :  
 How long shall we, thy children, mourn  
 Our absence from thy face ?

- 2 Let heaven succeed our painful years,  
 Let sin and sorrow cease ;  
 And in proportion to our tears  
 So make our joys increase.

- 3 Thy wonders to thy servants show,  
 Make thy own work complete ;  
 Then shall our souls thy glory know,  
 And own thy love was great.

- 4 Then shall we shine before thy throne  
 In all thy beauty, Lord ;  
 And the poor service we have done  
 Meet a divine reward.

**346**

C. M. Newbury. Arabia.

*Desiring peace with God.*

WESLEY.

OH that I could the blessing prove,  
My heart's extreme desire !  
Live happy in my Saviour's love,  
And in his arms expire !

2 Mercy I ask to seal my peace,  
That, kept by mercy's power,  
I may from every evil cease,  
And never grieve thee more !

3 Now, if thy gracious will it be,  
E'en now my sins remove ;  
And set my soul at liberty,  
By thy victorious love.

4 Nothing I ask or want beside,  
Of all in earth or heaven,  
But let me feel thy blood applied,  
And live and die forgiven.

**347**

S. M. Bradley Church. Reuben.

*Desiring grace.*

WESLEY.

JESUS, my strength, my hope,  
On thee I cast my care,  
With humble confidence look up,  
And know thou hearest my prayer.  
Give me on thee to wait,  
Till I can all things do ;  
On thee, almighty to create,  
Almighty to renew.



MAN—HIS DESIRES.

- 2 I want a heart to pray,  
To pray and never cease ;  
Never to murmur at thy stay,  
Or wish my sufferings less.  
This blessing, above all,  
Always to pray, I want ;  
Out of the deep on thee to call,  
And never, never faint.
- 3 I want a true regard,  
A single, steady aim,  
(Unmoved by threatening or reward,)  
To thee and thy great name :  
A jealous, just concern  
For thine immortal praise ;  
A pure desire that all may learn,  
And glorify, thy grace.
- 4 I rest upon thy word ;  
The promise is for me ;  
My succour and salvation, Lord,  
Shall surely come from thee :  
But let me still abide,  
Nor from my hope remove,  
Till thou my waiting spirit guide  
Into thy perfect love.

See also THE CHURCH—ITS MEETINGS—WORSHIP.

MAN—HIS HAPPINESS.

**348** 8. 7. Jewin Street. Queenborough.

*Joy before the cross.*

ANON.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,  
Which before the cross I spend ;  
Life, and health, and peace possessing,  
From the sinner's dying Friend.  
Here I'll sit for ever viewing  
Mercy's streams in streams of blood ;  
Precious drops my soul bedewing,  
Plead and claim my peace with God.

2 Truly blessed is the station

Low before his cross to lie,  
While I see divine compassion  
Floating in his languid eye :

Here it is I find my heaven,

While upon the Lamb I gaze ;  
Love I much ? I've much forgiven,  
I'm a miracle of grace.

3 Love and grief my heart dividing,

With my tears his feet I'll bathe ;  
Constant still in faith abiding,  
Life deriving from his death.

May I still enjoy this feeling,  
In all need to Jesus go ;

Prove his wounds each day more healing,  
And himself more deeply know.

**349** L. M. New Sabbath. Bredby.

*Happiness after affliction.*

COWPER.

WHEN darkness long has veiled my mind,  
And smiling day once more appears ;

- Then, my Redeemer, then I find  
The folly of my doubts and fears.
- 2 Straight I upbraid my wandering heart,  
And blush that I should ever be  
Thus prone to act so base a part,  
Or harbour one bad thought of thee!
- 3 Oh! let me then at length be taught,  
What I am still so slow to learn,  
That God is love, and changes not,  
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.
- 4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat!  
But when my faith is sharply tried,  
I find myself a learner yet,  
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.
- 5 But, O my Lord, one look from thee  
Subdues the disobedient will;  
Drives doubt and discontent away,  
And thy rebellious worm is still.
- 6 Thou art as ready to forgive  
As I am ready to repine;  
Thou, therefore, all the praise receive,  
Be shame and self-abhorrence mine.

**350**

C. M. Bedford. Devizes.

*The happiness of the righteous.* Psal. i. WATTS.

BLESSED is the man who shuns the place  
Where sinners love to meet;  
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,  
And hates the scoffer's seat:

- 2 But in the statutes of the Lord  
Has placed his chief delight ;  
By day he reads or hears the word,  
And meditates by night.
- 3 Green as the leaf, and ever fair,  
Shall his profession shine ;  
While fruits of holiness appear  
Like clusters on the vine.
- 4 Not so the impious and unjust ;  
What vain designs they form !  
Their hopes are blown away like dust,  
Or chaff before the storm.
- 5 Sinners in judgment shall not stand  
Amongst the sons of grace,  
When Christ, the judge, at his right hand  
Appoints his saints a place.
- 6 His eye beholds the path they tread,  
His heart approves it well ;  
But crooked ways of sinners lead  
Down to the gates of hell.

**351**

L. M. Bramcoate. Lebanon.

*Happiness of pardon.* Psal. xxxii. WATTS.

BLESSED is the man, for ever blessed,  
Whose guilt is pardoned by his God ;  
Whose sins and sorrows are confessed,  
And covered with his Saviour's blood.

- 2 Blessed is the man to whom the Lord  
Imputes not his iniquities ;  
He pleads no merit of reward,  
And not on works, but grace relies.

MAN—HIS HAPPINESS.

- 3 From guile his heart and lips are free ;  
His humble joy, his holy fear,  
With deep repentance well agree,  
And join to prove his faith sincere.
- 4 How glorious is that righteousness  
That hides and cancels all his sins,  
While a bright evidence of grace  
Through his whole life appears and shines !

**352**

C. M. Devizes. Salem.

*Happy in privileges.*

NEWTON.

- O HAPPY they that know the Lord,  
With whom he deigns to dwell !  
He feeds and cheers them by his word,  
His arm supports them well !
- 2 To them, in each distressing hour,  
His throne of grace is near ;  
And when they plead his love and power,  
He stands engaged to hear.
- 3 His presence sweetens all our cares,  
And makes our burdens light ;  
A word from him dispels our fears,  
And gilds the gloom of night.
- 4 Let us enjoy, and highly prize,  
These tokens of thy love ;  
Till thou shalt bid our spirits rise,  
To worship thee above.

**353**

C. M. Carr's Lane. Hephzibah.

*Happiness of the Christian's life.*

WATTS.

- O HAPPY soul that lives on high,  
While men lie grovelling here !

His hopes are fixed above the sky,  
And faith forbids his fear.

2 His conscience knows no secret stings,  
While peace and joy combine  
To form a life whose holy springs  
Are hidden and divine.

3 He waits in secret on his God,  
His God in secret sees ;  
Let earth be all in arms abroad,  
He dwells in heavenly peace.

4 His pleasures rise from things unseen  
Beyond this world and time ;  
Where neither eyes nor ears have been,  
Nor thoughts of sinners climb.

5 He wants no pomp nor royal throne  
To raise his figure here ;  
Content and pleased to live unknown,  
Till Christ his life appear.

6 He looks to heaven's eternal hill  
To meet that glorious day ;  
But patient waits his Saviour's will  
To fetch his soul away.

**354**

C. M. Sprowston. Providence.

*The Christian's portion.*

DODDIDGE.

O HAPPY Christian, who can boast,  
"The Son of God is mine !"

Happy, though humbled in the dust ;  
Rich in this gift divine !



- 2 He lives the life of heaven below,  
And shall for ever live ;  
Eternal streams from Christ shall flow,  
And endless vigour give.
- 3 That life we ask with bended knee,  
Nor will the Lord deny ;  
Nor will celestial mercy see  
Its humble suppliants die.
- 4 That life obtained, for praise alone  
We wish continued breath ;  
And taught by blest experience own,  
That praise can live in death.

### 355

L. M. New Court. Bredby.

*The Christian's treasure.*

WATTS.

- HOW vast the treasure we possess !  
How rich thy bounty, King of grace !  
This world is ours, and worlds to come ;  
Earth is our lodge and heaven our home.
- 2 All things are ours : the gifts of God ;  
The purchase of a Saviour's blood ;  
While the good Spirit shows us how  
To use, and to improve them too.
  - 3 If peace and plenty crown my days,  
They help me, Lord, to speak thy praise ;  
If bread of sorrows be my food,  
Those sorrows work my lasting good.
  - 4 I would not change my blessed estate  
For all the world calls good or great ;  
And while my faith can keep her hold,  
*I envy not the sinner's gold.*

MAN—HIS HAPPINESS.

- 5 Father, I wait thy daily will;  
Thou shalt divide my portion still:  
Grant me on earth what seems thee best  
Till death and heaven reveal the rest.

**356**

C. M. Broomsgrove. Halifax.

*The Christian's happy condition.*

ANON.

- HOW happy is the Christian's state!  
His sins are all forgiven;  
A cheering ray confirms the grace,  
And lifts his hopes to heaven.
- 2 Though, in the rugged path of life,  
He heaves the pensive sigh;  
Yet, trusting in his God, he finds  
Delivering grace is nigh.
- 3 If, to prevent his wandering steps,  
He feels the chastening rod;  
The gentle stroke shall bring him back  
To his forgiving God.
- 4 And when the welcome message comes,  
To call his soul away;  
His soul in raptures shall ascend  
To everlasting day.

**357**

C. M. Salem. Piety.

*Joy in God.*

NEWTON.

- JOY is a fruit that will not grow  
In nature's barren soil;  
All we can boast, till Christ we know,  
Is vanity and toil.



- 2 But where the Lord has planted grace,  
And made his glories known ;  
There fruits of heavenly joy and peace  
Are found, and there alone.
- 3 A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,  
A sense of pardoning love,  
A hope that triumphs over death,  
Give joys like those above.
- 4 To take a glimpse within the veil,  
To know that God is mine,  
Are springs of joy that never fail,  
Unspeakable ! divine !
- 5 These are the joys which satisfy,  
And sanctify the mind ;  
Which make the spirit mount on high,  
And leave the world behind.
- 6 No more, believers, mourn your lot,  
But, if you are the Lord's,  
Resign to them that know him not  
Such joys as earth affords.

**358**

L. M. Bramcoate. Oswestry.

*Joy in God.*

DODDRIDGE.

THE righteous Lord, supremely great,  
Maintains his universal state ;  
O'er all the earth his power extends ;  
All heaven before his footstool bends.

- 2 Yet justice still with power presides,  
And mercy all his empire guides ;  
Such works are pleasing in his sight,  
And *such the men of his delight.*

- 3 No more, ye wise, your wisdom boast ;  
No more, ye strong, your valour trust ;  
Nor let the rich survey his store,  
Elate with heaps of shining ore.
- 4 Glory, my soul, in this alone,  
That God, thy God, to thee is known ;  
That thou hast owned his sovereign sway,  
That thou hast felt his cheering ray.
- 5 All else, which I may treasure call,  
May in one fatal moment fall ;  
But what his happiness can move,  
Whom God, the blessed, deigns to love ?

**359**

C. M. Cranbrook. Bradley Church.

*Joy in God.*

DODDRIDGE.

- YE humble souls, rejoice,  
And cheerful triumphs sing !  
Wake all your harmony of voice,  
For Jesus is your King.
- 2 That meek and lowly Lord,  
Whom here your souls have known,  
Pledges the honour of his word  
To avow you for his own.
  - 3 He brings salvation near,  
For which his blood was paid :  
How beauteous shall our souls appear  
Thus sumptuously arrayed !
  - 4 Salvation, Lord, is thine ;  
And all thy saints confess,  
The royal robes, in which they shine,  
Were wrought by sovereign grace.

**360**

C. M. Frome. Piety.  
*The Christian's portion.*

NEWTON.

FROM pole to pole let others roam,  
And search in vain for bliss ;  
My soul is satisfied at home,  
The Lord my portion is.

2 Jesus, who on his glorious throne  
Rules heaven, and earth, and sea,  
Is pleased to claim me for his own,  
And give himself to me.

3 His person fixes all my love,  
His blood removes my fear ;  
And while he pleads for me above,  
His arm preserves me here.

4 His word of promise is my food,  
His Spirit is my guide ;  
Thus daily is my strength renewed,  
And all my wants supplied.

5 For him I count as gain each loss,  
Disgrace, for him, renown ;  
Well may I glory in his cross,  
While he prepares my crown !

**361**

8. 8. 6. Westbury Leigh. Leach.  
*Happy in God.*

ORIGINAL.

THIS world has many charms for me,  
But these, my God, compared with thee,  
Are dust upon the scale ;  
I'm only happy as I share  
Thy matchless love, thy constant care,  
And feel thy grace prevail.

- 2 To hold communion at thy seat,  
To pay my homage at thy feet,  
To sing thy lofty praise,  
Delight me far above the mirth,  
The pomp, the fame, the pride of earth,  
Or length of mortal days.
- 3 I'd rather suffer loss and shame,  
And bear the world's severest blame  
With thy rejected few,  
Than cast my lot among the vain,  
Who trifle with eternal gain,  
And have no heaven in view.
- 4 Almighty God! confirm my love,  
Let all my words and actions prove  
My reverence for thy laws;  
And let me terminate my race  
Exulting in redeeming grace,  
Devoted to thy cause.

**362**

C. M. Bedford. Providence.

*Joy with trembling.*

COWPER.

- I WAS a grovelling creature once,  
And basely cleaved to earth;  
I wanted spirit to renounce  
The clod that gave me birth.
- 2 But God has breathed upon a worm,  
And sent me, from above,  
Wings such as clothe an angel's form,  
The wings of joy and love.
  - 3 With these to Pisgah's top I fly,  
And there delighted stand;

To view, beneath a shining sky,  
The spacious promised land.

4 The Lord of all the vast domain  
Has promised it to me ;  
The length and breadth of all the plain,  
As far as faith can see.

5 How glorious is my privilege !  
To thee for help I call ;  
I stand upon a mountain's edge,  
O save me, lest I fall.

6 Though much exalted in the Lord,  
My strength is not my own ;  
Then let me tremble at his word,  
And none shall cast me down.

**363**

L. M. New Court. Derby.

*The saint's hope.* Psal. xvii.

WATTS

LORD, I am thine ; but thou wilt prove  
My faith, my patience, and my love :  
When men of spite against me join,  
They are the sword, the hand is thine.

2 Their hope and portion lies below :  
'Tis all the happiness they know,  
'Tis all they seek ; they take their shares,  
And leave the rest among their heirs.

3 What sinners value I resign ;  
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine :  
I shall behold thy blissful face,  
And stand complete in righteousness.



- 4 This life's a dream, an empty show ;  
But the bright world to which I go  
Hath joys substantial and sincere :  
When shall I wake and find me there ?
- 5 O glorious hour ! O blessed abode !  
I shall be near and like my God !  
And flesh and sin no more control  
The sacred pleasures of the soul.
- 6 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,  
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;  
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,  
And in my Saviour's image rise.

**364**

C. M. Irish. Mount Pleasant.

*The children of God.*

WATTS.

- AS new-born babes desire the breast  
To feed, and grow, and thrive ;  
So saints with joy the gospel taste,  
And by the gospel live.
- 2 [With inward gust their heart approves  
All that the word relates ;  
They love the men their Father loves,  
And hate the works he hates.]
  - 3 [Grace, like an uncorrupted seed,  
Abides and reigns within ;  
Immortal principles forbid  
The sons of God to sin.]
  - 4 [Not by the terrors of a slave  
Do they perform his will,  
But with the noblest powers they have,  
His sweet commands fulfil.]

- 5 They find access at every hour  
To God within the veil ;  
Hence they derive a quickening power,  
And joys that never fail.
- 6 O happy souls ! O glorious state  
Of overflowing grace !  
To dwell so near their Father's seat,  
And see his lovely face !
- 7 Lord, I address thy heavenly throne ;  
Call me a child of thine ;  
Send down the Spirit of thy Son  
To form my heart divine.
- 8 There shed thy choicest loves abroad,  
And make my comforts strong :  
Then shall I say, " My Father God !"  
With an unwavering tongue.

**365**

C. M. Worksop. Hensbury.

*The Christian satisfied.*

WATTS.

- NO, I shall envy them no more  
Who grow profanely great,  
Though they increase their golden store,  
And rise to wondrous height.
- 2 They taste of all the joys that grow  
Upon this earthly clod !  
Well, they may search the creature through,  
For they have ne'er a God.
  - 3 Shake off the thoughts of dying too,  
And think your life your own ;  
But death comes hastening on to you,  
To mow your glory down.

- 4 Yes, you must bow your stately head,  
     Away your spirit flies,  
     And no kind angel near your bed  
     To bear it to the skies.
- 5 Go now, and boast of all your stores,  
     And tell how bright you shine;  
     Your heaps of glittering dust are yours,  
     And my Redeemer's mine.

**366**

C. M. Arabia. Abridge.

*Joy in God.* Psal. lxxiii.

WATTS.

- GOD, my supporter and my hope,  
 My help for ever near,  
 Thine arm of mercy held me up,  
 When sinking in despair.
- 2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet  
     Through this dark wilderness;  
     Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,  
     To dwell before thy face.
  - 3 Were I in heaven without my God,  
     'Twould be no joy to me;  
     And whilst this earth is my abode,  
     I long for none but thee.
  - 4 What if the springs of life were broke,  
     And flesh and heart should faint,  
     God is my soul's eternal rock,  
     The strength of every saint.
  - 5 Behold, the sinners that remove  
     Far from thy presence, die;  
     Not all the idol gods they love  
     Can save them when thy cry.



MAN—HIS HAPPINESS.

- 6 But to draw near to thee, my God,  
Shall be my sweet employ ;  
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,  
And tell the world my joy.

**367**

L. M. Coombs. Horsley.

*The happy Christian.*

ORIGINAL.

- AT times, O Lord, thy grace inspires  
My soul with such sublime desires,  
That I am anxious to depart,  
To see and know thee as thou art.
- 2 Yet thou hast tenderly bestowed  
Such comforts in this frail abode ;  
And strewed so many joys around,  
It scarcely seems like earthly ground.
- 3 Conducted to a wealthy place,  
I stand—a monument of grace ;  
And find increasing cause to bless  
The Author of my happiness.
- 4 Assist me then to love thee more,  
More than I ever loved before ;  
And as thy goodness lights on me,  
O raise my gratitude to thee !

**368**

C. M. New York. Suffolk New.

*Joy restored.*

WATTS.

HENCE from my soul, sad thoughts, begone,  
And leave me to my joys ;  
My tongue shall triumph in my God,  
And make a joyful noise.

- 2 Darkness and doubts had veiled my mind,  
And drowned my head in tears,  
Till sovereign grace, with shining rays,  
Dispelled my gloomy fears.
- 3 Oh what immortal joys I felt,  
And raptures all divine,  
When Jesus told me I was his,  
And my Beloved mine !
- 4 In vain the tempter frights my soul,  
And breaks my peace in vain ;  
One glimpse, dear Saviour, of thy face,  
Revives my joys again.

**369**

C. M. Elim. Irish.

*Spiritual and eternal joy.*

WATTS.

- FROM thee, my God, my joys shall rise,  
And run eternal rounds,  
Beyond the limits of the skies,  
And all created bounds.
- 2 The holy triumphs of my soul  
Shall death itself outbrave,  
Leave dull mortality behind,  
And fly beyond the grave.
  - 3 There, where my blessed Jesus reigns,  
In heaven's unmeasured space,  
I'll spend a long eternity  
In pleasure and in praise.
  - 4 Millions of years my wondering eyes  
Shall o'er thy beauties rove,  
And endless ages I'll adore  
The glories of thy love.

- 5 [Haste, my Beloved, fetch my soul  
Up to thy blessed abode ;  
Fly, for my spirit longs to see  
My Saviour and my God.]

**370**

L. M. China. Islington.

*Happiness in the glory of Christ.* DODDRIDGE.

- WHEN at this distance, Lord, we trace  
The various glories of thy face,  
What transport pours o'er all our breast,  
And charms our cares and woes to rest !
- 2 With thee, in the obscurest cell  
On some bleak mountain, would I dwell,  
Rather than pompous courts behold,  
And share their grandeur and their gold.
- 3 Away, ye dreams of mortal joy !  
Raptures divine my thoughts employ ;  
I see the King of glory shine ;  
And feel his love, and call him mine.
- 4 Yet still my elevated eyes  
To nobler visions long to rise ;  
That grand assembly would I join,  
Where all thy saints around thee shine.

**371**

L. M. Horsley. Newport.

*Triumph in Jesus.*

GRIGG.

JESUS, and can it ever be  
A mortal man ashamed of thee !  
Scorned be the thought by rich and poor,  
O may I scorn it more and more.

- 2 Ashamed of Jesus ! sooner far  
 May evening blush to own a star !  
 Ashamed of Jesus ! just as soon  
 May midnight blush to think of noon.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus ! yes I may,  
 When I 've no crimes to wash away ;  
 No tears to wipe, no joys to crave,  
 And no immortal soul to save !
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus ! that dear Friend  
 On whom my hopes of heaven depend !  
 No : when I blush, be this my shame,  
 That I no more revere his name.
- 5 Till *then*,—nor is my boasting vain,  
 Till then I boast a Saviour slain :  
 And O, may this my portion be,  
 That Christ is not ashamed of me.

**372** C. M. Cambridge New. Brighthelmstone.

*Heavenly joys on earth.*

WATTS.

- GLORY to God that walks the sky,  
 And sends his blessings through ;  
 That tells his saints of joys on high,  
 And gives a taste below.
- 2 When Christ, with all his graces crowned,  
 Sheds his kind beams abroad,  
 'Tis a young heaven on earthly ground,  
 And glory in the bud.
  - 3 A blooming paradise of joy  
 In this wild desert springs ;  
 And every sense I straight employ  
 On sweet celestial things.

- 4 But ah! how soon my joys decay!  
How soon my sins arise,  
And snatch the heavenly scene away  
From these lamenting eyes!
- 5 When shall the time, dear Jesus, when  
The shining day appear,  
That I shall leave those clouds of sin,  
And guilt and darkness here?
- 6 Up to the fields above the skies  
My hasty feet would go:  
There everlasting flowers arise,  
And joys unwithering grow.

**373**

C. M. Charmouth. Irish.

*Happiness returning.*

NEWTON.

- OH! speak that gracious word again,  
And cheer my drooping heart!  
No voice but thine can soothe my pain,  
Or bid my fears depart.
- 2 And canst thou still vouchsafe to own  
A wretch so vile as I?  
And may I still approach thy throne,  
And Abba, Father, cry?
  - 3 How oft did Satan's cruel boast  
My troubled soul affright!  
He told me I was surely lost,  
And God had left me quite.
  - 4 Guilt made me fear, lest all were true  
The lying tempter said;  
But now the Lord appears in view,  
My enemy is fled.



- 5 Dear Lord, I wonder and adore,  
 Thy grace is all divine ;  
 O keep me, that I sin no more  
 Against such love as thine !

**374**

C. M. Sprowston. Stepiens.

*Contentment.*

COWPER.

- FIERCE** passions discompose the mind,  
 As tempests vex the sea ;  
 But calm content and peace we find,  
 When, Lord, we turn to thee.
- 2 In vain, by reason and by rule,  
 We try to bend the will ;  
 For none but in the Saviour's school  
 Can learn the heavenly skill.
- 3 Since at his feet my soul has sat,  
 His gracious words to hear,  
 Contented with my present state,  
 I cast on him my care.
- 4 " Art thou a sinner, soul ? " he said ;  
 " Then how canst thou complain ?  
 How light thy troubles here if weighed  
 With everlasting pain !
- 5 " If thou of murmuring wouldst be cured,  
 Compare thy griefs with mine ;  
 Think what my love for thee endured,  
 And thou wilt not repine.
- 6 " 'Tis I appoint thy daily lot,  
 And I do all things well ;  
 Thou soon shalt leave this wretched spot,  
 And rise with me to dwell."

BLESSED are the humble souls that see  
 Their emptiness and poverty ;  
 Treasures of grace to them are given,  
 And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

- 2 Blessed are the men of broken heart,  
 Who mourn for sin with inward smart ;  
 The blood of Christ divinely flows,  
 A healing balm for all their woes.
- 3 Blessed are the meek, who stand afar  
 From rage and passion, noise and war ;  
 God will secure their happy state,  
 And plead their cause against the great.
- 4 Blessed are the souls that thirst for grace,  
 Hunger and long for righteousness ;  
 They shall be well supplied, and fed  
 With living streams and living bread.
- 5 Blessed are the men whose bowels move  
 And melt with sympathy and love ;  
 From Christ the Lord shall they obtain  
 Like sympathy and love again.
- 6 Blessed are the pure, whose hearts are clean  
 From the defiling powers of sin ;  
 With endless pleasure they shall see  
 A God of spotless purity.
- 7 Blessed are the men of peaceful life,  
 Who quench the coals of growing strife ;  
 They shall be called the heirs of bliss,  
 The *sons of God*, the God of peace.

MAN—HIS COMMUNION.

- 8 Blessed are the sufferers who partake  
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake ;  
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord ;  
Glory and joy are their reward.
- 

MAN—HIS COMMUNION.

**376**

C. M. Arlington. Halifax.

*Communion with God.*

DODDRIDGE.

- ETERNAL God, our wondering souls  
Admire thy matchless grace ;  
That thou wilt walk, that thou wilt dwell,  
With Adam's worthless race.
- 2 Cheered with thy converse, I can trace  
The desert with delight :  
Through all the gloom one smile of thine  
Can dissipate the night.
- 3 Nor shall I through eternal days  
A restless pilgrim roam ;  
Thy hand, that now directs my course,  
Shall soon convey me home.
- 4 Joyful my spirit will consent  
To drop its mortal load ;  
And hail the sharpest pangs of death,  
That break its way to God.

**377**

S. M. Lowell. Shirland.

*Communion with God.*

DODDRIDGE.

- OUR heavenly Father calls,  
And Christ invites us near ;  
With both our friendship shall be sweet,  
And our communion dear.



MAN—HIS COMMUNION.

- 2 God pities all my griefs ;  
He pardons every day ;  
Almighty to protect my soul,  
And wise to guide my way.
- 3 How large his bounties are !  
What various stores of good,  
Diffused from my Redeemer's hand,  
And purchased with his blood !
- 4 Jesus, my living Head,  
I bless thy faithful care ;  
Mine Advocate before the throne,  
And my forerunner there.
- 5 Here fix, my roving heart ;  
Here wait, my warmest love,  
Till the communion be complete  
In nobler scenes above.

**378**

C. M. Arabia. Irish.

*God the portion of the soul.* Psal. lxxiii. ANON.

- WHOM have we, Lord, in heaven, but thee,  
And whom on earth beside ?  
Where else for succour can we flee,  
Or in whose strength confide ?
- 2 Thou art our portion here below,  
Our promised bliss above ;  
Ne'er may our souls an object know  
So precious as thy love.
  - 3 When heart and flesh, O Lord, shall fail,  
Thou wilt our spirits cheer !  
Support us through life's thorny vale,  
And calm each anxious fear.

MAN—HIS COMMUNION.

- 4 Yes, thou shalt be our guide through life,  
And help and strength supply ;  
Sustain us in death's fearful strife,  
And welcome us on high.

**379**

C. M. Jerusalem. Otford.

*God our refuge and portion. Psal. xlii.*

- AS pants the hart for cooling streams,  
When heated in the chase,  
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,  
And thy refreshing grace.
- 2 For thee, my God—the living God,  
My thirsty soul doth pine ;  
Oh, when shall I behold thy face,  
Thou Majesty divine !
- 3 Why restless—why cast down, my soul ?  
Trust God—and he'll employ  
His aid for thee—and change these sighs  
To thankful hymns of joy.
- 4 Why restless—why cast down, my soul ?  
Hope still—and thou shalt sing  
The praise of him, who is thy God,  
And heaven's eternal King.

**380**

L. M. China. Peru.

*Longing for communion with God. ORIGINAL.*

- OH that I could for ever dwell  
With Mary at my Saviour's feet ;  
And view the form I love so well,  
And all his tender words repeat.

- 2 The world shut out from all my view,  
And heaven brought in with all its bliss ;  
O is there aught, from pole to pole,  
One moment to compare with this ?
- 3 This is the hidden life I prize,  
A life of penitential love ;  
When most my follies I despise,  
And raise the highest thoughts above ;
- 4 When all I am I clearly see,  
And freely own with deepest shame ;  
When the Redeemer's love to me  
Kindles within a deathless flame.
- 5 Thus would I live, till nature fail,  
And all my former sins forsake ;  
Then rise to God within the vail,  
And of eternal joys partake.

**381**

L. M. Doversdale. Alfred.

*Longing for the presence of God.*

WATTS

- [UP to the fields where angels lie,  
And living waters gently roll,  
Fain would my thoughts leap out and fly,  
But sin hangs heavy on my soul.
- 2 Thy wondrous blood, dear dying Christ,  
Can make this load of guilt remove ;  
And thou canst bear me where thou fliest,  
On thy kind wings, celestial Dove !
  - 3 O might I once mount up and see  
The glories of the eternal skies,  
What little things these worlds would be !  
*How despicable to my eyes !]*

- 4 Had I a glance of thee, my God,  
Kingdoms and men would vanish soon ;  
Vanish as though I saw them not,  
As a dim candle dies at noon.
- 5 Then they might fight, and rage, and rave,  
I should perceive the noise no more  
Than we can hear a shaking leaf,  
While rattling thunders round us roar.
- 6 Great All in All ! Eternal King !  
Let me but view thy lovely face,  
And all my powers shall bow, and sing  
Thine endless grandeur and thy grace.

**382**

L. M. Portugal. Ulverston.

*Meditation and communion.*

WATTS.

- MY God, permit me not to be  
A stranger to myself and thee ;  
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,  
Forgetful of my highest love.
- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,  
And thus debase my heavenly birth ?  
Why should I cleave to things below,  
And let my God, my Saviour, go ?
  - 3 Call me away from flesh and sense,  
One sovereign word can draw me thence ;  
I would obey the voice divine,  
And all inferior joys resign.
  - 4 The earth with all her scenes withdrawn,  
The noise and vanity begone ;  
The secret silence of the mind,  
Heaven, and there my God, I find.

**383**

L. M. New Sabbath. Berwick.

*The delight of communion.*

WATTS.

LORD, what a heaven of saving grace  
Shines through the beauties of thy face,  
And lights our passions to a flame !  
Lord, how we love thy charming name !

2 When I can say, " My God is mine,"  
When I can feel thy glories shine,  
I tread the world beneath my feet,  
And all that earth calls good or great.

3 While such a scene of sacred joys  
Our raptured eyes and souls employs,  
Here we could sit, and gaze away  
A long, an everlasting day.

4 Well, we shall quickly pass the night  
To the fair coasts of perfect light ;  
Then shall our joyful senses rove  
O'er the dear object of our love.

5 Send comforts down from thy right hand,  
While we pass through this barren land,  
And in thy temple let us see  
A glimpse of love, a glimpse of thee.

**384**

C. M. New York. Braintree.

*Happiness of communion.*

WATTS.

MY God, my portion, and my love,  
My everlasting all !  
I've none but thee in heaven above,  
Or on this earthly ball.

- 2 What empty things are all the skies,  
And this inferior clod !  
There 's nothing here deserves my joys ;  
There 's nothing like my God.
- 3 In vain the bright, the burning sun,  
Scatters his feeble light ;  
'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon ;  
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.
- 4 And whilst upon my restless bed  
Amongst the shades I roll,  
If my Redeemer show his head,  
'Tis morning with my soul.
- 5 To thee we owe our wealth and friends,  
And health, and safe abode :  
Thanks to thy name for meaner things,  
But they are not my God.
- 6 How vain a toy is glittering wealth,  
If once compared to thee ;  
Or what 's my safety or my health,  
Or all my friends to me ?
- 7 Were I possessor of the earth,  
And called the stars my own,  
Without thy graces and thyself  
I were a wretch undone.
- 8 Let others stretch their arms like seas,  
And grasp in all the shore,  
Grant me the visits of thy face,  
And I desire no more.

**385** S. M. Bradley Church. Mount Ephraim.  
*God all in all.* WATTS.

- MY God, my life, my love !  
 To thee, to thee I call ;  
 I cannot live if thou remove,  
 For thou art all in all,
- 2 Thy shining grace can cheer  
 This dungeon where I dwell ;  
 'Tis paradise when thou art here ;  
 If thou depart, 'tis hell.
- 3 The smilings of thy face,  
 How amiable they are !  
 'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,  
 And no where else but there.
- 4 To thee, and thee alone,  
 The angels owe their bliss ;  
 They sit around thy gracious throne,  
 And dwell where Jesus is.
- 5 Not all the harps above  
 Can make a heavenly place  
 If God his residence remove,  
 Or but conceal his face.
- 6 Nor earth, nor all the sky,  
 Can one delight afford,  
 No, not a drop of real joy,  
 Without thy presence, Lord.
- 7 Thou art the sea of love  
 Where all my pleasures roll,  
 The circle where my passions move,  
 And *centre of my soul.*

- 8 To thee my spirits fly  
With infinite desire ;  
And yet how far from thee I lie !  
Dear Jesus, raise me higher.

**386** C. M. Knaresborough. Broomsgrove.  
*Joy in communion.* WATTS.

- MY God, the spring of all my joys,  
The life of my delights,  
The glory of my brightest days,  
And comfort of my nights.
- 2 In darkest shades if he appear,  
My dawning is begun ;  
He is my soul's sweet morning star,  
And he my rising sun.
- 3 The opening heavens around me shine  
With beams of sacred bliss,  
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,  
And whispers, I am his.
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay  
At that transporting word,  
Run up with joy the shining way  
To embrace my dearest Lord.
- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,  
I'd break through every foe ;  
The wings of love and arms of faith  
Should bear me conqueror through.

**387** S. M. Mansfield. Rutland.  
*Christ unseen and beloved.* WATTS.

NOT with our mortal eyes  
Have we beheld the Lord ;



MAN—HIS COMMUNION.

- Yet we rejoice to hear his name,  
And love him in his word.
- 2 On earth we want the sight  
Of our Redeemer's face ;  
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight  
To dwell upon thy grace.
- 3 And when we taste thy love,  
Our joys divinely grow  
Unspeakable, like those above,  
And heaven begins below.

388

P. M. Edmonton.

*God the keeper of his people.*

ORIGINAL.

- O THOU my God, my Saviour,  
In thy celestial favour  
Is my supreme delight :  
The more my woes oppress me,  
The more do thou possess me  
With thy heavenly might.
- 2 Whene'er my heart is broken,  
Before my grief is spoken,  
God pities my complaint ;  
And when he might reject me,  
He kindly does protect me,  
Lest all my courage faint.
- 3 By night his arm attends me,  
And graciously defends me,  
And soft is my repose :  
The eyes that watch my keeping,  
Are never, never sleeping,  
*I cannot fear my foes !*

MAN—HIS OBEDIENCE.

- 4 By day his hand shall lead me,  
And heavenly manna feed me,  
Through all my desert way :  
His beam my path enlightens,  
And more and more it brightens,  
Into eternal day !
- 5 O thou my God, my Saviour,  
Soon thy celestial favour  
Shall be my *sole* delight :  
With seraphs I 'll adore thee,  
With seraphs chant thy glory,  
Around thy throne of light.

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MAN—HIS OBEDIENCE.

389

L. M. New Sabbath. China.

*Cheerful obedience.*

DODDRIDGE.

- MY gracious Lord, I own thy right  
To every service I can pay,  
And call it my supreme delight  
To hear thy dictates and obey.
- 2 What is my being, but for thee,  
Its sure support, its noblest end ?  
Thy ever-smiling face to see,  
And serve the cause of such a Friend ?
- 3 I would not breathe for worldly joy,  
Or to increase my worldly goods ;  
*Nor* future days nor powers employ  
To spread a sounding name abroad.

MAN—HIS OBEDIENCE.

- 4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,  
To him who for my ransom died ;  
Nor could untainted Eden give  
Such bliss as blossoms at his side.
- 5 His work my hoary age shall bless,  
When youthful vigour is no more,  
And my last hour of life confess  
His love hath animating power.

**390**

L. M. Job. China.

*Imitation of God.*

BROWNE.

- LORD ! I would be a child of thine,  
And thy blest image ever bear :  
Deeply impress this heart of mine  
With glories which I cannot share.
- 2 Let these my admiration raise,  
And fill me with religious awe ;  
Tune both my heart and tongue to praise,  
And bend me to thy holy law.
- 3 But where I can resemble thee,  
And in thy god-like nature share ;  
Thy humble follower let me be,  
And somewhat of thy likeness bear.
- 4 Pure may I be, averse to sin,  
Just, holy, merciful, and true ;  
And let thine image, formed within,  
Shine out in all I speak and do.

**391**

C. M. Piety. Providence.

*Obedience after the Spirit of God.*

Psal. cxix.

WATTS

OH that the Lord would guide my ways  
To keep his statutes still !

MAN—HIS OBEDIENCE.

Oh that my God would grant me grace  
To know and do his will !

2 O send thy Spirit down to write  
Thy law upon my heart !  
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,  
Nor act the liar's part.

3 From vanity turn off my eyes ;  
Let no corrupt design,  
Nor covetous desires, arise  
Within this soul of mine.

4 Order my footsteps by thy word,  
And make my heart sincere ;  
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,  
But keep my conscience clear.

5 My soul hath gone too far astray,  
My feet too often slip ;  
Yet since I've not forgot thy way,  
Restore thy wandering sheep.

6 Make me to walk in thy commands,  
'Tis a delightful road ;  
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,  
Offend against my God.

**392**

C. M. Providence, Suffolk.

*Obedience.*

ORIGINAL.

I WOULD not wish to dwell on earth,  
Though earth were all my own,  
And mortal men should homage yield  
To me, and me alone.

MAN—HIS OBEDIENCE.

- 2 I would not wish in heaven to dwell,  
And like a seraph shine ;  
Though bliss is there, without a tear,  
And all that bliss were mine.
- 3 But I would dwell where most I may  
Fulfil my Saviour's will ;  
My only wish, in life, in death,  
To glorify him still.
- 4 While action may his praise reveal,  
My cheerful act I'd pay ;  
When suffering best may please my Lord,  
By suffering I'd obey.
- 5 It is not place—above, below—  
My bliss, my heaven can be ;  
To live for him who died for man,  
O that is life to me !

**393**

C. M. Bedford. Brighthelmstone.

*Holy obedience.* Psal. cxix.

WATTS.

- WITH my whole heart I've sought thy face ;  
O let me never stray  
From thy commands, O God of grace,  
Nor tread the sinner's way.
- 2 Thy word I've hid within my heart  
To keep my conscience clean,  
And be an everlasting guard  
From every rising sin.
- 3 I'm a companion of the saints  
Who fear and love the Lord ;  
My sorrows rise, my nature faints,  
When men transgress thy word.

- 4 My heart with sacred reverence hears  
 The threatenings of thy word ;  
 My flesh with holy trembling fears  
 The judgments of the Lord.
- 5 My God, I long, I hope, I wait,  
 For thy salvation still ;  
 While thy whole law is my delight,  
 And I obey thy will.

**394**

L. M. Derby. Eaton.

*Obedience after Christ.*

- JESUS, our best beloved Friend,  
 On thy redeeming name we call ;  
 Jesus, in love to us descend,  
 Pardon and sanctify us all !
- 2 Our souls and bodies we resign,  
 To love and follow thy commands ;  
 O take our hearts—our hearts are thine,  
 Accept the service of our hands.
- 3 Firm, faithful, watching unto prayer,  
 Our Master's voice will we obey ;  
 Toil in thy vineyard here, and bear  
 The heat and burden of the day.
- 4 Yet, Lord, for us a resting-place  
 In heaven, at thy right hand, prepare,  
 And, till we see thee face to face,  
 Be all our conversation there.

**395**

C. M. Grove House. Devizes.

*Evangelical obedience.*

WATTS.

HOW can I sink with such a prop  
 As my eternal God,

MAN—HIS OBEDIENCE.

Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,  
And spreads the heavens abroad ?

2 How can I die while Jesus lives,  
Who rose and left the dead ?  
Pardon and grace my soul receives  
From mine exalted Head.

3 All that I am and all I have  
Shall be for ever thine ;  
Whate'er my duty bids me give,  
My cheerful hands resign.

4 Yet if I might make some reserve,  
And duty did not call,  
I love my God with zeal so great  
That I should give him all.

396

S. M. Hopkins. Matthias.  
*God obeyed.*

C. WESLEY.

MOST gracious God, reveal  
Thy will concerning me ;  
Whate'er I do, whate'er I feel,  
I follow thy decree.  
Myself and all my ways  
To thee I still resign,  
Led by the Spirit of thy grace,  
And by the word divine.

2 Jesus, I here abide,  
Thy pleasure to fulfil ;  
My soul and all its motions guide  
By thy most holy will :



The counsels of thy love  
Be on my heart imprest,  
It then shall at thy bidding move,  
And at thy bidding rest.

- 3 Eternal Spirit, spread  
Thy love throughout my breast,  
Who didst thy ancient people lead,  
And causedst them to rest.  
While thou my leader art,  
And makest me thine abode,  
I find the witness in my heart  
That I am born of God.

- 4 FATHER, thy will be done !  
To thee I all resign,  
The sole disposer of thine own,  
Dispose of me and mine.  
At thy command I go,  
Or quietly attend,  
Till all my rests and toils below  
In rest eternal end.

**397**

L. M. Job. Bredby.

*Obedience after Christ.*

STEELE.

AND is the gospel peace and love ?  
Such let our conversation be ;  
The serpent blended with the dove,  
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

- 2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,  
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to  
strife,  
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,  
Bright pattern of the Christian life !



MAN—HIS OBEDIENCE.

- 3 Oh, how benevolent and kind !  
How mild ! how ready to forgive !  
Be this the temper of our mind,  
And these the rules by which we live.
- 4 To do his heavenly Father's will  
Was his employment and delight ;  
Humility and holy zeal  
Shone through his life divinely bright.
- 5 But ah ! how blind ! how weak we are !  
How frail ! how apt to turn aside !  
Lord, we depend upon thy care,  
And ask thy Spirit for our guide.
- 6 Thy fair example may we trace,  
To teach us what we ought to be !  
Make us, by thy transforming grace,  
Dear Saviour, daily more like thee !

398

C. M. Bedford. Stephens.

*Obedience after Christ.*

ENFIELD.

- BEHOLD, where in a mortal form  
Appears each grace divine ;  
The virtues all in Jesus meet,  
With mildest radiance shine.
- 2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,  
To give the mourner joy,  
To preach glad tidings to the poor,  
Was his divine employ.
- 3 Lowly in heart, to all his friends  
A friend and servant found,  
He washed their feet, he wiped their tears,  
And healed each bleeding wound.

- 4 Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,  
Patient and meek he stood ;  
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life ;  
He laboured for their good.
- 5 To God he left his righteous cause,  
And still his task pursued ;  
While humble prayer and holy faith  
His fainting strength renewed.
- 6 In the last hour of deep distress,  
Before his Father's throne,  
With soul resigned, he bowed and said,  
"Thy will, not mine, be done."
- 7 Be Christ our pattern, and our guide !  
His image may we bear !  
Oh may we tread his holy steps,  
His joy and glory share !

**399**

L. M. Portugal. Bramcoate.

*Holy conduct.*

WATTS.

- SO let our lips and lives express  
The holy gospel we profess ;  
So let our works and virtues shine,  
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad  
The honours of our Saviour God ;  
When the salvation reigns within,  
And grace subdues the power of sin.
  - 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,  
Passion and envy, lust and pride ;  
Whilst justice, temperance, truth, and love,  
*Our inward piety approve.*

MAN—HIS OBEDIENCE.

- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,  
While we expect that blessed hope,  
The bright appearance of the Lord,  
And faith stands leaning on his word.

400

C. M. Sprague. Salem.

*The happiness of obedience.* DODDRIDGE.

- THRICE happy souls, who, born from  
While yet they sojourn here, [heaven,  
Thus all their days with God begin,  
And spend them in his fear !
- 2 'Midst hourly cares may love present  
Its incense to thy throne ;  
And, while the world our hands employs,  
Our hearts be thine alone.
- 3 As sanctified to noblest ends,  
Be each refreshment sought ;  
And by each various providence  
Some wise instruction brought.
- 4 When to laborious duties called,  
Or by temptation tried,  
We'll seek the shelter of thy wings,  
And in thy strength confide.
- 5 As different scenes of light arise,  
Our grateful hearts would be  
With thee amidst the social band,  
In solitude with thee.
- 6 In solid, pure delights, like these,  
Let all my days be past ;  
Nor shall I then impatient wish,  
Nor shall I fear the last.

401

S. S. G. Leach.

*God obeyed.*

WESLEY.

BE it my only wisdom here  
To serve the Lord with filial fear,  
With loving gratitude :  
Superior sense may I display,  
By shunning every evil way,  
And walking in the good.

- 2 O may I still from sin depart ;  
A wise and understanding heart,  
Jesus, to me be given :  
And let me through thy Spirit know  
To glorify my God below,  
And find the way to heaven.

402

L. M. Portugal. Ulverston.

*Obedience after Christ.*

WATTS.

MY dear Redeemer and my Lord,  
I read my duty in thy word,  
But in thy life the law appears  
Drawn out in living characters.

- 2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,  
Such deference to thy Father's will,  
Such love, and meekness so divine,  
I would transcribe and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air  
Witnessed the fervour of thy prayer :  
The desert thy temptations knew,  
Thy conflict and thy victory too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern ; make me bear  
More of thy gracious image here ;

MAN—HIS OBEDIENCE.

Then God the Judge shall own my name  
Amongst the followers of the Lamb !

**403**

L. M. Portugal. Bredby.

*Active obedience.*

WATTS.

AWAKE, my zeal ; awake, my love,  
To serve my Saviour here below,  
In works with perfect saints above  
And holy angels cannot do.

2 Awake, my charity, to feed  
The hungry soul, and clothe the poor ;  
In heaven are found no sons of need,  
There all these duties are no more.

3 Subdue thy passions, O my soul !  
Maintain the fight, thy work pursue,  
Daily thy rising sins control,  
And be thy victories ever new.

4 The land of triumph lies on high,  
There are no foes to encounter there :  
Lord, I would conquer till I die,  
And finish all the glorious war.

5 Let every flying hour confess  
I gain thy gospel fresh renown ;  
And when my life and labours cease,  
May I possess the promised crown !

**404**

C. M. Devizes. Stephens.

*The source of obedience.*

WESLEY.

FATHER, to thee my soul I lift ;  
My soul on thee depends,  
Convinced that every perfect gift  
From thee alone descends.



- 2 Mercy and grace are thine alone,  
And power and wisdom too ;  
Without the Spirit of thy Son  
We nothing good can do.
- 3 We cannot speak one useful word,  
One holy thought conceive,  
Unless, in answer to our Lord,  
Thyself the blessing give.
- 4 Thou all our works in us hast wrought,  
Our good is all divine ;  
The praise of every virtuous thought,  
And righteous word, is thine.
- 5 From thee, through Jesus, we receive  
The power on thee to call,  
In whom we are, and move, and live ;  
Our God is all in all !

**405**

C. M. Hephzibah. Weston Favell.

*A meek and humble spirit.*

WATTS.

- O 'TIS a lovely thing to see  
A man of prudent heart,  
Whose thoughts, and lips, and life, agree  
To act a useful part.
- 2 When envy, strife, and wars begin  
In little angry souls,  
Mark how the sons of peace come in,  
And quench the kindling coals.
  - 3 Their minds are humble, mild, and meek,  
Nor let their fury rise ;  
Nor passion moves their lips to speak,  
Nor pride exalts their eyes.

MAN—HIS OBEDIENCE.

- 4 Their frame is prudence mixed with love,  
Good works fulfil their day ;  
They join the serpent with the dove,  
But cast the sting away.
- 5 Such was the Saviour of mankind,  
Such pleasures he pursued ;  
His flesh and blood were all refined,  
His soul divinely good.
- 6 Lord, can these plants of virtue grow  
In such a heart as mine ?  
Thy grace my nature can renew,  
And make my soul like thine.

406

L. M. Ulverston. Bradford.

*Poverty of spirit.* Psal. xvi.

WATTS

- PRESERVE me, Lord, in time of need ;  
For succour to thy throne I flee,  
But have no merits there to plead ;  
My goodness cannot reach to thee.
- 2 Oft have my heart and tongue confessed  
How empty and how poor I am ;  
My praise can never make thee blest,  
Nor add new glories to thy name.
- 3 Yet, Lord, thy saints on earth may reap  
Some profit by the good we do ;  
These are the company I keep,  
These are the choicest friends I know.
- 4 Let others choose the sons of mirth,  
To give a relish to their wine ;  
I love the men of heavenly birth,  
Whose thoughts and language are divine.

407

L. M. New Sabbath. Bredby.

*The rule of equity.*

WATTS.

BLESSED Redeemer, how divine,  
How righteous is this rule of thine !  
“ To do to all men just the same  
As we expect or wish from them.”

2 This golden lesson, short and plain,  
Gives not the mind nor memory pain ;  
And every conscience must approve  
This universal law of love.

3 How blessed would every nation be,  
Thus ruled by love and equity !  
All would be friends without a foe,  
And form a paradise below.

4 Jesus, forgive us that we keep  
Thy sacred law of love asleep ;  
No more let envy, wrath, and pride,  
But thy blessed maxims be our guide,

408

C. M. Derby. Berwick.

*Christian zeal.*

LEEDS COL.

HOW blest is he, how truly wise,  
Who learns and keeps the sacred road !  
Who every godly method tries  
To turn rebellious hearts to God !

2 To win them from the fatal way,  
Where erring folly thoughtless roves ;  
And that blest righteousness display,  
Which Jesus wrought and God approves.

3 The shining firmament shall fade,  
The sparkling stars resign their light ;



MAN—HIS AFFLICTION.

But he shall know nor change nor shade,  
For ever fair, for ever bright.

- 4 And shall not these cold hearts of ours  
Be kindled at the glorious view ?  
Come, Lord, awake our active powers,  
Our feeble, dying zeal renew.

See also MAN—FAITH AND LOVE.

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MAN—HIS AFFLICTION.

409

S. M. Reuben. Compassion.

*God a refuge in affliction.* Psal. lxi. WATTS.

WHEN overwhelmed with grief,  
My heart within me dies ;  
Helpless, and far from all relief,  
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

- 2 O lead me to the rock  
That's high above my head,  
And make the covert of thy wings  
My shelter and my shade.
- 3 Within thy presence, Lord,  
For ever I'll abide ;  
Thou art the tower of my defence,  
The refuge where I hide.
- 4 Thou givest me the lot  
Of those that fear thy name ;  
If endless life be their reward,  
I shall possess the same.

410

C. M. Ann's. Brighthelmstone.

*Mercy and judgment.*

DODDRIDGE.

IN thy rebukes, all-gracious God,  
What soft compassion reigns !  
What gentle accents of thy voice  
Assuage thy children's pains.

2 " When I correct my chosen sons,  
A Father's bowels move :  
One transient moment bounds my wrath,  
But endless is my love."

3 Our faith shall look through every tear,  
And view thy smiling face,  
And hope, amidst our sighs, shall tune  
An anthem to thy grace.

4 Gather, at length, my weary soul  
To join thy saints above ;  
For I would learn a song of praise,  
Eternal as thy love.

411

S. M. Shirland. Compassion.

*Covenant affliction.*

DODDRIDGE.

HOW gracious and how wise  
Is our chastising God !  
And oh ! how rich the blessings are  
Which blossom from his rod !

2 He lifts it up on high  
With pity in his heart,  
That every stroke his children feel  
May grace and peace impart.

MAN—HIS AFFLICTION.

- 3 Instructed thus they bow,  
And own his sovereign sway;  
They turn their erring footsteps back  
To his forsaken way.
- 4 His covenant love they seek,  
And seek the happy bands,  
That closer still engage their hearts  
To honour his commands.
- 5 Dear Father, we consent  
To discipline divine;  
And bless the pains that make our souls  
Still more completely thine.

412

7s. Hotham. Bath Abbey.

*Support in affliction.*

COWPER.

- 'TIS my happiness below  
Not to live without the cross;  
But the Saviour's power to know,  
Sanctifying every loss.  
Trials must and will befall;  
But with humble faith to see  
Love inscribed upon them all,  
This is happiness to me.
- 2 God in Israel sows the seeds  
Of affliction, pain, and toil;  
These spring up, and choke the weeds  
Which would else o'erspread the soil.  
Trials make the promise sweet,  
Trials give new life to prayer;  
Trials bring me to his feet,  
Lay me low, and keep me there.

- 3 Did I meet no trials here,  
 No chastisement by the way,  
 Might I not with reason fear  
 I should prove a castaway?  
 Worldlings may escape the rod,  
 Sunk in earthly, vain delight;  
 But the true-born child of God  
 Must not, would not, if he might.

413

C. M. Stephens. Salem.

*Prayer in affliction.*

TO PLADY.

- WHEN languor and disease invade  
 This trembling house of clay,  
 'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,  
 And long to fly away.
- 2 Sweet in his righteousness to stand,  
 Which saves from second death;  
 Sweet to experience, day by day,  
 His Spirit's quickening breath.
- 3 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,  
 Whose love can never end;  
 Sweet on his covenant of grace  
 For all things to depend.
- 4 Sweet in the confidence of faith  
 To trust his firm decrees;  
 Sweet to lie passive in his hands,  
 And know no will but his.
- 5 If such the sweetness of the stream,  
 What must the fountain be,  
 Where saints and angels draw their bliss  
 Immediately from thee!

414

L. M. Bredby. Job.

*Prayer in affliction.* Psal. cxliii. WATTS.

MY righteous Judge, my gracious God,  
Hear when I spread my hands abroad,  
And cry for succour from thy throne ;  
O make thy truth and mercy known !

2 Let judgment not against me pass ;  
Behold, thy servant pleads thy grace :  
Should justice call us to thy bar,  
No man alive is guiltless there.

3 Look down in pity, Lord, and see  
The mighty woes that burden me ;  
Down to the dust my life is brought,  
Like one long buried and forgot.

4 For thee I thirst, I pray, I mourn :  
When will thy smiling face return ?  
Shall all my joys on earth remove ?  
And God for ever hide his love ?

415

C. M. Hensbury. Arabia.

*Prayer in affliction.* ORIGINAL

FATHER of providence and grace,  
Of life the living Head ;  
An exile from my Father's house,  
Feed me with living bread.

2 Thy children sit around thy board,  
And share a rich supply ;  
O let my solitary wants  
Attract a Father's eye.

3 There's bread enough, and yet to spare,  
Within thy heavenly store,

MAN—HIS AFFLICTION.

Grant me to feed with grateful joy,  
And hunger still for more.

- 4 A wanderer in this weary world,  
And distant still from home ;  
When farthest from the ways I love,  
Let not my spirit roam.
- 5 Up, and still upwards, may I rise,  
To find my happy place  
Amidst the assembly of thy saints,  
Before my Father's face.
- 6 Then, then my wanderings all shall cease,  
My blissful life begin ;  
My soul shut up to heavenly love,  
Shut up from every sin.

416

C. M.

*Prayer in affliction.*

HAWEIS.

O THOU from whom all goodness flows !  
I lift my soul to thee ;  
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,  
Good Lord ! remember me.

- 2 When on my aching, burdened heart  
My sins lie heavily,  
My pardon speak, new peace impart :  
In love remember me.

- 3 When trials sore obstruct my way,  
And ills I cannot flee,  
Lord, let my strength be as my day :  
For good remember me.

MAN—HIS AFFLICTION.

- 4 When worn with pain, disease, and grief,  
This feeble body see ;  
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief :  
Hear and remember me.
- 5 If on my face, for thy dear name,  
Shame and reproach shall be,  
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,  
If thou remember me.
- 6 When in the solemn hour of death  
I wait thy just decree,  
Saviour ! with my last parting breath  
I'll cry, Remember me !

417

7s. Hotham.

*Fleeing to Christ.*

C. WESLEY.

- JESUS, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high :  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past :  
Safe into the haven guide,  
O receive my soul at last !
- 2 Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee,  
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me :  
All my trust on thee is stayed,  
All mine help from thee I bring,  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of thy wing.



- 3 Plenteous grace with thee is found,  
 Grace to pardon all my sin :  
 Let the healing streams abound,  
 Make, and keep me pure within :  
 Thou of life the fountain art,  
 Freely let me take of thee ;  
 Spring thou up within my heart,  
 Rise to all eternity.

418

L. M. New Sabbath. Peru.

*Prayer in affliction.*

COWPER.

- GOD of my life, to thee I call,  
 Afflicted at thy feet I fall ;  
 When the great water-floods prevail,  
 Leave not my trembling heart to fail !
- 2 Did ever mourner plead with thee,  
 And thou refuse that mourner's plea ?  
 Does not the word still fixed remain,  
 That none shall seek thy face in vain ?
- 3 That were a grief I could not bear,  
 Didst thou not hear and answer prayer ;  
 But a prayer-hearing, answering God,  
 Supports me under every load.
- 4 Fair is the lot that's cast for me !  
 I have an Advocate with thee :  
 They whom the world caresses most,  
 Have no such privilege to boast.
- 5 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,  
 Yet God, my God, forgets me not ;  
 And he is safe, and must succeed,  
 For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.



MAN—HIS AFFLICTION.

419

L. M. Ulverston. Paul's.  
*Prayer in affliction.* Psal. xiii.

WATTS.

- HOW long, O Lord, shall I complain,  
Like one that seeks his God in vain ?  
Canst thou thy face for ever hide,  
And I still pray, and be denied ?
- 2 Hear, Lord, and grant me quick relief,  
Before my death conclude my grief :  
If thou withhold thy heavenly light,  
I sleep in everlasting night.
- 3 How will the powers of darkness boast,  
If but one praying soul be lost !  
But I have trusted in thy grace,  
And shall again behold thy face.
- 4 Whate'er my fears or foes suggest,  
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest ;  
My heart shall feel thy love, and raise  
My cheerful voice to songs of praise.

420

C. M. Ludlow. Walsall.  
*Providential afflictions.*

WATTS.

- NOT from the dust affliction grows,  
Nor troubles rise by chance ;  
Yet we are born to cares and woes,  
A sad inheritance !
- 2 As sparks break out from burning coals,  
And still are upwards borne ;  
So grief is rooted in our souls,  
And man grows up to mourn.

3 Yet with my God I leave my cause,  
And trust his promised grace;  
He rules me by his well-known laws  
Of love and righteousness.

4 Not all the pains that ere I bore  
Shall spoil my future peace,  
For death and hell can do no more  
Than what my Father please.

**421** L. M. Doversdale. Ulverston.  
*Sanctified afflictions.* Psal. cxix. WATTS.

FATHER, I bless thy gentle hand;  
How kind was thy chastising rod  
That forced my conscience to a stand,  
And brought my wandering soul to God!

2 Foolish and vain, I went astray  
Ere I had felt thy scourges, Lord,  
I left my guide, and lost my way,  
But now I love and keep thy word.

3 'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,  
For pride is apt to rise and swell;  
'Tis good to bear my Father's stroke,  
That I might learn his statutes well.

4 The law that issues from thy mouth  
Shall raise my cheerful passions more  
Than all the treasures of the south,  
Or western hills of golden ore.

5 Thy hands have made my mortal frame,  
Thy Spirit formed my soul within;  
Teach me to know thy wondrous name,  
And guard me safe from death and sin.

MAN—HIS AFFLICTION.

- 6 Then all that love and fear the Lord  
At my salvation shall rejoice;  
For I have hoped in thy word,  
And made thy grace my only choice.

**422**

L. M. Oswestry. Old 100th.

*Sorrow from temptation.*

COWPER.

- THE billows swell, the winds are high,  
Clouds overcast my wintry sky:  
Out of the depths to thee I call,  
My fears are great, my strength is small.
- 2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,  
And guide and guard me through the storm;  
Defend me from each threatening ill,  
Control the waves, say, "Peace, be still."
- 3 Amidst the roaring of the sea,  
My soul still hangs her hope on thee;  
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,  
Is all that saves me from despair.
- 4 Dangers of every shape and name  
Attend the followers of the Lamb,  
Who leave the world's deceitful shore,  
And leave it to return no more.
- 5 Though tempest-tossed and half a wreck,  
My Saviour through the floods I seek;  
Let neither winds nor stormy main,  
Force back my shattered bark again.

**423**

C. M. Irish. Stephens.

*Temptation.*

DODDRIDGE.

HOW keen the tempter's malice is!  
How artful and how great!

MAN—HIS AFFLICTION.

Though not one grain shall be destroyed,  
Yet will he sift the wheat.

2 But God can all his power control,  
And gather in his chain ;  
And where he seems to triumph most,  
The captive soul regain.

3 There is a Shepherd kind and strong,  
Still watchful for his sheep ;  
Nor shall the infernal lion rend,  
Whom he vouchsafes to keep.

4 Blest Jesus, intercede for us,  
That we may fall no more ;  
O raise us when we prostrate lie,  
And comfort lost restore.

5 Secured ourselves by grace divine,  
We'll guard our brethren too ;  
And, taught their frailty by our own,  
Our care of them renew.

424

C. M. Worksop. Devizes.  
*Temptation.*

WATTS.

I HATE the tempter and his charms,  
I hate his flattering breath ;  
The serpent takes a thousand forms  
To cheat our souls to death.

2 He feeds our hopes with airy dreams,  
Or kills with slavish fear ;  
And holds us still in wide extremes,  
Presumption, or despair.

MAN—HIS AFFLICTION.

- 3 Now he persuades, "How easy 'tis  
To walk the road to heaven ;"  
Anon he swells our sins, and cries,  
"They cannot be forgiven."
- 4 [He bids young sinners, "Yet forbear  
To think of God or death ;  
For prayer and devotion are  
But melancholy breath."
- 5 He tells the aged, "They must die,  
And 'tis too late to pray ;  
In vain for mercy now they cry,  
For they have lost their day."]
- 6 Thus he supports his cruel throne  
By mischief and deceit,  
And drags the sons of Adam down  
To darkness and the pit.
- 7 Almighty God ! cut short his power,  
Let him in darkness dwell ;  
And that he vex the earth no more,  
Confine him down to hell.

See also RESIGNATION.

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MAN—HIS CONSOLATIONS.

425

L. M. Ulverston. Peru.

*Comfort in Providence.*

ORIGINAL.

MY God ! in every mortal grief,  
This thought affords me sweet relief,  
That nothing can occur to me,  
*Which is not fully known to thee.*

MAN—HIS CONSOLATIONS.

- 2 The pleasures of the fleeting day,  
The trials which obstruct my way,  
And all the dangers I descry,  
Are open to thy Sovereign eye.
- 3 The disappointments I lament,  
Befall me by thy wise consent ;  
Nor can I suffer loss or pain,  
Without the hope of final gain.
- 4 Then teach me what it is to wait,  
Contented in the worst estate ;  
And trust thee, till a change appear,  
Without a sigh, without a tear.

**426** L. M. Alie Street. New Court.  
*God the source of comfort.* DODDRIDGE.

THE Lord, how rich his comforts are !  
How wide they spread ! how high they rise !  
He pours in balm to bleeding hearts,  
And wipes the tears from flowing eyes.

- 2 " I have no hope," my spirit cried,  
Just trembling on the brink of hell ;  
" I am thy hope," the Lord replied,  
" My love secures its favourites well."
- 3 My grateful soul shall speak His praise  
Who turns its sorrows into songs ;  
And those that mourn shall learn from me,  
Salvation to our God belongs.

**427** S. M. Shirland. Reuben.  
*Committing our cares to God.* DODDRIDGE.

HOW gentle God's commands !  
How kind his precepts are !



“Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,  
And trust his constant care.”

- 2 While Providence supports,  
Let saints securely dwell ;  
That hand which bears all nature up,  
Shall guide his children well.
- 3 Why should this anxious load  
Press down your weary mind ?  
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,  
And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 His goodness stands approved  
Down to the present day :  
I'll drop my burden at his feet,  
And bear a song away.

428

L. M. Wareham. Old 100th.  
*Comfort in the dispensations of Providence.*

ORIGINAL.

WAIT, wait the long-expected day,  
When God shall bring his thoughts to  
Then shalt thou recognise his love, [light,  
And trace his conduct with delight.

- 2 Has he not taught thee to expect  
Much tribulation in the way ;  
But all thy sorrows tend to bliss ;  
Thy night precedes eternal day.
- 3 O do not cease to bless his name ;  
O do not think his love is past ;  
'Twill bear thee through each trying hour,  
And be thy solace to the last.

MAN—HIS CONSOLATIONS,

429

C. M. Hammond. New York.

*Comfort in Christ.*

DODDRIDGE.

HENCEFORTH let each believing heart  
From anxious sorrows cease :  
Though storms of trouble rage around,  
In Jesus we have peace.

- 2 His blood from wrath to come redeems,  
And his almighty grace,  
By bitterest draughts of deep distress,  
Its healing power displays.
- 3 Jesus, our Captain, marched before  
To lead us to the fight ;  
And now he reacheth out the crown  
With heavenly glories bright.
- 4 Lord, 'tis enough ; thy voice we hear ;  
That crown by faith we see ;  
No sorrows shall o'erwhelm our souls,  
Since none divide from thee.

430

L. M. Horsley. Portugal.

*Christ our strength.*

WATTS.

- LET me but hear my Saviour say,  
"Strength shall be equal to the day,"  
Then I rejoice in deep distress,  
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.
- 2 I glory in infirmity,  
That Christ's own power may rest on me :  
When I am weak, then am I strong,  
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.
  - 3 I can do all things, or can bear  
All sufferings, if my Lord be there ;
- 340



MAN—HIS CONSOLATIONS.

Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,  
While his kind hand my head sustains.

- 4 But if the Lord be once withdrawn,  
And we attempt the work alone,  
When new temptations spring and rise,  
We find how great our weakness is.

**431**

L. M. Refuge. Luther.

*God our support.* Psal. xci.

WATTS.

HE that hath made his refuge God  
Shall find a most secure abode,  
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,  
And there at night shall rest his head.

- 2 Then will I say, "My God, thy power  
Shall be my fortress and my tower ;  
I, that am formed of feeble dust,  
Make thine almighty arm my trust."
- 3 Thrice happy man ! thy Maker's care  
Shall keep thee from the fowler's snare ;  
Satan the fowler, who betrays  
Unguarded souls a thousand ways.
- 4 Just as a hen protects her brood,  
From birds of prey that seek their blood,  
Under her feathers, so the Lord  
Makes his own arm his people's guard.
- 5 If burning beams of noon conspire  
To dart a pestilential fire,  
God is their life, his wings are spread  
To shield them with a healthful shade.

- 6 If vapours with malignant breath  
Rise thick, and scatter midnight death,  
Israel is safe ; the poisoned air  
Grows pure, if Israel's God be there.

**432**

C. M. Warwick. Oxford.

*Praise for recovery.*

DODDRIDGE.

SOVEREIGN of life, I own thy hand  
In every chastening stroke ;  
And, while I smart beneath thy rod,  
Thy presence I invoke.

- 2 To thee in my distress I cried,  
And thou hast bowed thine ear ;  
Thy powerful word my life prolonged,  
And brought salvation near.
- 3 Praise to the Lord, whose gentle hand  
Renews our labouring breath :  
Praise to the Lord, who makes his saints  
Triumphant ev'n in death.
- 4 My God, in thine appointed hour  
Those heavenly gates display,  
Where pain and sin, and fear and death,  
For ever flee away.
- 5 There, while the nations of the blessed  
With raptures bow around,  
My anthems to delivering grace  
In sweeter strains shall sound.

**433**

C. M. Arlington. Otford.

*The hope of heaven our comfort.*

WATTS.

WHEN I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies,

MAN—HIS CONSOLATIONS.

I bid farewell to every fear,  
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,  
And hellish darts be hurled,  
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,  
And storms of sorrow fall ;  
May I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my heaven, my all !

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.

**434**

104th. Portugal New. Hanover.

*The Lord will provide.*

NEWTON.

THOUGH troubles assail,  
And dangers affright,  
Though friends should all fail,  
And foes all unite ;  
Yet one thing secures us,  
Whatever betide,  
The Scripture assures us  
The Lord will provide.

2 His call we obey,  
Like Abra'm of old,  
Not knowing our way,  
But faith makes us bold ;

MAN—HIS CONSOLATIONS.

For though we are strangers  
We have a good Guide,  
And trust in all dangers  
The Lord will provide.

3 No strength of our own,  
Or goodness we claim,  
Yet since we have known  
The Saviour's great name,  
In this our strong tower  
For safety we hide,  
The Lord is our power,  
The Lord will provide.

4 When life sinks apace,  
And death is in view,  
The word of his grace  
Shall comfort us through ;  
No fearing nor doubting  
With Christ on our side,  
We hope to die shouting,  
The Lord will provide.

435

C. M. Hensbury. Walsall.

*Hope encouraged.*

ORIGINAL.

COME, say, my soul, what mean these tears  
Which trickle down thy face ?  
Why dost thou cherish dark despair,  
And doubt a Saviour's grace ?

2 Hast thou not felt the plague of sin  
Deep lodged within thy heart ?  
*Dost thou not mourn its horrid reign,  
And from it long to part ?*

MAN—HIS CONSOLATIONS.

- 3 Is it not now thy dearest care  
To shun "the second death?"  
And, ransomed, speak the Saviour's praise  
Whilst thou hast life or breath?
- 4 Hast thou not fled with trembling faith  
To find the mercy-seat;  
And fearful cried—"If I *must* die,  
I'll die at Jesus' feet?"
- 5 Hast thou not found the strength of Christ  
Sustain thee to this day?  
And will he leave thee to thy foes  
A helpless, hopeless prey?
- 6 O cease to weep! it cannot be—  
Nor doubt to see his face;  
All who have felt as thou hast felt,  
Have tasted of his grace.

**436**

C. M. Bedford. *Condescension.*

*Christ our comfort.*

KILLINGHALL.

- IN all my troubles, sharp and strong,  
My soul to Jesus flies;  
My anchor-hold is firm in him  
When swelling billows rise.
- 2 His comforts bear my spirits up;  
I trust a faithful God;  
The sure foundation of my hope  
Is in a Saviour's blood.
- 3 Loud hallelujahs sing, my soul,  
To thy Redeemer's name;  
In joy and sorrow, life and death,  
*His love is still the same.*

437

S. M. Falcon Street. Reuben.

*Hope encouraged.*

TOPLADY.

YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,  
Down from the willows take :  
Loud to the praise of love divine,  
Bid every string awake.

- 2 Though in a foreign land,  
We are not far from home,  
And nearer to our house above  
We every moment come.
- 3 His grace will to the end  
Stronger and brighter shine ;  
Nor present things, nor things to come,  
Shall quench the spark divine.
- 4 When we in darkness walk,  
Nor feel the heavenly flame ;  
Then is the time to trust our God,  
And rest upon his name.
- 5 Soon shall our doubts and fears  
Subside at his control ;  
His loving-kindness shall break through  
The midnight of the soul.
- 6 Blest is the man, O God,  
That stays himself on thee !  
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,  
Shall thy salvation see.

438

C. M. Hephzibah. Cambridge New.

*Consolation in the hope of heaven.*

WATTS.

OUR sins, alas, how strong they be !  
And, like a violent sea,

### MAN—HIS CONSOLATIONS.

- They break our duty, Lord, to thee,  
And hurry us away.
- 2 The waves of trouble, how they rise !  
How loud the tempests roar !  
But death shall land our weary souls  
Safe on the heavenly shore.
- 3 There, to fulfil his sweet commands,  
Our speedy feet shall move ;  
No sin shall clog our winged zeal,  
Or cool our burning love.
- 4 There shall we sit, and sing, and tell  
The wonders of his grace,  
Till heavenly raptures fire our hearts,  
And smile in every face.
- 5 For ever his dear sacred name  
Shall dwell upon our tongue,  
And Jesus and salvation be  
The close of every song.
- 

### MAN—HIS RESIGNATION.

**439**

C. M. Auburn. Stephens.

*Resignation.* HERVEY (Juvenal).

SINCE all the downward tracks of time  
God's watchful eye surveys,  
O who so wise to choose our lot,  
And regulate our ways.

MAN—HIS RESIGNATION.

- 2 Assured of his wondrous love,  
Unmeasurably kind,  
To his unerring gracious will  
Be every wish resigned.
- 3 Good when he gives, supremely good,  
Nor less when he denies ;  
Ev'n crosses from his wondrous hand,  
Are blessings in disguise.
- 4 In thy fair book of life divine,  
My God, inscribe my name ;  
There let it fill some humble place,  
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.
- 5 The saints, while ages roll away,  
In endless fame survive ;  
Their glories, o'er the wrecks of time,  
Greatly triumphant live.

440

7s. Rest.

*Resignation.*

RYLAND.

- SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies !  
Ever gracious, ever wise !  
All my times are in thy hand,—  
All events at thy command.
- 2 His decree, who formed the earth,  
Fixed my first and second birth :  
All my times shall ever be  
Ordered by his wise decree.
  - 3 Times of sickness, times of health ;  
Times of penury and wealth ;  
*Times of trial and of grief ;*  
*Times of triumph and relief.*



4 O thou gracious, wise, and just!  
In thy hands my life I trust.  
Have I somewhat dearer still?—  
I resign it to thy will.

5 May I always own thy hand;  
Still to the surrender stand.  
Thee, at all times, will I bless;  
Thee, in whom I all possess.

441

C. M. Sprowston. Arabia.

*Resignation.*

PRATT'S COL.

THOU boundless Source of every good!

Our best desires fulfil:

Let us adore thy wondrous grace,  
And mark thy sovereign will.

2 In all thy mercies may our souls  
Thy bounteous goodness see;  
Nor let the gifts thy grace imparts  
Estrange our hearts from thee.

3 Teach us, in time of deep distress,  
To own thy hand, O God!  
And in submissive silence learn  
The lessons of thy rod.

4 In every changing scene of life,  
Whate'er that scene may be,  
Give us a meek and humble mind,  
A mind at peace with thee.

5 Do thou direct our steps aright;  
Help us thy name to fear:  
O give us grace to watch and pray,  
And strength to persevere.

MAN—HIS RESIGNATION.

- 6 Then may we close our eyes in death  
Free from distracting care ;  
For death is life—and labour rest,  
If thou art with us there.

**442**

C. M. Condescension. Warwick.

*Quiet in affliction.*

DODDRIDGE.

- PEACE! 'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand,  
That blasts our joys in death ;  
Changes the visage once so dear,  
And gathers back our breath.

- 2 'Tis he, the Potentate supreme  
Of all the worlds above,  
Whose steady counsels wisely rule,  
Nor from their purpose move.

- 3 'Tis he, whose justice might demand  
Our souls a sacrifice ;  
Yet scatters with unwearied hand  
A thousand rich supplies.

- 4 Our covenant God and Father he  
In Christ our bleeding Lord ;  
Whose grace can heal the bursting heart  
With one reviving word.

- 5 Silent I own Jehovah's name ;  
I kiss thy scourging hand ;  
And yield my comforts and my life  
To thy supreme command.

**443**

C. M. Bedford. Irish.

*Resignation.*

BEDDOME.

- MY times of sorrow and of joy,  
Great God, are in thy hand ;

My choicest comforts come from thee,  
And go at thy command.

2 If thou shouldst take them all away,  
Yet would I not repine ;  
Before they were possessed by me  
They were entirely thine.

3 Nor would I drop a murmuring word,  
Though the whole world were gone,  
But seek enduring happiness  
In thee, and thee alone.

4 What is the world with all its store ?  
'Tis but a bitter sweet :  
When I attempt to pluck the rose,  
A pricking thorn I meet.

5 Here perfect bliss can ne'er be found,  
The honey's mixed with gall :  
'Midst changing scenes and dying friends,  
Be thou my all in all.

444

L. M. Wareham. Oswestry.

*Resignation desired.*

COWPER.

LORD, who hath suffered all for me,  
My peace and pardon to procure :  
The lighter cross I bear for thee,  
Help me with patience to endure.

2 The storm of loud repining hush,  
I would in humble silence mourn ;  
Why should the unburnt, tho' burning, bush  
Be angry as the crackling thorn ?

MAN—HIS RESIGNATION.

- 3 Ah ! were I buffeted all day,  
Mocked, crowned with thorns, and spit  
upon ;  
I yet should have no right to say,  
My great distress is mine alone.
- 4 Let me not angrily declare  
No pain was ever sharp like mine ;  
Nor murmur at the cross I bear,  
But rather weep, remembering thine.

**445**

L. M. Bredby. Doversdale.

*Resignation.*

WATTS.

- SAINTS, at your heavenly Father's word  
Give up your comforts to the Lord ;  
He shall restore what you resign,  
Or grant you blessings more divine.
- 2 So Abra'm with obedient hand  
Led forth his son at God's command ;  
The wood, the fire, the knife, he took,  
His arm prepared the dreadful stroke.
- 3 "Abra'm, forbear !" the angel cried,  
"Thy faith is known, thy love is tried ;  
Thy son shall live, and in thy seed  
Shall the whole earth be blessed indeed."
- 4 Just in the last distressing hour  
The Lord displays delivering power ;  
The mount of danger is the place  
Where we shall see surprising grace.

**446**

C. M. Irish. Abridge.

*Resignation in sickness.*

WATTS.

- LORD, I am pained, but I resign  
My body to thy will ;

MAN—HIS RESIGNATION.

- 'Tis grace, 'tis wisdom, all divine,  
Appoints the pains I feel.
- 2 Dark are the ways of Providence,  
While they who love thee groan ;  
Thy reasons lie concealed from sense,  
Mysterious and unknown.
- 3 Yet nature may have leave to speak,  
And plead before her God,  
Lest the o'erburdened heart should break  
Beneath thine heavy rod.
- 4 These mournful groans and flowing tears  
Give my poor spirit ease ;  
While every groan my Father hears,  
And every tear he sees.
- 5 Is not some smiling hour at hand,  
With peace upon its wings ?  
Give it, O God, thy swift command,  
With all the joys it brings.

447

C. M. Ann's. Stephens.

*The design of affliction.*

YOUNG.

- OUR hearts are fastened to this world  
By strong and endless ties ;  
And every sorrow cuts a string,  
And urges us to rise.
- 2 When God would kindly set us free,  
And earth's enchantments end,  
He takes the most effectual way,  
And robs us of a friend.



MAN—HIS RESIGNATION.

- 3 Since vain all here, all future vain,  
    Embrace the lot assigned ;  
Heaven wounds to heal, its frowns are  
    friends ;  
    Its strokes severe, most kind.
- 4 To final good, the worst events  
    Through secret channels run,  
Finish for saints their destined course,  
    As 'twas for saints begun.
- 5 Oh for that summit of my wish  
    Whilst here I draw my breath,  
The promise of eternal life,  
    A glorious smile in death!

448

C. M. Charmouth. Evans.

*Resignation.*

COWPER.

- O LORD, my best desire fulfil,  
    And help me to resign  
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,  
    And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,  
    Whose love forbids my fears ?  
Or tremble at thy gracious hand  
    That wipes away my tears ?
- 3 No, let me rather freely yield  
    What most I prize to thee ;  
Who never hast a good withheld,  
    Or wilt withhold, from me.
- 4 Thy favour, all my journey through,  
    Thou art engaged to grant ;  
354

MAN—HIS RESIGNATION.

What else I want, or think I do,  
'Tis better still to want.

5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way ;  
Shall I resist them both ?  
A poor blind creature of a day,  
And crushed before the moth !

6 But ah ! my inward spirit cries,  
Still bind me to thy sway,  
Else the next cloud that veils my skies,  
Drives all these thoughts away.

449

C. M. Irish. Abridge.

*Resignation.*

HAWEIS.

SUBMISSIVE to thy will, my God !  
I all to thee resign :  
Bowing beneath thy chastening rod,  
I mourn, but not repine.

2 Why should my foolish heart complain,  
When wisdom, truth, and love  
Direct the stroke, inflict the pain,  
And point to joys above ?

3 How short are all my sufferings here !  
How needful every cross !  
Away, my unbelieving fear,  
Nor call my gain, my loss !

4 Then give, dear Lord ! or take away :  
I'll bless thy sacred name.  
My Saviour yesterday, to-day,  
For ever, is the same.

450

8s. Lambeth.

*Resignation.*

ORIGINAL.

THE thoughts of my heart, they are known,  
All known to the Guide of my youth ;  
He never will leave me alone,  
To question his love or his truth.  
Till now he has prospered my course,  
And greatly exceeded my prayer,  
And still is the blessed resource  
To which I may ever repair.

- 2 Our lives and our times are with him,  
Who sees from the first to the last ;  
He raises my cup to the brim,  
Or empties my vessel as fast.  
His purpose and love are the same,  
Whatever the changes I find ;  
A trifle may alter my frame,  
But nothing unsettles his mind.

451

8s. Limefield.

*Resignation.*

ORIGINAL.

ENCOURAGE my heart with thy smile,  
My ever unchangeable Friend ;  
Each season of darkness beguile,  
And let me exult in the end.

- 2 'Tis better to suffer and die  
Beneath thy compassionate rod,  
Than feel my enjoyments run high,  
But never have thee for my God.  
3 I would not contend with thy will,  
Whatever that will may decree ;  
Oh may each trial I feel  
Unite me more firmly to thee !



452

C. M. Providence. Bedford.

*Resignation.*

MONTGOMERY.

ONE prayer I have,—all prayers in one,—  
When I am wholly thine ;  
Thy will, my God ! thy will be done,  
And let that will be mine.

2 All-wise, Almighty, and All-good !  
In thee I firmly trust.  
Thy ways, unknown or understood,  
Are merciful and just.

3 Is life with many comforts crowned,  
Upheld in peace and health,  
With dear affections twined around ?—  
Lord ! in my time of wealth,—

4 May I remember, that to thee  
Whate'er I have I owe !  
And back in gratitude from me,  
May all thy bounties flow.

5 Thy gifts are only then enjoyed,  
When used as talents lent ;  
Those talents only well employed,  
When in thy service spent.

6 And though thy wisdom takes away,  
Shall I arraign thy will ?  
No, let me bless thy name, and say,  
The Lord is gracious still.

7 A pilgrim through the earth I roam,  
Of nothing long possessed ;  
And all must fail when I go home,  
*For this is not my rest.*

MAN—HIS RESIGNATION.

- 8 Write but my name upon the roll  
Of thy redeemed above ;  
Then, heart and mind, and strength and soul,  
I'll love thee for *thy* love.

**453**

C. M. Abridge. Ludlow.

*Submission to affliction.*

WATTS.

- NAKED as from the earth we came,  
And crept to life at first,  
We to the earth return again,  
And mingle with our dust.
- 2 The dear delights we here enjoy,  
And fondly call our own,  
Are but short favours borrowed now,  
To be repaid anon.
- 3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,  
Or sinks them in the grave ;  
He gives, and, blessed be his name !  
He takes but what he gave.
- 4 Peace, all our angry passions, then,  
Let each rebellious sigh  
Be silent at his sovereign will,  
And every murmur die.
- 5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,  
Its praises shall be spread ;  
And we'll adore the justice, too,  
That strikes our comforts dead.

**454**

C. M. Arabia. Stephens.

*Resignation.*

GREENE.

- IT is the Lord—enthroned in light,  
Whose claims are all divine ;

MAN—HIS RESIGNATION.

Who has an undisputed right  
To govern me and mine.

2 It is the Lord—should I distrust,  
Or contradict his will,  
Who cannot do but what is just,  
And must be righteous still?

3 It is the Lord—who gives me all  
My wealth, my friends, my ease;  
And of his bounties may recall  
Whatever part he please.

4 It is the Lord—who can sustain  
Beneath the heaviest load,  
From whom assistance I obtain  
To tread the thorny road.

5 It is the Lord—my covenant God—  
Thrice blessed be his name!  
Whose gracious promise, sealed with blood,  
Must ever be the same.

6 His covenant will my soul defend,  
Should nature's self expire,  
And the great Judge of all descend  
In awful flames of fire.

7 Can I, with hopes so firmly built,  
Be sullen, or repine?  
No, gracious God! take what thou wilt,  
To thee I all resign.

**455** S. M. Wirksworth. Mount Ephraim.  
*Resignation.* KEBLE (altered).

ART thou a child of tears,  
Cradled in sin and woe?

MAN—HIS RESIGNATION.

And seems it hard thy vernal years  
Few vernal joys can show?

2 And fall the sounds of mirth  
Sad on thy lonely heart,  
From all the hopes and charms of earth  
Untimely called to part?

3 Look here, and hold thy peace :  
The Giver of all good,  
Ev'n from the womb takes no release  
From suffering, tears, and blood.

4 If thou wouldst reap in love,  
First learn to sow in tears ;  
So life a troubled day may prove  
To bright and endless years.

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MAN—HIS DECLENSION.

456

C. M. Salem. Stephens.

*Backsliders invited.*

DODDRIDGE

BACKSLIDING Israel, hear the voice  
Of thy forgiving God,  
Nor force such goodness to exert  
The terrors of the rod.

2 Thus saith the Lord, " My mercy flows  
An unexhausted stream,  
And, after all its millions saved,  
Its sway is still supreme.

MAN—HIS DECLENSION.

- 3 “ One moment’s wrath, with weighty crush,  
Might sink you quick to hell ;  
Yet mercy points the happy path,  
Where life and glory dwell.
- 4 “ Own but the follies thou hast done,  
And mourn thy sins in dust ;  
And soon thy trembling heart shall learn  
To hope, and love, and trust.”
- 5 All-gracious God, thy voice we own ;  
And, prostrate at thy feet,  
Our souls in humble silence wait,  
A pardon there to meet.

**457**

C. M. Abridge. New York.

*Inconstancy regretted.*

DODDRIDGE.

- HOW long shall dreams of creature bliss  
Our flattering hopes employ,  
And mock our fond, deluded eyes  
With visionary joy ?
- 2 Why from the mountains and the hills  
Is our salvation sought,  
While our eternal Rock’s forsook,  
And Israel’s God forgot ?
- 3 The living spring neglected flows  
Full in our daily view ;  
Yet we, with anxious, fruitless toil,  
Our broken cisterns hew.
- 4 These fatal errors, gracious God,  
With gentle pity see :  
To thee our roving eyes direct,  
And fix our souls on thee.



458

L. M. Bampton. Penitence.  
*Inconstancy regretted.*

ORIGINAL.

AH! how deceitful is this heart!  
How prone to act the traitor's part!  
Professing to renounce the earth,  
Yet always dwelling on its worth.

2 Oh, who that heard my solemn prayer,  
Would e'er suppose that sin was there;  
Or think the vows so freely made,  
With such reluctance would be paid?

3 But day by day with pain I find  
Corruption active in my mind;  
And most I suffer in that hour,  
When least I dread the tempter's power.

4 O search me, Lord, and try my heart,  
And purify each inward part;  
Nor let iniquity prevail,  
To make my prayer of no avail.

459

C. M. Brighthelmstone. Stephens.  
*Inconstancy regretted.*

WATTS.

WHY is my heart so far from thee,  
My God, my chief delight?  
Why are my thoughts no more by day  
With thee, no more by night?

2 [Why should my foolish passions rove?  
Where can such sweetness be  
As I have tasted in thy love,  
As I have found in thee?]

MAN—HIS DECLENSION.

- 3 When my forgetful soul renews  
The savour of thy grace,  
My heart presumes I cannot lose  
The relish all my days.
- 4 But ere one fleeting hour is passed,  
The flattering world employs  
Some sensual bait to seize my taste,  
And to pollute my joys.
- 5 [Trifles of nature or of art,  
With fair, deceitful charms,  
Intrude into my thoughtless heart,  
And thrust me from thy arms.]
- 6 Then I repent, and vex my soul,  
That I should leave thee so :  
Where will those wild affections roll  
That let a Saviour go ?
- 7 [Wretch that I am, to wander thus  
In chase of false delight ;  
Let me be fastened to thy cross,  
Rather than lose thy sight.]
- 8 [Make haste, my days, to reach the goal,  
And bring my heart to rest  
On the dear centre of my soul,  
My God, my Saviour's breast.]

460

C. M. Devizes. Arabia.  
*Complaining of spiritual sloth.*

WATTS.

MY drowsy powers, why sleep ye so ?  
Awake, my sluggish soul !  
Nothing has half thy work to do,  
Yet nothing's half so dull.

- 2 The little ants for one poor grain  
Labour, and tug, and strive ;  
Yet we who have a heaven to obtain  
How negligent we live !
- 3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,  
And stars their courses move ;  
We, for whose guard the angel bands  
Come flying from above ;
- 4 We, for whom God the Son came down  
And laboured for our good,  
How careless to secure that crown  
He purchased with his blood !
- 5 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,  
And never act our parts ?  
Come, holy Dove, from the heavenly hill,  
And sit and warm our hearts.
- 6 Then shall our active spirits move,  
Upward our souls shall rise ;  
With hands of faith and wings of love  
We'll fly and take the prize.

461

8s. Lock. Lambeth.

*Desiring to return,*

ORIGINAL.

TO the rest thou hast quitted so long,  
Return, thou disconsolate heart ;  
And cease to solicit the world,  
For a bliss it can never impart.  
Return to the Guide of thy youth,  
Thy Maker, thy Father, and Friend ;  
Behold him prepared to receive  
The child who has dared to offend.



MAN—HIS DECLENSION.

- 2 Come, pause on thy sorrow awhile,  
And ask where that sorrow began ;  
Then turn to thy former delights,  
The noblest attachments of man.  
Return, the Redeemer invites :  
Too oft he has sought thee before ;  
But, lo ! with unspeakable grace,  
He deigns to entreat thee once more.
- 3 Return, and enjoyments are thine,  
Too vast for the heart to conceive ;  
Enjoyments which only belong  
To those who repent and believe :  
A love which for ever expands,  
Unceasing composure of heart,  
A crown of unfading delight,  
And a kingdom which cannot depart.

**462**

C. M. Hammond. Bedford.

*Departure regretted.*

ORIGINAL.

DEAR Jesus, when from deep distress  
Thy mercy set me free ;  
In all the fulness of my heart,  
I said " I 'll follow thee.

- 2 " I 'll follow thee though dangers rise,  
Amidst a thousand foes ;  
Through the perplexities of time,  
Though earth and hell oppose."
- 3 Awhile my resolution held,  
My fond attachment grew ;  
I pressed to thee with all my heart,  
And bade the world adieu.

- 4 But I have wandered from my God,  
And let my Saviour go,  
To chase the vanities of time,  
And find a rest below.
- 5 These vanities no longer charm,  
That rest I cannot find ;  
And once again I bring to thee  
An aching, anxious mind.
- 6 Be this at length the auspicious hour,  
And this the blissful place,  
When thou wilt manifest thy power,  
And show thy smiling face.
- 7 Then shall I cleave to thee afresh,  
With love unfelt before,  
And, with each faculty I have,  
The God of love adore.

**463**

C. M. Crowle. Bedford.

*Sorrow for departure.*

STEELE.

- O THOU ! whose tender mercy hears  
Contrition's humble sigh ;  
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears  
From sorrow's weeping eye ;
- 2 See, low before thy throne of grace,  
A wretched wanderer mourn :  
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face,  
Hast thou not said, Return ?
  - 3 And shall my guilty fears prevail,  
To drive me from thy feet ?  
Oh ! let not this dear refuge fail,  
This only safe retreat.

MAN—HIS DECLENSION.

- 4 Absent from thee, my Guide! my light!  
Without one cheering ray;  
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,  
How desolate my way!
- 5 Oh! shine on this benighted head,  
With beams of mercy shine,  
And let thy healing voice impart  
A taste of joys divine.

**464**

C. M. Arabia. Providence.

*Longing to return.*

COWPER.

- DEAR Lord, accept a sinful heart,  
Which of itself complains;  
And mourns with much and frequent smart,  
The evil it contains.
- 2 How eager are my thoughts to roam  
In quest of what they love!  
But ah! when duty calls them home,  
How heavily they move!
- 3 O cleanse me in a Saviour's blood,  
Transform me by thy power,  
And make me thy beloved abode,  
And let me rove no more.

**465**

L. M. Ulverston. Wareham.

*Inconstancy regretted.*

FAWCETT.

PITY, dear Lord, thy feeble child,  
By sin and Satan oft beguiled:  
Daily to thee I still return,  
My own inconstancy to mourn.

- 2 Thou seest me wavering to and fro,  
And tossed with various winds that blow,  
Thou hast compassion for the weak,  
The bruised reed thou wilt not break.
- 3 O settle my unstable heart,  
Let me not from thy truth depart,  
Confirm my faith, increase my love,  
And fix my heart on things above.
- 4 Let my whole soul united be,  
By firmer ties, dear Lord, to thee;  
Let me, my few remaining days,  
Be stedfast in thy work and ways.

**466**

C. M. Halifax. Condescension.

*Inconstancy regretted.*

DODDRIDGE.

PERPETUAL Source of light and grace,  
We hail thy sacred name:  
Through every year's revolving round  
Thy goodness is the same.

- 2 On us, all worthless as we are,  
Its wondrous mercy pours;  
Sure as the heaven's established course,  
And plenteous as the showers.
- 3 Inconstant service we repay,  
And treacherous vows renew;  
False as the morning's scattering cloud,  
And transient as the dew.
- 4 In flowing tears our guilt we mourn,  
And loud implore thy grace,  
To bear our feeble footsteps on  
In all thy righteous ways.

MAN—HIS DECLENSION.

- 5 Armed with this energy divine,  
Our souls shall stedfast move ;  
And with increasing transport press  
On to thy courts above.
- 6 So by thy power the morning sun  
Pursues his radiant way,  
Brightens each moment in his race,  
And shines to perfect day.

**467**

C. M. Stephens. Walsall.

*Desiring to return.*

ANON.

- DEAR Saviour, let thy pitying eye  
Call back thy wandering sheep :  
False to my vows, like Peter, I  
Would fain, like Peter, weep.
- 2 Now let me be by grace restored,  
To me thy mercy shown ;  
O, turn and look upon me, Lord,  
And break my heart of stone.
- 3 Almighty Prince, enthroned above,  
Repentance to impart ;  
Grant, through the greatness of thy love,  
The humble, contrite heart.
- 4 Give, what I should have long implored,  
A sense of love unknown ;  
O, turn and look upon me, Lord,  
And break my heart of stone.

**468**

S. M. Peckham. Mansfield.

*Desiring to return.*

WESLEY.

WHEN shall thy love constrain,  
And force me to thy breast?

When shall my soul return again  
To her eternal rest ?

- 2 Ah ! what avails my strife,  
My wandering to and fro ?  
Thou hast the words of endless life,  
And whither should I go ?
- 3 Thy condescending grace  
To me did freely move ;  
It calls me still to seek thy face,  
And stoops to ask my love.
- 4 Lord, at thy feet I fall ;  
I groan to be set free ;  
I fain would now obey the call,  
And give up all for thee.
- 5 My one desire be this,  
Thy only love to know ;  
To seek and taste no other bliss,  
No other good below.
- 6 My Life, my Portion thou,  
Thou all-sufficient art ;  
My Hope, my heavenly Treasure, now  
Enter, and keep my heart.

A PRESENT God is all our strength,  
And all our joy and hope ;  
When he withdraws, our comforts die,  
And every grace must droop.

MAN—HIS PERSEVERANCE.

- 2 He leaves us, and we miss him not ;  
But go presumptuous on,  
Till baffled, wounded, and enslaved,  
We learn that God is gone.
- 3 And what, my soul, can then remain  
One ray of light to give ?  
Severed from him, their better life,  
How can his children live ?
- 4 Hence, all ye painted forms of joy,  
And leave my heart to mourn ;  
I would devote these eyes to tears,  
Till cheered by his return.
- 

MAN—HIS PERSEVERANCE.

470

C. M. Sprowston. Warwick.

*Anxious to persevere.*

NEWTON.

- WHEN any turn from Zion's way,  
(Alas, what numbers do !)  
Methinks I hear my Saviour say,  
" Wilt thou forsake me too ?"
- 2 Ah, Lord ! with such a heart as mine,  
Unless thou hold me fast,  
I feel I must, I shall decline,  
And prove like them at last.
- 3 Yet thou alone hast power, I know,  
To save a wretch like me ;  
To whom, or whither, could I go,  
If I should turn from thee ?

- 4 Beyond a doubt I rest assured  
Thou art the Christ of God ;  
Who hast eternal life secured  
By promise and by blood.
- 5 No voice but thine can give me rest,  
And bid my fears depart :  
No love but thine can make me blessed,  
And satisfy my heart.

**471**

L. M. Old 100th. Bampton.

*Exhorted to persevere.*

KELLY.

- O ISRAEL ! to thy tents repair ;  
Why thus secure on hostile ground ?  
Thy Lord commands thee to beware ;  
For many foes thy camp surround.
- 2 The trumpet gives a martial strain :  
O Israel ! gird thee for the fight.  
Arise, the combat to maintain ;  
Arise, and put thy foes to flight.
- 3 Oh, sleep not thou as others do :  
Awake, be vigilant, be brave.  
The coward, and the sluggard too,  
Must wear the fetters of the slave.
- 4 A nobler lot is cast for thee ;  
A crown awaits thee in the skies.  
With such a hope, shall Israel flee,  
And yield, through weariness, the prize ?
- 5 No ! though a careless world repose  
In fatal slumbers through life's day,  
Israel, prepared for victory, goes,  
And bears the glorious prize away.



472

7. 6. Dartford. Amsterdam.

*Christian aspiration.*

ANON.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,  
Thy better portion trace ;  
Rise from transitory things,  
Towards heaven thy native place :  
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,  
Time shall soon this earth remove ;  
Rise, my soul, and haste away  
To seats prepared above.

- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,  
Nor stay in all their course ;  
Fire ascending seeks the sun ;  
Both speed them to their source :  
So a soul that's born of God  
Pants to view his glorious face,  
Upwards tends to his abode,  
To rest in his embrace.

- 3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,  
Press onward to the prize ;  
Soon our Saviour will return  
Triumphant in the skies :  
Yet a season, and you know  
Happy entrance will be given,  
All our sorrows left below,  
And earth exchanged for heaven.

473

S. M. Hopkins. Bradley Church.

*Desire to persevere.* DODDRIDGE (altered).

MY Saviour, I am thine,  
By everlasting bands :  
My heart, my soul, I would resign  
Entirely to thy hands.

- 2 To thee I still would cleave  
With ever-growing zeal ;  
Let millions tempt me Christ to leave,  
They never shall prevail.
- 3 His Spirit shall unite  
My soul to him, my Head ;  
Shall form me to his image bright,  
And teach his path to tread.
- 4 Death may my soul divide  
From this abode of clay ;  
But love shall keep me near his side  
Through all the gloomy way.
- 5 Since Christ and we are one,  
What should remain to fear ?  
If he in heaven hath fixed his throne,  
He'll fix his members there.

**474**

C. M. Providence. Bedford.

*Prayer for perseverance.*

DODDRIDGE.

- FATHER of peace, and God of love,  
We own thy power to save ;  
That power by which our Saviour rose  
Victorious o'er the grave.
- 2 We triumph in that Saviour's name,  
Still watchful for our good ;  
Who brought the eternal covenant down,  
And sealed it with his blood.
  - 3 So may the Spirit seal our souls,  
And mould them to thy will ;  
Our treacherous hearts no more shall rove,  
But keep thy covenant still.

- 4 Still may we gain superior strength,  
And press with vigour on,  
Till full perfection crown our hopes,  
And fix us near thy throne.

**475**

S. M. Peckham. Shirland.

*Safety in God.* Psal. cxxv.

WATTS.

- FIRM and unmoved are they  
That rest their souls on God ;  
Firm as the mount where David dwelt,  
Or where the ark abode.
- 2 As mountains stood to guard  
The city's sacred ground,  
So God and his almighty love  
Embrace his saints around.
- 3 What though the Father's rod  
Drop a chastising stroke,  
Yet, lest it wound their souls too deep,  
Its fury shall be broke.
- 4 Deal gently, Lord, with those  
Whose faith and pious fear,  
Whose hope, and love, and every grace,  
Proclaim their hearts sincere.
- 5 Nor shall the tyrant's rage  
Too long oppress the saint ;  
The God of Israel will support  
His children, lest they faint.
- 6 But if our slavish fear  
Will choose the road to hell,  
We must expect our portion there,  
Where bolder sinners dwell.

476

L. M. Gloucester. Truro.

*The Christian warfare.*

WATTS.

- STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,  
And gird the gospel armour on ;  
March to the gates of endless joy,  
Where thy great Captain-Saviour's gone.
- 2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,  
But hell and sin are vanquished foes ;  
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,  
And sung the triumph when he rose.
- 3 [What though the prince of darkness rage,  
And waste the fury of his spite,  
Eternal chains confine him down  
To fiery deeps and endless night.
- 4 What though thine inward lusts rebel,  
'Tis but a struggling gasp for life ;  
The weapons of victorious grace  
Shall slay thy sins, and end the strife.]
- 5 Then let my soul march boldly on,  
Press forward to the heavenly gate ;  
There peace and joy eternal reign,  
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.
- 6 There shall I wear a starry crown,  
And triumph in Almighty grace,  
While all the armies of the skies  
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

477

L. M. Truro. Wareham.

*The Christian race.*

WATTS.

AWAKE, our souls ; away, our fears,  
Let every trembling thought begone ;

MAN—HIS PERSEVERANCE.

Awake, and run the heavenly race,  
And put a cheerful courage on.

- 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,  
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;  
But they forget the mighty God,  
That feeds the strength of every saint.
- 3 Thee, mighty God ! whose matchless power  
Is ever new and ever young,  
And firm endures, while endless years  
Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 From thee, the overflowing spring,  
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply ;  
While such as trust their native strength  
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.
- 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,  
We 'll mount aloft to thine abode ;  
On wings of love our souls shall fly,  
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

478

C. M. Furman. Doxology.

*The Christian race.*

DODDRIDGE.

AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,  
And press with vigour on :  
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,  
And an immortal crown.

- 2 A cloud of witnesses around  
Hold thee in full survey :  
Forget the steps already trod,  
And onward urge thy way.



- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice  
That calls thee from on high ;  
'Tis his own hand presents the prize  
To thine aspiring eye :
- 4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,  
Which shall new lustre boast,  
When victors' wreaths, and monarchs' gems  
Shall blend in common dust.
- 5 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,  
Have I my race begun ;  
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet  
I'll lay my honours down.

**479**

C. M. Ebenezer New. Nehemiah.

*Excitement to persevere.*

DODDRIDGE.

- AWAKE, my drowsy soul, awake,  
And view the threatening scene ;  
Legions of foes encamp around,  
And treachery lurks within.
- 2 'Tis not this mortal life alone  
These enemies assail ;  
All thine eternal hopes are lost,  
If their attempts prevail.
  - 3 Now to the work of God awake,  
Behold thy Master near ;  
The various, arduous task pursue  
With vigour and with fear.
  - 4 The awful register goes on,  
The account will surely come,  
And opening day, or closing night,  
May bear me to my doom.

- 5 Tremendous thought ! how deep it strikes !  
 Yet like a dream it flies,  
 Till God's own voice the slumbers chase  
 From these deluded eyes.

**480** C. M. Otford. Cambridge New.  
*The Christian pilgrimage.* WATTS.

- LORD ! what a wretched land is this,  
 That yields us no supply !  
 No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,  
 Nor streams of living joy !
- 2 But pricking thorns through all the ground,  
 And mortal poisons grow,  
 And all the rivers that are found  
 With dangerous waters flow.
- 3 Yet the dear path to thine abode  
 Lies through this horrid land ;  
 Lord ! we would keep the heavenly road,  
 And run at thy command.
- 4 Our journey is a thorny maze,  
 But we march upward still !  
 Forget these troubles of the ways,  
 And reach at Zion's hill.
- 5 [See the kind angels at the gates,  
 Inviting us to come !  
 There Jesus the forerunner waits,  
 To welcome travellers home !]
- 6 There on a green and flowery mount  
 Our weary souls shall sit,  
 And with transporting joys recount  
 The labours of our feet.

7 [No vain discourse shall fill our tongue,  
Nor trifles vex our ear ;  
Infinite grace shall be our song,  
And God rejoice to hear.]

8 Eternal glories to the King  
That brought us safely through,  
Our tongues shall never cease to sing,  
And endless praise renew.

**481** C. M. Oxford. Knaresborough.

*The heavenly pilgrim.*

BARBAULD.

OUR country is Immanuel's ground,  
We seek that promised soil ;  
The songs of Zion cheer our hearts,  
While strangers here we toil.

2 We tread the path our Master trod,  
We bear the cross he bore ;  
And every thorn that wounds our feet,  
His temples pierced before.

3 Oft do our eyes with joy o'erflow,  
And oft are bathed in tears ;  
Yet nought but heaven our hopes can raise,  
And nought but sin our fears.

**482** 148th. Grove. Asia.

*The heavenly voyager.*

ANON.

JESUS, at thy command  
I launch into the deep ;  
And leave my native land,  
Where sin lulls all asleep :  
For thee I fain would all resign,  
And sail to heaven with thee and thine



- 2 By faith I see the land,  
The port of endless rest :  
My soul, thy sails expand,  
And fly to Jesus' breast !  
Oh may I reach the heavenly shore,  
Where winds and waves distress no more !
- 3 Whene'er becalmed I lie,  
And storms forbear to toss,  
Be thou, dear Lord, still nigh,  
Lest I should suffer loss ;  
For more the treacherous calm I dread,  
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.
- 4 Come, heavenly wind, and blow  
A prosperous gale of grace,  
To waft from all below  
To heaven, my destined place !  
Then, in full sail, my port I'll find,  
And leave the world and sin behind.

**483** 8. 7. 4. Jordan. Rousseau's Dream.

*The heavenly pilgrim.*

OLIVER.

- GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,  
Pilgrim through this barren land ;  
I am weak, but thou art mighty,  
Hold me with thy powerful hand :  
Bread of heaven,  
Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open thou the crystal fountain,  
Whence the healing streams do flow ;  
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar  
Lead me all my journey through :

MAN—HIS PERSEVERANCE.

Strong Deliverer,  
Be thou still my strength and shield.

- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside :  
Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,  
Land me safe on Canaan's side :  
Songs of praises  
I will ever give to thee.

484

8. 7. 4. Rousseau. Mariners.

*The Christian pilgrim.*

EDMESTON.

- LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us  
O'er the world's tempestuous sea ;  
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,  
For we have no help but thee ;  
Yet possessing  
Every blessing,  
If our God our Father be.
- 2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us,  
All our weakness thou dost know ;  
Thou didst tread this earth before us,  
Thou didst feel its keenest woe ;  
Lone and dreary,  
Faint and weary,  
Through the desert thou didst go.
- 3 Spirit of our God, descending,  
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy ;  
Love with every passion blending,  
Pleasure that can never cloy :  
Thus provided,  
Pardoned, guided,  
Nothing can our peace destroy.

485

8. 8. 6. Praise. Leach.

*The heavenly pilgrim.*

WESLEY.

HOW happy is the pilgrim's lot !  
How free from anxious care and thought,  
From worldly hope and fear !  
Confined to neither court nor cell,  
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,  
He only sojourns here.

2 There is my house and portion fair,  
My treasure and my heart are there,  
And my abiding home :  
For me my elder brethren stay,  
And angels beckon me away,  
And Jesus bids me come.

3 I come, thy servant, Lord, replies,  
I come to meet thee in the skies,  
And claim my heavenly rest :  
Now let the pilgrim's journey end,  
Now, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,  
Receive me to thy breast !

486

C. M. Follett. Cambridge New.

*Resolved to persevere.*

WATTS.

AM I a soldier of the cross,  
A follower of the Lamb ?  
And shall I fear to own his cause,  
Or blush to speak his name ?

2 Must I be carried to the skies  
On flowery beds of ease ;  
While others fought to win the prize,  
And swam through bloody seas ?

MAN—HIS PERSEVERANCE.

- 3 Sure I must fight, if I would reign ;  
Increase my courage, Lord !  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by thy word.
- 4 When that illustrious day shall rise,  
And all thy armies shine  
In robes of victory through the skies,  
The glory shall be thine.

487

148th. Clapham. Eagle Street.

*Exhorted to persevere.*

ANON.

- YE virgin souls, arise,  
With all the dead awake ;  
Unto salvation wise,  
Oil in your vessels take :  
Upstarting at the midnight cry,  
Behold your heavenly Bridegroom nigh.
- 2 He comes, he comes to call  
The nations to his bar,  
And take to glory all  
Who fit for glory are :  
Make ready for your free reward ;  
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.
- 3 Ye that have here received  
The unction from above,  
And in his spirit lived,  
And thirsted for his love ;  
Jesus shall claim you for his bride :  
Rejoice with all the sanctified.
- 4 Then let us wait to hear  
The trumpet's welcome sound ;

MAN—HIS PERSEVERANCE.

To see our Lord appear,  
May we be watching found ;  
Enrobed in righteousness divine,  
In which the bride shall ever shine.

**488** C. M. Arabia. Sprowston.  
*Prayer for protection and perseverance.* LOGAN.

O GOD of Bethel ! by whose hand  
Thy people still are fed ;  
Who through this weary pilgrimage  
Hast all our fathers led !

2 Our vows, our prayers we now present  
Before thy throne of grace.  
God of our fathers ! be the God  
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life  
Our wandering footsteps guide :  
Give us each day our daily bread,  
And raiment fit provide.

4 O, spread thy covering wings around,  
Till all our wanderings cease,  
And, at our Father's loved abode,  
Our souls arrive in peace.

5 Such blessings from thy gracious hand  
Our humble prayers implore ;  
And thou shalt be our chosen God  
And portion evermore.

**489** C. M. Nehemiah. Warwick.  
*The pilgrim's prospect.* DODDRIDGE.

AWAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,  
And raise your voices high ;



MAN—HIS PERSEVERANCE.

Awake, and praise that sovereign love,  
That shows salvation nigh.

- 2 On all the wings of time it flies ;  
Each moment brings it near :  
Then welcome each declining day !  
Welcome each closing year !
- 3 Not many years their round shall run,  
Nor many mornings rise,  
Ere all its glories stand revealed  
To our admiring eyes.
- 4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course ;  
Ye mortal powers, decay ;  
Fast as ye bring the night of death,  
Ye bring eternal day.

490

6. 8. 4. 7. Prospect New.

*The pilgrim's song.*

KELLY.

FROM Egypt lately come,  
Where death and darkness reign,  
We seek our new, our better home,  
Where we our rest shall gain,  
Hallelujah !  
We are on our way to God.

- 2 To Canaan's sacred bound  
We haste with songs of joy,  
Where peace and liberty are found,  
And sweets that never cloy.  
Hallelujah !  
We are on our way to God.

MAN—HIS PERSEVERANCE.

- 3 There sin and sorrow cease,  
And every conflict's o'er,  
There we shall dwell in endless peace,  
And never hunger more.  
Hallelujah!  
We are on our way to God.
- 4 There, in celestial strains,  
Enraptured myriads sing;  
There love in every bosom reigns,  
For God himself is King.  
Hallelujah!  
We are on our way to God.
- 5 We soon shall join the throng,  
Their pleasures we shall share,  
And sing the everlasting song  
With all the ransomed there.  
Hallelujah!  
We are on our way to God.

491

C. M. Broomsgrove. Arabia.

*Praise for perseverance.*

DODDRIDGE.

- HOW rich thy favours, God of grace!  
How various and divine!  
Full as the ocean they are poured,  
And bright as heaven they shine.
- 2 He to eternal glory calls,  
And leads the wondrous way  
To his own palace, where he reigns  
In uncreated day.
- 3 Jesus, the herald of his love,  
Displays the radiant prize,

MAN—HIS PERSEVERANCE.

And shows the purchase of his blood  
To our admiring eyes.

- 4 He perfects what his hand begins,  
And stone on stone he lays ;  
Till fair and firm the building rise,  
A temple to his praise.
- 5 The songs of everlasting years  
That mercy shall attend,  
Which leads, through sufferings of an hour,  
To joys that never end.

**492**

7s. Hammond. German Hymn.

*The pilgrim's song.*

CENNICK.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,  
As ye journey sweetly sing :  
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,  
Glorious in his works and ways !

- 2 We are travelling home to God,  
In the way the fathers trod :  
They are happy now, and we  
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Foes are round us, but we stand  
On the borders of our land :  
Jesus, God's exalted Son,  
Bids us undismayed go on.
- 4 Onward, then, we gladly press  
Through this earthly wilderness.  
Only, Lord, our Leader be,  
And we still will follow thee.



WORD OF GOD—ITS EXCELLENCE.

493

C. M. Devizes. Piety.

*The glory of the word.*

COWPER.

A GLORY gilds the sacred page,  
Majestic like the sun ;  
It gives a light to every age ;  
It gives, but borrows none.

2 The hand that gave it still supplies  
The gracious light and heat ;  
His truths upon the nations rise,  
They rise, but never set.

3 Let everlasting thanks be thine  
For such a bright display,  
As makes a world of darkness shine  
With beams of heavenly day.

4 My soul rejoices to pursue  
The steps of him I love,  
Till glory breaks upon my view,  
In brighter worlds above.

494

C. M. Evans's. Frome.

*The excellency of the word.*

STEELE.

FATHER of mercies ! in thy word  
What endless glory shines !  
For ever be thy name adored  
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want  
Exhaustless riches find ;  
Riches above what earth can grant,  
And *lasting* as the mind.

WORD OF GOD—ITS EXCELLENCE.

- 3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,  
And yields a free repast ;  
Sublimers sweets than nature knows  
Invite the longing taste.
- 4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice  
Spreads heavenly peace around ;  
And life and everlasting joys  
Attend the blissful sound.
- 5 Oh may these heavenly pages be  
My ever dear delight !  
And still new beauties may I see,  
And still increasing light !
- 6 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord !  
Be thou for ever near ;  
Teach me to love thy sacred word,  
And view my Saviour there !

495

L. M. Denbigh. New Sabbath.  
*The books of nature and Scripture.*  
Psal. xix.

WATTS.

- THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,  
In every star thy wisdom shines ;  
But when our eyes behold thy word,  
We read thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,  
And nights and days, thy power confess ;  
But the blessed volume thou hast writ  
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise  
Round the whole earth, and never stand ;  
So when thy truth begun its race,  
*It touched and glanced on every land.*

- 4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest  
Till through the world thy truth has run ;  
Till Christ has all the nations blessed  
That see the light, or feel the sun.
- 5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,  
Bless the dark world with heavenly light ;  
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,  
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.
- 6 Thy noblest wonders here we view  
In souls renewed, and sins forgiven :  
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,  
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

496

C. M. Cambridge New. Devizes.

*The excellency of the word.*

WATTS.

- LADEN with guilt and full of fears,  
I fly to thee, my Lord ;  
And not a glimpse of hope appears  
But in thy written word.
- 2 The volume of my Father's grace  
Does all my griefs assuage ;  
Here I behold my Saviour's face  
Almost in every page.
  - 3 [This is the field where hidden lies  
The pearl of price unknown ;  
That merchant is divinely wise  
Who makes the pearl his own.
  - 4 Here consecrated water flows  
To quench my thirst of sin ;  
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,  
Nor danger dwells therein.]

- 5 This is the judge that ends the strife  
Where wit and reason fail;  
My guide to everlasting life  
Through all this gloomy vale.
- 6 O may thy counsels, mighty God,  
My roving feet command;  
Nor I forsake the happy road  
That leads to thy right hand.

497

L. M. Derby. Wells.

*The excellency of the gospel.*

WATTS.

- LET everlasting glories crown  
Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord;  
Thy hands have brought salvation down,  
And writ the blessings in thy word.
- 2 [What if we trace the globe around,  
And search from Britain to Japan,  
There shall be no religion found  
So just to God, so safe for man.]
- 3 In vain the trembling conscience seeks  
Some solid ground to rest upon;  
With long despair the spirit breaks,  
Till we apply to Christ alone.
- 4 How well thy blessed truths agree!  
How wise and holy thy commands!  
Thy promises, how firm they be!  
How firm our hope and comfort stands!
- 5 Should all the forms that men devise  
Assault my faith with treacherous art,  
I'd call them vanity and lies,  
And bind the gospel to my heart.

498

L. M. Portugal. Old 100th.

*Prophecy and inspiration.*

WATTS.

"TWAS by an order from the Lord  
The ancient prophets spoke his word ;  
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,  
And warmed their hearts with heavenly fire.

2 The works and wonders which they wrought  
Confirmed the messages they brought ;  
The prophet's pen succeeds his breath,  
To save the holy words from death.

3 Great God ! mine eyes with pleasure look  
On the dear volume of thy book ;  
There my Redeemer's face I see,  
And read his name who died for me.

4 Let the false raptures of the mind  
Be lost and vanish in the wind,  
Here I can fix my hope secure ;  
This is thy word, and must endure.

499

C. M. Devizes. Braintree.

*God glorified in the gospel.*

WATTS.

THE Lord, descending from above,  
Invites his children near ;  
While power, and truth, and boundless love,  
Display their glories here.

2 Here, in thy gospel's wondrous frame,  
Fresh wisdom we pursue ;  
A thousand angels learn thy name  
Beyond whate'er they knew.

WORD OF GOD—ITS EXCELLENCE.

- 3 Thy name is writ in fairest lines,  
Thy wonders here we trace;  
Wisdom through all the mystery shines,  
And shines in Jesus' face.
- 4 The law its best obedience owes  
To our incarnate God;  
And thy revenging justice shows  
Its honours in his blood.
- 5 But still the lustre of thy grace  
Our warmer thoughts employs,  
Gilds the whole scene with brighter rays,  
And more exalts our joys.

500

L. M. Oswestry. Kingsbridge.

*The law and gospel distinguished.*

WATTS.

- THE law commands, and makes us know  
What duties to our God we owe;  
But 'tis the gospel must reveal  
Where lies our strength to do his will.
- 2 The law discovers guilt and sin,  
And shows how vile our hearts have been;  
Only the gospel can express  
Forgiving love and cleansing grace.
- 3 What curses doth the law denounce  
Against the man that fails but once!  
But in the gospel Christ appears,  
Pardoning the guilt of numerous years.
- 4 My soul, no more attempt to draw  
Thy life and comfort from the law;  
Fly to the hope the gospel gives;  
The man that trusts the promise lives.



**501**

C. M. Irish. Sandgate.

*The word of God the saint's portion.*

Psal. cxix.

WATTS.

- LORD, I have made thy word my choice,  
My lasting heritage ;  
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,  
My warmest thoughts engage.
- 2 I'll read the histories of thy love,  
And keep thy laws in sight,  
While through the promises I rove,  
With ever fresh delight.
- 3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,  
Where springs of life arise,  
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,  
And hidden glory lies.
- 4 The best relief that mourners have,  
It makes our sorrows blessed ;  
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,  
And our eternal rest.

**502**

C. M. Stephens. Arabia.

*Excellency of the word.*

ANON.

- THOU only Source of true delight,  
Whom I unseen adore ;  
Unveil thy beauties to my sight,  
That I may love thee more.
- 2 Thy glory o'er creation shines,  
But in thy sacred word  
I read in fairer, brighter lines,  
My bleeding, dying Lord.
- 3 'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,  
And sins and sorrows rise,



WORD OF GOD—ITS SALVATION.

Thy love with cheerful beams of hope  
My fainting heart supplies.

- 4 But ah ! too soon the pleasing scene  
Is clouded o'er with pain ;  
My gloomy fears rise dark between,  
And I again complain.
- 5 Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light,  
O come with blissful ray ;  
Break radiant through the shades of night,  
And chase my fears away.
- 6 Then shall my soul with rapture trace  
The wonders of thy love ;  
But the full glories of thy face  
Are only known above.
- 

WORD OF GOD—ITS SALVATION.

**503**

L. M. Wareham. Eaton.

*Salvation in the word of God.*

WATTS.

THUS saith the wisdom of the Lord,  
“ Blessed is the man that hears my word,  
Keeps daily watch before my gates,  
And at my feet for mercy waits.

- 2 “ The soul that seeks me shall obtain  
Immortal wealth and heavenly gain ;  
Immortal life is his reward ;  
Life and the favour of the Lord.
- 3 “ But the vile wretch that flies from me  
Doth his own soul an injury ;

Fools that against my grace rebel  
Seek death, and love the road to hell."

**504**

C. M. Arabia. Gainsborough.

*Salvation in the word.*

WATTS.

CHRIST and his cross is all our theme ;  
The mysteries that we speak  
Are scandal in the Jews' esteem,  
And folly to the Greek.

2 But souls enlightened from above  
With joy receive the word ;  
They see what wisdom, power, and love  
Shine in their dying Lord.

3 The vital savour of his name  
Restores their fainting breath ;  
But unbelief perverts the same  
To guilt, despair, and death.

4 Till God diffuse his graces down,  
Like showers of heavenly rain,  
In vain Apollos sows the ground,  
And Paul may plant in vain.

**505**

L. M. Ulverston. Doversdale.

*The inward witness to the gospel.*

WATTS.

QUESTIONS and doubts be heard no more,  
Let Christ and joy be all our theme ;  
His Spirit seals his gospel sure,  
To every soul that trusts in him.

2 Jesus, thy witness speaks within ;  
The mercy which thy words reveal  
Refines the heart from sense and sin,  
And stamps its own celestial seal.

- 3 'Tis God's inimitable hand  
That moulds and forms the heart anew ;  
Blasphemers can no more withstand,  
But bow, and own thy doctrine true.
- 4 The guilty wretch that trusts thy blood  
Finds peace and pardon at the cross ;  
The sinful soul, averse to God,  
Believes and loves his Maker's laws.
- 5 Learning and wit may cease their strife,  
When miracles with glory shine ;  
The voice that calls the dead to life  
Must be almighty and divine.

**506**

C. M. Ashley. Warwick.

*Salvation.*

WATTS.

SALVATION ! O the joyful sound !

'Tis pleasure to our ears ;  
A sovereign balm for every wound,  
A cordial for our fears.

- 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,  
At hell's dark door we lay ;  
But we arise by grace divine  
To see a heavenly day.

- 3 Salvation ! let the echo fly  
The spacious earth around,  
While all the armies of the sky  
Conspire to raise the sound.

**507**

C. M. Missionary. Staughton.

*Salvation desired.*

DODDRIDGE.

SALVATION ! O melodious sound  
To wretched dying men !

WORD OF GOD—ITS SALVATION.

Salvation, that from God proceeds,  
And leads to God again !

2 Rescued from hell's eternal gloom,  
From fiends, and fires, and chains :  
Raised to a paradise of bliss,  
Where love and glory reigns !

3 But oh ! may a degenerate soul,  
Sinful and weak as mine,  
Presume to raise a trembling eye  
To blessings so divine !

4 The lustre of so bright a bliss  
My feeble heart o'erbears ;  
And unbelief almost perverts  
The promise into tears.

5 My Saviour-God, no voice but thine  
These dying hopes can raise :  
Speak thy salvation to my soul,  
And turn its tears to praise.

6 My Saviour-God, this broken voice  
Transported shall proclaim,  
And call on all the angelic harps  
To sound so sweet a name.

**508**

L. M. Denbigh. Monmouth,

*Salvation by Christ.* Psal. lxxxv.

WATTS.

SALVATION is for ever nigh  
The souls that fear and trust the Lord ;  
And grace descending from on high  
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.

WORD OF GOD—ITS SALVATION.

- 2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,  
Since Christ the Lord came down from  
heaven !  
By his obedience so complete  
Justice is pleased, and peace is given.
- 3 Now truth and honour shall abound,  
Religion dwell on earth again ;  
And heavenly influence bless the ground  
In our Redeemer's gentle reign.
- 4 His righteousness is gone before  
To give us free access to God ;  
Our wandering feet shall stray no more,  
But mark his steps, and keep the road.

**509** C. M. Arlington. Great Milton.  
*Salvation in Christ.*

WATTS.

- SO did the Hebrew prophet raise  
The brazen serpent high,  
The wounded felt immediate ease,  
The camp forbore to die.
- 2 " Look upward in the dying hour,  
And live," the prophet cries ;  
But Christ performs a nobler cure,  
When Faith lifts up her eyes.
- 3 High on the cross the Saviour hung,  
High in the heavens he reigns :  
Here sinners, by the old serpent stung,  
Look, and forget their pains.
- 4 When God's own Son is lifted up,  
A dying world revives ;  
The Jew beholds the glorious hope,  
The expiring Gentile lives.



WORD OF GOD—ITS SALVATION.

**510**

L. M. Gloucester. Chard.

*The power of the gospel.*

WATTS.

THIS is the word of truth and love,  
Sent to the nations from above ;  
Jehovah here resolves to show  
What his almighty grace can do.

- 2 This remedy did wisdom find  
To heal diseases of the mind ;  
This sovereign balm, whose virtues can  
Restore the ruined creature, man.
- 3 The gospel bids the dead revive,  
Sinners obey the voice, and live :  
Dry bones are raised and clothed afresh,  
And hearts of stone are turned to flesh.
- 4 [Where Satan reigned in shades of night  
The gospel strikes a heavenly light ;  
Our lusts its wondrous power controls,  
And calms the rage of angry souls.]
- 5 [Lions and beasts of savage name  
Put on the nature of the lamb ;  
While the wild world esteems it strange,  
Gaze, and admire, but hate the change.]
- 6 May but this grace my soul renew,  
Let sinners gaze and hate me too !  
The word that saves me does engage  
A sure defence from all their rage.

**511**

L. M. New Court. Wareham.

*Miracles attesting the gospel.*

WATTS.

BEHOLD the blind their sight receive ;  
Behold the dead awake and live ;

WORD OF GOD—ITS SALVATION.

The dumb speak wonders, and the lame  
Leap like the hart, and bless his name.

- 2 Thus doth the eternal Spirit own  
And seal the mission of the Son ;  
The Father vindicates his cause  
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.
- 3 He dies ; the heavens in mourning stood ;  
He rises, and appears a God !  
Behold the Lord ascending high,  
No more to bleed, no more to die !
- 4 Hence and for ever from my heart  
I bid my doubts and fears depart ;  
And to those hands my soul resign  
Which bear credentials so divine.

**512** C. M. *Condescension. Grove House.*  
*Salvation in Christ.*

WATTS.

HOW sad our state by nature is !  
Our sin, how deep it stains !  
And Satan binds our captive minds  
Fast in his slavish chains.

- 2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace  
Sounds from the sacred word :  
" Ho ! ye despairing sinners, come,  
And trust upon the Lord."
- 3 My soul obeys the almighty call,  
And runs to this relief ;  
I would believe thy promise, Lord ;  
O help my unbelief !



WORD OF GOD—ITS SALVATION.

- 4 [To the dear fountain of thy blood,  
Incarnate God, I fly;  
Here let me wash my spotted soul  
From crimes of deepest dye.
- 5 Stretch out thine arm, victorious King!  
My reigning sins subdue;  
Drive the old dragon from his seat,  
With all his hellish crew.]
- 6 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,  
On thy kind arms I fall;  
Be thou my strength and righteousness,  
My Jesus, and my all.

**513**

C. M. Salem. Providence.

*Salvation in Christ.*

WATTS.

- DEAREST of all the names above,  
My Jesus and my God,  
Who can resist thy heavenly love,  
Or trifle with thy blood?
- 2 'Tis by the merits of thy death  
The Father smiles again;  
'Tis by thine interceding breath  
The Spirit dwells with men.
- 3 Till God in human flesh I see,  
My thoughts no comfort find;  
The holy, just, and sacred Three  
Are terrors to my mind.
- 4 But if Immanuel's face appear,  
My hope, my joy begins;  
His name forbids my slavish fear,  
His grace removes my sins.

WORD OF GOD—ITS SALVATION.

- 5 While Jews on their own law rely,  
And Greeks of wisdom boast,  
I love the incarnate mystery,  
And there I fix my trust.

**514**

C. M. Nativity. Nehemiah.

*Salvation in Christ.*

WATTS.

- COME, happy souls, approach your God,  
With new melodious songs ;  
Come, tender to almighty grace  
The tribute of your tongues.
- 2 So strange, so boundless was the love  
That pitied dying men,  
The Father sent his equal Son  
To give them life again.
- 3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not armed  
With a revenging rod ;  
No hard commission to perform  
The vengeance of a God.
- 4 But all was mercy, all was mild,  
And wrath forsook the throne,  
When Christ on the kind errand came,  
And brought salvation down.
- 5 Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,  
And wipe your sorrows dry ;  
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,  
And you shall never die.
- 6 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls  
Accept thine offered grace ;  
We bless the great Redeemer's love,  
And give the Father praise.

**515**

C. M. Sprague. Weybridge.

*Salvation in Christ.*

WATTS.

FATHER, how wide thy glories shine !  
How high thy wonders rise !  
Known through the earth by thousand signs,  
By thousand through the skies.

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,  
Their motions speak thy skill,  
And on the wings of every hour  
We read thy patience still.

3 But when we view thy strange design  
To save rebellious worms,  
Our souls are filled with awe divine  
To see what God performs.

4 When sinners break the Father's laws,  
The dying Son atones ;  
Oh the dear mysteries of his cross,  
The triumph of his groans !

5 Now the full glories of the Lamb  
Adorn the heavenly plains ;  
Sweet cherubs learn Immanuel's name,  
And try their choicest strains.

6 O may I bear some humble part  
In that immortal song !  
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,  
And love command my tongue.

**516**

L. M. Ulverston. Old 100th.

*Salvation in the gospel.*

WATTS.

WHAT shall the dying sinner do  
That seeks relief for all his woe ?

WORD OF GOD—ITS SALVATION.

Where shall the guilty conscience find  
Ease for the torment of the mind ?

- 2 How shall we get our crimes forgiven ?  
Or form our natures fit for heaven ?  
Can souls all o'er defiled with sin  
Make their own powers and passions clean ?
- 3 In vain we search, in vain we try,  
Till Jesus brings his gospel nigh ;  
'Tis there such power and glory dwell  
As save rebellious souls from hell.
- 4 This is the pillar of our hope  
That bears our fainting spirits up :  
We read the grace, we trust the word,  
And find salvation in the Lord.
- 5 Should vile blasphemers with disdain  
Pronounce the truths of Jesus vain,  
I'll meet the scandal and the shame,  
And sing and triumph in his name.

**517**

L. M. Wareham. Old 100th.

*God's truth unchangeable.*

WATTS.

HOW oft have sin and Satan strove  
To rend my soul from thee, my God !  
But everlasting is thy love,  
And Jesus seals it with his blood.

- 2 The oath and promise of the Lord  
Join to confirm the wondrous grace ;  
Eternal power performs the word,  
And fills all heaven with endless praise.

WORD OF GOD—ITS SALVATION.

- 3 Amidst temptations sharp and long,  
My soul to this dear refuge flies ;  
Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,  
While tempests blow and billows rise.
- 4 The gospel bears my spirit up ;  
A faithful and unchanging God  
Lays the foundation for my hope  
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

518

L. M. Portugal. Bramcoate.

*Excellency of the gospel.*

REDDOME.

- GOD, in the gospel of his Son,  
Makes his eternal counsels known ;  
'Tis here his richest mercy shines,  
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.
- 2 Here Jesus in ten thousand ways  
His soul-attracting charms displays,  
Recounts his poverty and pains,  
And tells his love in melting strains.
- 3 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,  
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts ;  
Its influence makes the sinner live,  
It bids the drooping saint revive.
- 4 Our raging passions it controls,  
And comfort yields to contrite souls ;  
It brings a better world in view,  
And guides us all our journey through.
- 5 May this blest volume ever lie  
Close to my heart and near my eye ;  
Till life's last hour my soul engage,  
And be my chosen heritage.



WORD OF GOD—ITS SALVATION.

519

L. M. Doversdale. Fordingbridge.

*Salvation magnified.*

DODDRIDGE.

GOD of salvation, we adore  
Thy saving love, thy saving power ;  
And to our utmost stretch of thought  
Hail the redemption thou hast wrought.

- 2 Perish each thought of human pride :  
Let God alone be magnified ;  
His glory let the heavens resound,  
Shouted from earth's remotest bound.
- 3 Saints, who his full salvation know,  
Saints, who but taste it here below,  
Join every angel's voice to raise  
Continued, never-ending praise.

520

C. M. Providence. New York.

*Choosing the way of salvation.*

Psal. cxix.

WATTS.

THOU art my portion, O my God ;  
Soon as I know thy way,  
My heart makes haste to obey thy word,  
And suffers no delay.

- 2 I choose the path of heavenly truth,  
And glory in my choice ;  
Not all the riches of the earth  
Could make me so rejoice.
- 3 The testimonies of thy grace  
I set before my eyes ;  
Thence I derive my daily strength,  
And there my comfort lies.

- 4 If once I wander from thy path,  
I think upon my ways,  
Then turn my feet to thy commands,  
And trust thy pardoning grace.
- 5 Now I am thine, for ever thine,  
O save thy servant, Lord ;  
Thou art my shield, my hiding-place ;  
My hope is in thy word.

**521**

C. M. Staughton. Milbourn Port.

*The importance of religion.*

FAWCETT.

RELIGION is the chief concern  
Of mortals here below ;  
May I its great importance learn,  
Its sovereign virtue know.

- 2 Religion should our thoughts engage  
Amidst our youthful bloom ;  
'Twill fit us for declining age,  
Or for the awful tomb.
- 3 Oh may my heart, by grace renewed,  
Be my Redeemer's throne ;  
And be my stubborn will subdued  
His government to own.
- 4 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,  
Be joined with godly fear ;  
And all my conversation prove  
My heart to be sincere.
- 5 Let lively hope my soul inspire ;  
Let warm affections rise ;  
And may I wait with strong desire  
To mount above the skies.



- POOR mortals, blind and weak, below  
 Pursue the phantom bliss in vain ;  
 The world's a wilderness of woe,  
 And life a pilgrimage of pain.
- 2 Till mild religion from above  
 Descends, a sweet, engaging form,  
 The messenger of heavenly love,  
 The bow of promise in a storm.
- 3 Then guilty passions wing their flight,  
 Sorrow, remorse, affliction cease ;  
 Religion's yoke is soft and light,  
 And all her paths are paths of peace.
- 4 Ambition, pride, revenge, depart,  
 And folly flies her chastening rod ;  
 She makes the humble, contrite heart  
 A temple of the living God.
- 5 Beyond the narrow vale of time,  
 Where bright celestial ages roll,  
 To scenes eternal, scenes sublime,  
 She points the way, and leads the soul.
- 6 At her approach the grave appears  
 The gate of paradise restored ;  
 Her voice the watching cherub hears,  
 And drops his double-flaming sword.
- 7 Baptized with her renewing fire,  
 May we the crown of glory gain ;  
 Rise when the host of heaven expire,  
 And reign with God, for ever reign.

WORD OF GOD—ITS SALVATION.

**523**

L. M. Berwick. Portugal.

*Salvation brought near by Christ.* DODDRIDGE.

AND is salvation brought so near,  
Where sinful men expiring lie ?  
Triumph, my soul, the sound to hear,  
And shout it joyous to the sky.

2 I ask not, who to heaven shall scale,  
That Christ the Saviour thence may come ;  
Or who earth's inmost depths assail,  
To bring him from the dreary tomb.

3 From heaven on wings of love he flew,  
And Conqueror from the tomb he sprung :  
My heart believes the witness true,  
And dictates to my faithful tongue.

4 I sing salvation brought so near,  
No more on earth expiring lie ;  
I teach the world my joys to hear,  
And shout them to the echoing sky.

**524**

L. M. Gloucester. Horsley.

*Salvation in Christ.*

WATTS.

JEHOVAH speaks ! let Israel hear ;  
Let all the earth rejoice and fear,  
While God's eternal Son proclaims  
His sovereign honours and his names.

2 " I am the last, and I the first,  
The Saviour God, and God the just ;  
There's none beside pretends to show  
Such justice and salvation too.

WORD OF GOD—ITS SALVATION.

- 3 "In me alone shall men confess  
Lies all their strength and righteousness ;  
But such as dare despise my name,  
I'll clothe them with eternal shame.
- 4 "In me, the Lord, shall all the seed  
Of Israel from their sins be freed,  
And, by their shining graces, prove  
Their interest in my pardoning love."

**525**

C. M. Nehemiah. Piety.

*The blessings of salvation. Psal. lxxxix. WATTS.*

BLESSED are the souls that hear and know  
The gospel's joyful sound ;  
Peace shall attend the path they go,  
And light their steps surround.

- 2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up  
Through their Redeemer's name ;  
His righteousness exalts their hope,  
Nor Satan dares condemn.

- 3 The Lord, our glory and defence,  
Strength and salvation gives ;  
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,  
Thy God for ever lives.

**526**

C. M. Abridge. Ann's.

*Salvation in Christ.*

WATTS.

HOW is our nature spoiled by sin !  
Yet nature ne'er hath found  
The way to make the conscience clean,  
Or heal the painful wound.

WORD OF GOD—ITS SALVATION.

- 2 In vain we seek for peace with God  
By methods of our own :  
Jesus, there's nothing but thy blood  
Can bring us near the throne.
- 3 The threatenings of thy broken law  
Impress our souls with dread ;  
If God his sword of vengeance draw,  
It strikes our spirits dead.
- 4 But thine illustrious sacrifice  
Hath answered these demands ;  
And peace and pardon from the skies  
Came down by Jesus' hands.
- 5 Here all the ancient types agree,  
The altar and the lamb ;  
And prophets in their visions see  
Salvation through his name.
- 6 'Tis by thy death we live, O Lord,  
'Tis on thy cross we rest :  
For ever be thy love adored,  
Thy name for ever blessed.

See also CHRIST—HIS WORK. MAN—HIS FAITH.

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THE WORD—ITS GRACE.

**527** L. M. Weymouth New. Doversdale.  
*The grace of Christ.*

WATTS.

BURIED in shadows of the night,  
We lie till Christ restores the light ;  
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,  
And chase the darkness of the mind.

- 2 Our guilty souls are drowned in tears,  
Till his atoning blood appears ;  
Then we awake from deep distress,  
And sing, " The Lord our Righteousness."
- 3 Our very frame is mixed with sin ;  
His Spirit makes our natures clean ;  
Such virtues from his sufferings flow,  
At once to cleanse and pardon too.
- 4 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,  
Binding his slaves in heavy chains ;  
He sets the prisoners free, and breaks  
The iron bondage from our necks.
- 5 Poor helpless worms in thee possess  
Grace, wisdom, power, and righteousness :  
Thou art our mighty all, and we  
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

**528** S. M. Cranbrook. Bradley Church.  
*Grace celebrated.* DODDRIDGE.

- GRACE, 'tis a charming sound !  
Harmonious to the ear !  
Heaven with the echo shall resound,  
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived the way  
To save rebellious man ;  
And all the steps *that* grace display,  
Which drew the wondrous plan.
  - 3 Grace first inscribed my name  
In God's eternal book ;  
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,  
Who all my sorrows took.



THE WORD—ITS GRACE.

- 4 Grace led my roving feet  
To tread the heavenly road ;  
And new supplies each hour I meet,  
While pressing on to God.
- 5 Grace taught my soul to pray,  
And made my eyes o'erflow ;  
'Twas grace which kept me to this day,  
And will not let me go.
- 6 Grace all the work shall crown  
Through everlasting days ;  
It lies in heaven, the topmost stone,  
And well deserves the praise.

**529**

C. M. Frome. Halifax.

*Grace celebrated.*

ANON.

- GRACE, how exceeding sweet to those  
Who feel they sinners are !  
Sunk and distressed, they taste and know  
Their heaven is only there.
- 2 Let me, my Saviour and my God,  
On sovereign grace rely ;  
And own 'tis free, because bestowed  
On one so vile as I.
- 3 Free grace alone can wipe the tears  
From my lamenting eyes,  
And raise my soul from guilty fears  
To joy that never dies.
- 4 Free grace can death itself outbrave,  
And take the sting away ;  
Can sinners to the utmost save,  
And them to heaven convey.

THE WORD—ITS GRACE.

- 5 May I be found a living stone  
In *Salem's* streets above ;  
And help to sing, before the throne,  
Free grace, and dying love.

**530**

C. M. Frome. Arabia.

*Grace celebrated.*

NEWTON.

- AMAZING grace ! (how sweet the sound !)  
That saved a wretch like me !  
I once was lost, but now am found,  
Was blind, but now I see.
- 2 'Tis grace that taught my heart to fear,  
And grace my fears relieved ;  
How precious did that grace appear  
The hour I first believed !
- 3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,  
I have already come :  
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.
- 4 The Lord has promised good to me,  
His word my hope secures ;  
He will my shield and portion be,  
As long as life endures.
- 5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,  
And mortal life shall cease ;  
I shall possess within the veil  
A life of joy and peace.
- 6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,  
The sun forbear to shine ;  
*But God*, who called me here below,  
Will be for ever mine.



THE WORD—ITS GRACE.

**531**

S. M. Eagle Street New. Falcon Street.

*Adopting grace.*

WATTS.

- BEHOLD what wondrous grace  
The Father has bestowed  
On sinners of a mortal race,  
To call them sons of God!
- 2 'Tis no surprising thing  
That we should be unknown ;  
The Jewish world knew not their King—  
God's everlasting Son.
- 3 Nor doth it yet appear  
How great we must be made ;  
But when we see our Saviour here,  
We shall be like our Head.
- 4 A hope so much divine  
May trials well endure,  
May purge our souls from sense and sin,  
As Christ the Lord is pure.
- 5 If in my Father's love  
I share a filial part,  
Send down thy Spirit like a dove,  
To rest upon my heart.
- 6 We would no longer lie  
Like slaves beneath the throne ;  
My faith shall Abba, Father, cry,  
And thou the kindred own.

**532**

L. M. Portugal. Wareham.

*The sovereignty of grace.*

WATTS.

THERE was an hour when Christ rejoiced,  
And spoke his joy in words of praise :

THE WORD—ITS GRACE.

- “ Father, I thank thee, mighty God,  
Lord of the earth, and heavens, and seas.
- 2 “ I thank thy sovereign power and love,  
That crowns my doctrine with success ;  
And makes the babes in knowledge learn  
The height, and breadth, and length of  
grace.
- 3 “ But all this glory lies concealed  
From men of prudence and of wit ;  
The prince of darkness blinds their eyes,  
And their own pride resists the light.
- 4 “ Father, ’tis thus, because thy will  
Chose and ordained it should be so ;  
’Tis thy delight to abase the proud,  
And lay the haughty scorner low.
- 5 “ There ’s none can know the Father right  
But those who learn it from the Son ;  
Nor can the Son be well received  
But where the Father makes him known.”
- 6 Then let our souls adore our God,  
Who deals his graces as he please ;  
Nor gives to mortals an account  
Or of his actions or decrees.

**533**

C. M. Milbourn Port. Sprague.

*The grace of the gospel.*

WATTS.

JESUS, thy blessings are not few,  
Nor is thy gospel weak ;  
Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,  
And bow the aspiring Greek.

THE WORD—ITS GRACE.

- 2 Wide as the reach of Satan's rage  
Doth thy salvation flow ;  
'Tis not confined to sex or age,  
The lofty or the low.
- 3 While grace is offered to the prince,  
The poor may take their share ;  
No mortal has a just pretence  
To perish in despair.
- 4 Be wise, ye men of strength and wit,  
Nor boast your native powers ;  
But to his sovereign grace submit,  
And glory shall be yours.
- 5 Come, all ye vilest sinners, come,  
He'll form your souls anew ;  
His gospel and his heart have room  
For rebels such as you.
- 6 His doctrine is almighty love ;  
There's virtue in his name  
To turn the raven to a dove,  
The lion to a lamb.

**534**

L. M. Doversdale. Bramcoate.

*Electing grace.*

WATTS.

JESUS, we bless thy Father's name ;  
Thy God and ours are both the same ;  
What heavenly blessings from his throne  
Flow down to sinners through his Son !

- 2 "Christ be my first elect," he said ;  
Then chose our souls in Christ our Head  
Before he gave the mountains birth,  
Or laid foundations for the earth.

- 3 Thus did eternal love begin  
To raise us up from death and sin ;  
Our characters were then decreed,  
“ Blameless in love, a holy seed.”
- 4 Predestinated to be sons,  
Born by degrees, but chose at once,  
A new, regenerated race,  
To praise the glory of his grace.
- 5 With Christ our Lord we share our part  
In the affections of his heart ;  
Nor shall our souls be thence removed,  
Till he forgets his first-beloved.

**535**

C. M. Condensation. Newbury.

*The grace of the gospel.*

WATTS.

- LORD, we confess our numerous faults,  
How great our guilt has been !  
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,  
And all our lives were sin.
- 2 But, O my soul ! for ever praise,  
For ever love his name,  
Who turns thy feet from dangerous ways  
Of folly, sin, and shame.
  - 3 [’Tis not by works of righteousness  
Which our own hands have done ;  
But we are saved by sovereign grace  
Abounding through his Son.]
  - 4 ’Tis from the mercy of our God  
That all our hopes begin ;  
’Tis by the water and the blood  
Our souls are washed from sin.

THE WORD—ITS GRACE.

5 'Tis through the purchase of his death  
Who hung upon the tree,  
The Spirit is sent down to breathe  
On such dry bones as we.

6 Raised from the dead, we live anew ;  
And, justified by grace,  
We shall appear in glory too,  
And see our Father's face.

**536**

L. M. Bramcoate. Bredby.

*The grace of Christ.*

WATTS.

NOW to the power of God supreme  
Be everlasting honours given ;  
He saves from hell, we bless his name,  
He calls our wandering feet to heaven.

2 Not for our duties or deserts,  
But of his own abounding grace,  
He works salvation in our hearts,  
And forms a people for his praise.

3 'Twas his own purpose that begun  
To rescue rebels doomed to die ;  
He gave us grace in Christ his Son  
Before he spread the starry sky.

4 Jesus the Lord appears at last,  
And makes his Father's counsels known ;  
Declares the great transactions past,  
And brings immortal blessings down.

5 He dies, and in that dreadful night  
Did all the powers of hell destroy ;  
Rising, he brought our heaven to light,  
And took possession of the joy.



THE WORD—ITS GRACE.

**537** S. M. Wirksworth. Mount Ephraim.  
*Grace a motive to holiness.* WATTS.

SHALL we go on to sin  
Because thy grace abounds ;  
Or crucify the Lord again,  
And open all his wounds ?

2 Forbid it, mighty God !  
Nor let it e'er be said,  
That we, whose sins are crucified,  
Should raise them from the dead.

3 We will be slaves no more,  
Since Christ has made us free ;  
Has nailed our tyrants to his cross,  
And bought our liberty.

**538** C. M. Abridge. Stephens.  
*Freeness of grace.* WATTS.

WHY should your face, ye humble souls,  
Those mournful colours wear ?  
What doubts are these that waste your faith,  
And nourish your despair ?

2 What though your numerous sins exceed  
The stars that fill the skies,  
And, aiming at the eternal throne,  
Like pointed mountains rise :

3 What though your mighty guilt beyond  
The wide creation swell,  
And has its cursed foundations laid  
Low as the deeps of hell :

THE WORD—ITS UNIVERSAL SPREAD.

- 4 See here an endless ocean flows  
Of never-failing grace ;  
Behold a dying Saviour's veins  
The sacred flood increase.
- 5 It rises high, and drowns the hills,  
Has neither shore nor bound :  
Now, if we search to find our sins,  
Our sins can ne'er be found.
- 6 Awake, our hearts, adore the grace  
That buries all our faults ;  
And pardoning blood, that swells above  
Our follies and our thoughts.
- 

THE WORD—ITS UNIVERSAL SPREAD.

**539**

8. 7. 4. Trevecca. Helmsley.

*Spread of the gospel.*

WILLIAMS.

- O'ER those gloomy hills of darkness  
Look, my soul, be still, and gaze ;  
All the promises do travail  
With a glorious day of grace :  
Blessed jubilee,  
Let thy glorious morning dawn.
- 2 Let the Indian, let the negro,  
Let the rude barbarian see  
That divine and glorious conquest  
Once obtained on Calvary :  
Let the gospel  
Loud resound from pole to pole.
- 2 o 2 423



THE WORD—ITS UNIVERSAL SPREAD.

- 3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,  
Grant them, Lord, thy glorious light ;  
And from eastern coast to western  
May the morning chase the night ;  
And redemption,  
Freely purchased, win the day.
- 4 May the glorious day approaching  
From eternal darkness dawn,  
And the everlasting gospel  
Spread abroad thy holy name,  
O'er the borders  
Of the great Emmanuel's land.
- 5 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,  
Win and conquer, never cease ;  
May thy lasting, wide dominion  
Multiply, and still increase :  
Sway thy sceptre,  
Saviour, all the world around.

540

L. M. Portugal. Peru.

*Desiring Christ's kingdom.*

DODDRIDGE.

- BEHOLD, with pleasing ecstasy,  
The gospel standard lifted high,  
That all the nations from afar  
May in the great salvation share.
- 2 Why then, Almighty Saviour, why  
Do wretched souls in millions die ?  
While wide the infernal tyrant reigns  
O'er spacious realms in ponderous chains.
- 3 Awake, all-conquering arm, awake,  
And hell's extensive empire shake ;
- 424

THE WORD—ITS UNIVERSAL SPREAD.

Assert the honours of thy throne,  
And call the ruined world thy own.

- 4 Swift let thy quickening Spirit breathe  
On these abodes of sin and death :  
That breath shall bow ten thousand minds,  
Like waving corn before the winds.
- 5 Scarce can our glowing hearts endure  
A world, where thou art known no more :  
Transform it, Lord, by conquering love ;  
Or bear us to the realms above.

**541** L. M. Monmouth. Zion's Temple.  
*Spread of the gospel.*

ANON.

CAPTAIN of thine enlisted host,  
Display thy glorious banner high ;  
The summons send from coast to coast,  
And call a numerous army nigh.

- 2 A solemn jubilee proclaim ;  
Proclaim the great sabbatic day ;  
Assert the glories of thy name,  
Spoil Satan of his wished-for prey.
- 3 Bid, bid thy heralds publish loud  
The peaceful blessings of thy reign ;  
And when they speak of sprinkling blood,  
The mystery to the heart explain.
- 4 Lord, shed thy light, make plain the way  
That leads to Sion's lofty tower ;  
Pierced by thy beams let night be day ;  
So shall we see and praise thy power.

542

8. 7. 4. Gabriel. Trevecca.

*The Saviour's conquest.*

ANON.

GIRD thy sword on, mighty Saviour,  
Make the word of truth thy car;  
Prosper in thy course triumphant,  
All success attend thy war:  
Gracious Victor,  
Bring thy trophies from afar.

2 Majesty combined with meekness,  
Righteousness and peace unite  
To insure thy blessed conquests;  
Take possession of thy right:  
Ride triumphant,  
Decked in robes of purest light.

3 Blest are they that touch thy sceptre,  
Blest are all that own thy reign;  
Freed from sin, that worst of tyrants,  
Rescued from its galling chain:  
Saints and angels,  
All who know thee, bless thy reign.

543

148th. Carter Lane. Greenwich New.

*The Saviour's conquest.*

SCOTT.

ALL hail, incarnate God!  
The wondrous things foretold  
Of thee, in sacred writ,  
With joy our eyes behold!  
Still does thine arm new trophies wear,  
And monuments of glory rear.

2 To thee the hoary head  
Its silver honours pays;

THE WORD—ITS UNIVERSAL SPREAD.

To thee the blooming youth  
Devotes his brightest days :  
And every age their tribute bring,  
And bow to thee, all-conquering King.

- 3 O haste, victorious Prince,  
That glorious, happy day,  
When souls, like drops of dew,  
Shall own thy gentle sway :  
O may it bless our longing eyes,  
And bear our shouts beyond the skies.
- 4 All hail ! triumphant Lord,  
Eternal be thy reign :  
Behold, the nations sue  
To wear thy gentle chain :  
When earth and time are known no more,  
Thy throne shall stand for ever sure.

**544** 148th. Jubilee New. Dartmouth.

*The jubilee.*

ANON.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow  
The gladly solemn sound ;  
Let all the nations know,  
To earth's remotest bound,  
The year of jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

- 2 Extol the Lamb of God,  
The great atoning Lamb !  
Redemption in his blood,  
Throughout the world proclaim :  
The year of jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

THE WORD—ITS UNIVERSAL SPREAD.

- 3 Ye who have sold for nought  
Your heritage above,  
Shall have it back unbought,  
The gift of Jesus' love :  
The year of jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,  
Your liberty receive,  
And safe in Jesus dwell,  
And blest in Jesus live :  
The year of jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 5 The gospel trumpet hear,  
The news of heavenly grace ;  
Ye happy souls, draw near,  
Behold your Saviour's face :  
The year of jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

545

8. 7. 7. Spa Chapel.

*Kingdom of Christ desired.*

KELLY.

- HARK ! the solemn trumpet sounding,  
Loud proclaims the jubilee :  
'Tis the voice of grace abounding,  
Grace to sinners, rich and free :  
Ye who know the joyful sound,  
Publish it to all around.
- 2 Were you once at awful distance,  
Wandering from the fold of God ?  
Could no arm afford assistance,  
Nothing save but Jesus' blood ?



THE WORD—ITS UNIVERSAL SPREAD.

Think how many still are found,  
Strangers to the joyful sound.

- 3 Brethren, join in supplication,  
Join to plead before the Lord ;  
'Tis his arm that brings salvation,  
He alone can give the word :  
Father, let thy kingdom come,  
Bring the wandering outcasts home.

- 4 Hark, the saints triumphant shout !  
" Worthy is the Lamb," they cry :  
They have gained the prize before us,  
Soon we hope to share their joy :  
But while here, remember still,  
They who love him, do his will.

546

L. M. Job. Martin's Lane.

*Kingdom of Christ desired.*

WILKS.

BRIGHT as the sun's meridian blaze,  
Vast as the blessings he conveys,  
Wide as his reign from pole to pole,  
And permanent as his control :

- 2 So, Jesus ! let thy kingdom come :  
Then sin and hell's terrific gloom  
Shall at its brightness flee away,  
The dawn of an eternal day.

- 3 Then shall the heathen, filled with awe,  
Learn the blest knowledge of thy law,  
And antichrists on every shore  
Fall from their thrones, to rise no more.

THE WORD—ITS UNIVERSAL SPREAD.

- 4 Then shall the Jew and Gentile meet  
In pure devotion at thy feet ;  
And earth shall yield thee, as thy due,  
Her fulness and her glory too.
- 5 Oh that from Britain now might shine  
This heavenly light, this truth divine !  
Till the whole universe shall be  
But one great temple, Lord ! for thee.

547

C. M. Jerusalem. Hensbury.

*Kingdom of Christ desired.* GIBBONS (altered).

- GREAT God, the nations of the earth  
Are by creation thine ;  
And in thy works, by all beheld,  
Thy radiant glories shine.
- 2 But, Lord, thy richer love has sent  
Thy gospel to mankind,  
Unveiling what rich stores of grace  
Are treasured in thy mind.
- 3 Lord, when shall these glad tidings spread  
The spacious earth around,  
Till every tribe and every soul  
Shall hear the joyful sound ?
- 4 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt  
To spread the gospel rays ;  
And build, on sin's demolished throne,  
The temples of thy praise.



548

L. M. Ulverston. Bampton.

*Kingdom of Christ desired.* MONTGOMERY.

O SPIRIT of the living God !

In all thy plenitude of grace,  
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,  
Descend on our apostate race.

2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,  
To preach the reconciling word :  
Give power and unction from above,  
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light ;  
Confusion, order in thy path ;  
Souls without strength inspire with might ;  
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 O Spirit of the Lord ! prepare  
All the round earth her God to meet.  
Breathe thou abroad like morning air,  
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

5 Baptize the nations : far and nigh  
The triumphs of the cross record :  
The name of Jesus glorify,  
Till every kindred call him Lord.

6 God from eternity hath willed,  
All flesh shall his salvation see :  
So be the Father's love fulfilled,  
The Saviour's sufferings crowned, through  
thee.

549

L. M. Ulverston. Bampton.

*Kingdom of Christ desired.*

COLLYER.

ASSEMBLED at thy great command,  
Here, in thy presence, Lord ! we stand :  
The voice that marshalled every star,  
Has called thy people from afar.

2 We meet, through distant lands to spread  
The truth for which the martyrs bled ;  
Along the line, to either pole,  
The thunders of thy praise to roll.

3 Our prayers assist ; accept our praise ;  
Our hopes revive ; our courage raise.  
Our counsels aid : to each impart  
The single eye, the faithful heart.

4 Forth with thy chosen heralds come ;  
Recall the wandering spirits home :  
From Zion's mount send forth the sound,  
To spread the spacious world around.

550

C. M. Jerusalem. Hensbury.

*Nation's prosperity and the church's increase.*

Psal. lxvii.

WATTS.

SHINE, mighty God, on Britain shine,  
With beams of heavenly grace ;  
Reveal thy power through all our coasts,  
And show thy smiling face.

2 [Amidst our isle, exalted high,  
Do thou our glory stand,  
And, like a wall of guardian fire,  
Surround the favourite land.]

THE WORD—ITS UNIVERSAL SPREAD.

- 3 When shall thy name, from shore to shore,  
Sound all the earth abroad ;  
And distant nations know and love  
Their Saviour and their God ?
- 4 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,  
Sing loud with solemn voice ;  
While British tongues exalt his praise,  
And British hearts rejoice.
- 5 He, the great Lord, the sovereign Judge,  
That sits enthroned above,  
Wisely commands the worlds he made  
In justice and in love.
- 6 Earth shall obey her Maker's will,  
And yield a full increase ;  
Our God will crown his chosen isle  
With fruitfulness and peace.
- 7 God the Redeemer scatters round  
His choicest favours here,  
While the creation's utmost bound  
Shall see, adore, and fear.

**551**

8. 7. 4. Calcutta. Helmsley.

*Spread of the gospel.*

KELLY.

YES! we trust the day is breaking :  
Joyful times are near at hand.  
God, the mighty God, is speaking  
By his word in every land.  
When he chooses,  
Darkness flees at his command.

- 2 Let us hail the joyful season :  
Let us hail the rising ray.

THE WORD—ITS UNIVERSAL SPREAD.

When the Lord appears, there's reason  
To expect a glorious day.

At his presence,  
Gloom and darkness flee away.

3 [While the foe becomes more daring,  
While he enters like a flood,  
God the Saviour is preparing  
Means to spread his truth abroad.  
Every language  
Soon shall tell the love of God.]

4 Oh, 'tis pleasant, 'tis reviving  
To our hearts, to hear, each day,  
Joyful news from far arriving,—  
How the gospel wins its way;  
Those enlightening,  
Who in death and darkness lay.

5 God of Jacob, high and glorious!  
Let thy people see thy hand.  
Let the gospel be victorious  
Through the world, in every land:  
And the idols  
Perish, Lord! at thy command.

**552**

148th. Grove. Portsmouth New.

*Spread of the gospel.*

ORIGINAL.

HARK! hark! the notes of joy  
Roll o'er the heavenly plains,  
And seraphs find employ  
For their sublimest strains.  
Some new delight in heaven is known,  
Loud ring the harps around the throne.

THE WORD—ITS UNIVERSAL SPREAD.

- 2 Hark ! hark ! the sounds draw nigh,  
The joyful hosts descend ;  
Jesus forsakes the sky,  
To earth his footsteps bend :  
He comes to bless our fallen race,  
He comes with messages of grace !
- 3 Bear, bear the tidings round,  
Let every mortal know  
What love in God is found,  
What pity he can show.  
Ye winds that blow, ye waves that roll,  
Bear the glad news from pole to pole !
- 4 Strike, strike the harps again,  
To great Emmanuel's name ;  
Arise, ye sons of men,  
And all his grace proclaim.  
Angels and men, wake every string,  
'Tis God the Saviour's praise we sing !

**553**

7s. Mount Hermon. Rest.  
*Spread of the gospel.*

- SAW ye not the cloud arise,  
Little as the human hand ;  
Now it spreads along the skies,  
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land !
- 2 Lo, the promise of a shower  
Drops already from above ;  
But the Lord will shortly pour  
All the blessings of his love.
- 3 When he first the work begun,  
Small and feeble was the day ;



THE WORD—ITS UNIVERSAL SPREAD.

Now the word doth swiftly run,  
Now it wins its widening way.

- 4 Sons of God, your Saviour praise,  
He the door hath opened wide ;  
He hath given the word of grace :  
Christ, the Lord, be glorified !

**554** S. M. Mansfield. Falcon Street.  
*Spread of the gospel. Psal. lxxvii. TATE AND BRADY.*

TO bless thy chosen race,  
In mercy, Lord, incline,  
And cause the brightness of thy face  
On all thy saints to shine.

- 2 That so thy wondrous way  
May through the world be known ;  
While distant lands their tribute pay,  
And thy salvation own.

- 3 Let differing nations join  
To celebrate thy fame ;  
Let all the world, O Lord, combine  
To praise thy glorious name.

- 4 O let them shout and sing  
With joy and pious mirth :  
For thou, the righteous Judge and King,  
Shalt govern all the earth.

**555** 7s. Bath Abbey.  
*Jubilee. MONTGOMERY.*

HARK! the song of jubilee ;  
Loud as mighty thunders roar,  
Or the fulness of the sea,  
When it breaks upon the shore.

THE WORD—ITS UNIVERSAL SPREAD.

Hallelujah, for the Lord  
God Omnipotent shall reign :  
Hallelujah, let the word  
Echo through the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah !—hark ! the sound,  
From the depths unto the skies,  
Wakes above, beneath, around,  
All creation's harmonies.  
See Jehovah's banner furl'd,  
Sheathed his sword : he speaks—'tis done,  
And the kingdoms of the world  
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole,  
With unlimitable sway ;  
He shall reign when like a scroll  
Heaven and earth are passed away.  
Then the end ;—beneath his rod  
Man's last enemy shall fall :  
Hallelujah ! Christ in God,  
God in Christ, is all in all.

556

7. 6. Greenland.  
*Spread of the gospel.*

HEBER.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand,  
Where Afric's sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand ;  
From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain,  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error's chain.



THE WORD—ITS UNIVERSAL SPREAD.

- 2 What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft on Ceylon's isle ;  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile ;  
In vain, with lavish kindness,  
The gifts of God are strown ;  
The heathen, in his blindness,  
Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,—  
Shall we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny ?  
Salvation ! Oh, salvation !  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till each remotest nation  
Has learned Messiah's name.
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story ;  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till, like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole ;  
Till, o'er our ransomed nature,  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss return to reign.

557

L. M. Portugal. Peru.

*Spread of the gospel.*

MONTGOMERY.

THE heathen perish ; day by day,  
Thousands on thousands pass away !  
O Christians ! to their rescue fly :  
Preach Jesus to them ere they die.

THE WORD—ITS UNIVERSAL SPREAD.

- 2 Wealth, labour, talents, freely give,  
Yea, life itself, that they may live.  
What hath your Saviour done for you?  
And what for him will ye not do?
- 3 Thou Spirit of the Lord! go forth;  
Call in the south, wake up the north:  
Of every clime, from sun to sun,  
Gather God's children into one.

558

7s. Rest.

*Prayer for the spread of the gospel.*

LYTE.

GOD of mercy, God of grace!  
Show the brightness of thy face.  
Shine upon us, Saviour! shine;  
Fill thy church with light divine;  
And thy saving health extend  
Unto earth's remotest end.

- 2 Let the people praise thee, Lord!  
Be by all that live adored;  
Let the nations shout and sing,  
Glory to their Saviour King;  
At thy feet their tribute pay,  
And thy holy will obey.
- 3 Let the people praise thee, Lord!  
Earth shall then her fruits afford;  
God to man his blessing give;  
Man to God devoted live;  
All below, and all above,  
One in joy, and light, and love.

559

L. M. Zion's Temple. Chard.

*Spread of the gospel.*

MONTGOMERY.

“LET there be light !” thus spake the  
Word :

The Word was God ; “and there was  
Still the creative voice is heard ; [light !”  
A day is born from every night.

- 2 And every night shall turn to day,  
While months, and years, and ages roll.  
But we have seen a brighter ray  
Dawn on the chaos of the soul.
- 3 Nor we alone : its wakening smiles  
Have broke the gloom of pagan sleep.  
The Word hath reached the utmost isles ;  
God's Spirit moves upon the deep.
- 4 Already, from the dust of death,  
Man in his Maker's image stands ;  
Once more he draws immortal breath,  
And stretches forth to heaven his hands.
- 5 From day to day, before our eyes,  
Glow and extends the work begun.  
When shall the new creation rise  
On every land beneath the sun ?
- 6 When, in the sabbath of his love,  
Shall God amidst his labours rest ;  
And, bending from his throne above,  
Again pronounce his creatures blest ?
- 7 Soon the redeemed, in every clime,  
Yea, all that breathe, and move, and live,  
To Christ, through every age of time,  
Shall kingdom, power, and glory give.

THE WORD—ITS UNIVERSAL SPREAD.

**560**

L. M. Denbigh.

*Universal praise.* Psal. cxvii.

WATTS.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,  
Let the Creator's praise arise ;  
Let the Redeemer's name be sung  
Through every land, by every tongue.

- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,  
Eternal truth attends thy word ;  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

**561**

7s. Shore Cottage.

*Prayer for the spread of the gospel.*

ON thy church, O Power divine,  
Cause thy glorious face to shine ;  
Till the nations from afar  
Hail her as their guiding star.

- 2 Then shall God, with lavish hand,  
Scatter blessings o'er the land ;  
And the world's remotest bound  
With the voice of praise resound.

**562**

7s. Rest.

*Universal praise.* Psal. lxxviii. PRATT'S COL.

LORD, thy church hath seen thee rise  
To thy temple in the skies :  
God my Saviour ! God my King !  
Still thy ransomed round thee sing.

- 2 When, in glories all divine,  
Through the earth thy church shall shine,  
Kings in prayer and praise shall wait,  
Bending at thy temple's gate.

563

L. M. Alfred. Truro.

*The apostles' commission.*

- “GO preach my gospel,” saith the  
 “Bid the whole earth my grace  
 He shall be saved that trusts my w  
 He shall be damned that wont be
- 2 [“I’ll make your great commission  
 And ye shall prove my gospel tru  
 By all the works that I have done,  
 By all the wonders ye shall do.]
- 3 “Teach all the nations my comman  
 I’m with you till the world shall  
 All power is trusted *in my hands*,  
 I can destroy, *and I defend.*”
- 4 He spake, *and light* shone round his  
 On a *bright* cloud to heaven he ro  
 They to the farthest nations spread  
 The grace of their ascended God.

See also JESUS CHRIST—HIS REIGN. THE HOL  
 THE CHURCH—ITS GLORY AND REVIVAL.

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THE CHURCH—ITS MEETINGS.

564

L. M. Job. Martin’s Lane.

*Prayer meeting.*

JESUS, where’er thy people meet,  
 There they behold thy mercy-seat;  
 Where’er they seek thee thou art fo  
 And every place is hallowed ground



THE CHURCH—ITS MEETINGS.

- 2 For thou, within no walls confined,  
Inhabitest the humble mind ;  
Such ever bring thee, where they come,  
And going, take thee to their home.
- 3 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,  
Thy former mercies here renew ;  
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim  
The sweetness of thy saving name.
- 4 Here may we prove the power of prayer,  
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care ;  
To teach our faint desires to rise,  
And bring all heaven before our eyes.
- 5 [Behold ! at thy commanding word,  
We stretch the curtain and the cord ;  
Come thou, and fill this wider space,  
And bless us with a large increase.]
- 6 Lord, we are few, but thou art near ;  
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear ;  
Oh rend the heavens, come quickly down,  
And make a thousand hearts thine own !

565

L. M. Peru. Portugal.

*Prayer meeting.*

STENNETT.

WHERE two or three with sweet accord,  
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,  
Meet to recount his acts of grace,  
And offer solemn prayer and praise ;

- 2 "There," says the Saviour, "will I be  
Amid this little company ;  
To them unveil my smiling face,  
And shed my glories round the place."

- 3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,  
Relying on thy faithful word ;  
Now send thy Spirit from above,  
And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

**566**

L. M. Portugal. Bramcoate.

*Encouragement to prayer.*

COWPER.

- WHAT various hinderances we meet  
In coming to a mercy-seat !  
Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer,  
But wishes to be often there.
- 2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw ;  
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw ;  
Gives exercise to faith and love,  
Brings every blessing from above.
  - 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight ;  
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright ;  
And Satan trembles when he sees  
The weakest saint upon his knees.
  - 4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,  
Success was found on Israel's side ;  
But when through weariness they failed,  
That moment Amalek prevailed.
  - 5 Have you no words ? ah, think again,  
Words flow apace when you complain,  
And fill your fellow creature's ear  
With the sad tale of all your care.
  - 6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,  
To heaven in supplication sent,  
Your cheerful song would oftener be,  
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."



THE CHURCH—ITS MEETINGS.

567

L. M. New Sabbath. Derby.

*Prayer meeting.*

HART.

PRAYER was appointed to convey  
The blessings God designs to give :  
Long as they live should Christians pray,  
For only while they pray they live.

- 2 The Christian's heart his prayer indites,  
He speaks as prompted from within ;  
The Spirit his petition writes,  
And Christ receives and gives it in.
- 3 And shall we in dead silence lie,  
While Christ stands waiting for our  
prayers ?  
My soul, thou hast a Friend on high ;  
Arise, and try thine interest there.
- 4 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress,  
If cares distract, or fears dismay,  
If guilt deject, if sin distress,  
The remedy's before thee—pray.
- 5 Depend on Christ, thou canst not fail ;  
Make all thy wants and wishes known ;  
Fear not, his merits must prevail ;  
Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done.

568

S. M. Shirland. Hopkins.

*Prayer meeting.*

NEWTON.

BEHOLD the throne of grace !  
The promise calls me near ;  
There Jesus shows a smiling face,  
And waits to answer prayer.

THE CHURCH—ITS MEETINGS.

- 2 That rich atoning blood  
Which sprinkled round I see,  
Provides for them who come to God  
An all-prevailing plea.
- 3 Since 'tis the Lord's command,  
My mouth I open wide ;  
Lord, open thou thy bounteous hand,  
That I may be supplied.
- 4 Thine image, Lord, bestow,  
Thy presence and thy love ;  
I ask to serve thee here below,  
And reign with thee above.
- 5 Teach me to live by faith ;  
Conform my will to thine ;  
Let me victorious be in death,  
And then in glory shine.
- 6 If thou these blessings give,  
And wilt my portion be,  
Cheerful the world's poor toys I leave  
To them who know not thee.

569

C. M. Tiverton. Bedford.

*Prayer meeting.*

ORIGINAL.

- SINCE God is seated on his throne,  
And waits to answer prayer,  
O let us all with one accord  
Before his face repair.
- 2 So boundless is his mighty power,  
His tender love is such,  
We cannot raise our hopes too high,  
We cannot ask too much.

THE CHURCH—ITS MEETINGS.

- 3 Our God an ear of pity lends  
To every weak complaint ;  
He will not scorn the feeblest sigh,  
Nor shun the meanest saint.
- 4 He does not ask for laboured thoughts,  
In pompous language drest ;  
The simple, earnest, heartfelt cry  
Will ever please him best.
- 5 May he instruct us how to pray  
With love and godly fear ;  
Then we shall separate in peace,  
Rejoicing we were here.

**570**

7s. Stoel. Aaron.

*Prayer meeting.*

ANON.

- LORD, I cannot let thee go,  
Till a blessing thou bestow :  
Do not turn away thy face,  
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.
- 2 Thou didst once a wretch behold,  
In rebellion blindly bold,  
Scorn thy grace, thy power defy :  
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.
  - 3 Once a sinner, near despair,  
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer ;  
Mercy heard and set him free :  
Lord, that mercy came to me.
  - 4 Many years have past since then,  
Many changes I have seen ;  
Yet have been upheld till now :  
Who could hold me up but Thou ?

- 5 Thou hast helped in every need,  
This emboldens me to plead ;  
After so much mercy past,  
Canst thou let me sink at last ?
- 6 No, I must maintain my hold ;  
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold ;  
I can no denial take,  
When I plead for Jesus' sake.

**571**

7s. Rest. Bath Abbey.

*Prayer meeting.*

NEWTON.

- COME, my soul, thy suit prepare :  
Jesus loves to answer prayer.  
He himself has bid thee pray ;  
Therefore will not say thee nay.
- 2 Thou art coming to a King :  
Large petitions with thee bring ;  
For his grace and power are such,  
None can ever ask too much.
  - 3 With my burden I begin :  
Lord ! remove this load of sin.  
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,  
Set my conscience free from guilt.
  - 4 Lord ! I come to thee for rest :  
Take possession of my breast :  
There thy blood-bought right maintain,  
And without a rival reign
  - 5 While I am a pilgrim here,  
Let thy love my spirit cheer :  
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,  
Lead me to my journey's end.

THE CHURCH—ITS MEETINGS.

- 6 Show me what I have to do ;  
Every hour my strength renew.  
Let me live the life of faith :  
Let me die thy people's death.

**572**

C. M. Stephens. Arabia.

*Prayer.*

MONTGOMERY.

- PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,  
Uttered or unexpressed ;  
The motion of a hidden fire,  
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burthen of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear ;  
The upward glancing of an eye,  
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try ;  
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach  
The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air ;  
His watchword at the gates of death :  
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,  
Returning from his ways ;  
While angels in their songs rejoice,  
And cry, " Behold, he prays !"
- 6 The saints, in prayer, appear as one,  
In word, and deed, and mind ;  
While with the Father and the Son  
Sweet fellowship they find.



THE CHURCH—ITS MEETINGS.

- 7 Nor prayer is made on earth alone ;  
The Holy Spirit pleads ;  
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,  
For mourners intercedes.
- 8 O thou, by whom we come to God,  
The life, the truth, the way !  
The path of prayer thyself hast trod :  
Lord! teach us how to pray.

**573**

C. M. Ann's. Walsall.

*Prayer meeting.*

ANON.

- ETERNAL God ! we look to thee ;  
To thee for help we fly :  
Thine eye alone our wants can see ;  
Thy hand alone supply.
- 2 Lord ! let thy fear within us dwell ;  
Thy love our footsteps guide :  
That love will all vain love expel ;  
That fear, all fear beside.
- 3 Not what we wish, but what we want,  
Oh ! let thy grace supply.  
The good, unasked, in mercy grant :  
The ill, though asked, deny.

**574**

C. M. Abridge. Irish.

*Prayer meeting.*

ANON.

- LORD ! when we bend before thy throne,  
And our confessions pour,  
Teach us to feel the sins we own,  
And hate what we deplore.

THE CHURCH—ITS MEETINGS.

Our broken spirits pitying see ;  
True penitence impart :  
Then let a healing ray from thee  
Beam hope on every part.

- 2 When we disclose our wants in prayer,  
May we our wills resign :  
Let not a thought our bosoms share,  
Which is not wholly thine.  
Let faith each meek petition fill,  
And waft it to the skies ;  
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still  
That grants it or denies.

575

7. 6. Amsterdam.

451 *Prayer meeting.*

WESLEY.

FATHER of our dying Lord !  
Remember us for good ;  
Oh, fulfil his faithful word,  
And hear his speaking blood.  
Give us that for which he prays :  
Father ! glorify thy Son :  
Show his truth, and power, and grace,  
And send the promise down.

- 2 True and faithful Witness, thou,  
O Christ ! the Spirit give.  
Hast thou not received him now,  
That we might him receive ?  
Art thou not our living Head ?  
To thy members life impart :  
Shed thy love, thy Spirit shed,  
In every waiting heart.



THE CHURCH—ITS MEETINGS.

- 3 Holy Ghost, the Comforter,  
The gift of Jesus, come !  
Grant us now to find thee near,  
And make our hearts thy home.  
Let us thy blest influence feel :  
Come, O come, and in us be :  
With us, in us, live and dwell  
To all eternity.

**576** C. M. Gainsborough. Hephzibah.  
*The church.*

WATTS.

- NOT to the terrors of the Lord,  
The tempest, fire, and smoke ;  
Not to the thunder of that word  
Which God on Sinai spoke ;
- 2 But we are come to Sion's hill,  
The city of our God ;  
Where milder words declare his will,  
And spread his love abroad.
- 3 Behold the innumerable host  
Of angels clothed in light !  
Behold the spirits of the just,  
Whose faith is turned to sight !
- 4 Behold the blessed assembly there,  
Whose names are writ in heaven ;  
And God, the Judge of all, declares  
Their vilest sins forgiven.
- 5 The saints on earth, and all the dead,  
But one communion make ;  
All join in Christ, their living Head,  
And of his grace partake.

THE CHURCH—ITS MEETINGS.

- 6 In such society as this  
My weary soul would rest ;  
The man that dwells where Jesus is  
Must be for ever blessed.

**577**

C. M. Broomsgrove. Arabia.

*The church.*

CONDER.

FOLLOWERS of Christ, of every name,  
To him by faith allied ;  
Brethren, admit a brother's claim :  
For me, too, Jesus died.

- 2 'Tis the same human blood that warms  
Our veins, whate'er our hue :  
'Tis the same blessed Spirit forms  
These rebel hearts anew.

- 3 " Is Christ divided ? " What can part  
The members from the Head ?  
Oh, how should those be one in heart,  
For whom one Saviour bled !

- 4 Bound to one Lord, by common vow,  
In one great enterprise ;—  
One faith, one hope, one centre now ;  
Our common home the skies ;—

- 5 Oh, let us undivided be :  
Let party contests cease :  
Nor break the Spirit's unity,  
Nor burst the bond of peace.

- 6 Then shall the wondering world again  
Admire how Christians love,  
And know we do not bear in vain  
His name who pleads above.

THE CHURCH—ITS MEETINGS.

578

L. M. Ulverston. Peru.

*Prayer for deacons.*

CONG. SUP.

GREAT King of saints, enthroned on high!

Under thy care thy churches live :

Thou dost their various wants supply,

And well-appointed elders give.

2 For pastors may thy name be blessed,  
Who teach the doctrines of the Lord.

On deacons may thy favour rest,

Chosen according to thy word.

3 While they their works assigned fulfil,  
Oh may their souls with grace be crowned;  
And patience, sympathy, and zeal,  
With meekness, in their lives abound.

4 Sound in the faith, in conscience clear,  
Ever may they themselves approve,  
Sober and just, devout, sincere,  
Guided by wisdom from above.

5 And when their service here is done,  
Their labours and their conflicts o'er,  
Then may they wait before thy throne,  
In heaven to praise thee evermore.

579

L. M. Bredby. Peru.

*Dedication to God.*

DAVIES.

LORD, I am thine, entirely thine,  
Purchased and saved by blood divine ;  
With full consent, thine would I be,  
And own thy sovereign right in me.

2 Grant one poor sinner more a place  
Among the children of thy grace ;

THE CHURCH—ITS MEETINGS.

A wretched sinner, lost to God,  
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

- 3 Thee, Lord and Saviour, now I call,  
And consecrate to thee my all ;  
Lord, let me live and die to thee,  
Be thine to all eternity !

**580**

7s. Cookham. Aaron.

*Dedication to God.*

MONTGOMERY.

PEOPLE of the living God !  
I have sought the world around ;  
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,  
Peace and comfort no where found.

- 2 Now to you my spirit turns,  
Turns—a fugitive unblest—  
Brethren, where your altar burns,  
Oh, receive me into rest.
- 3 Lonely I no longer roam,  
Like the cloud, the wind, the waves ;  
Where you dwell, shall be my home,  
Where you die, shall be my grave.
- 4 Mine the God whom you adore,  
Your Redeemer shall be mine ;—  
Earth can fill my soul no more,  
Every idol I resign !

**581**

L. M. New Court. Oswestry.

*Dedication to God.*

DODDRIDGE.

OH, happy day, that fixed my choice  
On thee, my Saviour and my God !  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
And tell its raptures all abroad.

THE CHURCH—ITS MEETINGS.

- 2 Oh, happy bond, that seals my vows  
To him who merits all my love!  
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,  
While to that sacred shrine I move.
- 3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;  
I am my Lord's, and he is mine:  
He drew me, and I followed on,  
Glad to confess the voice Divine.
- 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;  
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest.  
With ashes who would grudge to part,  
When called on angel's bread to feast?
- 5 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,  
That vow renewed shall daily hear;  
Till in life's latest hour I bow,  
And bless in death a bond so dear.

582

8. 7. Lock. Lambeth.

*Surrender to God.*

ANON.

- JESUS! I my cross have taken,  
All to leave, and follow thee.  
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,  
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.  
Perish every fond ambition,  
All I've sought, or hoped, or known:  
Yet, how rich is my condition!  
God and heaven are still my own.
- 2 Let the world despise and leave me:  
They have left my Saviour too.  
Human hearts and looks deceive me:—  
Thou art not, like them, untrue.



THE CHURCH—ITS MEETINGS.

And while thou shalt smile upon me,  
God of wisdom, love, and might!  
Foes may hate, and friends disown me :  
Show thy face, and all is bright.

- 3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure :  
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain :  
In thy service, pain is pleasure ;  
With thy favour, loss is gain.  
Man may trouble and distress me :  
’Twill but drive me to thy breast.  
Life with trials hard may press me :  
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.

- 4 Soul ! then, know thy full salvation ;  
Rise o’er sin, and fear, and care ;  
Joy to find, in every station,  
Something still to do or bear.  
Think what Spirit dwells within thee :  
Think what Father’s smiles are thine :  
Think that Jesus died to win thee :  
Child of heaven, canst thou repine ?

- 5 Haste thee on from grace to glory,  
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer ;  
Heaven’s eternal day’s before thee :  
God’s own hand shall guide thee there.  
Soon shall close thine earthly mission ;  
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days :  
Hope shall change to full fruition,  
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

**583** C M. Providence. Warwick.  
*Vows paid in the church.* Psal. cxvi. WATTS.

WHAT shall I render to my God  
For all his kindness shown ?

THE CHURCH—ITS MEETINGS.

- My feet shall visit thine abode,  
My songs address thy throne.
- 2 Among the saints that fill thine house  
My offerings shall be paid ;  
There shall my zeal perform the vows  
My soul in anguish made.
- 3 How much is mercy thy delight,  
Thou ever-blessed God !  
How dear thy servants in thy sight !  
How precious is their blood !
- 4 How happy all thy servants are !  
How great thy grace to me !  
My life, which thou hast made thy care,  
Lord, I devote to thee.
- 5 Now I am thine, for ever thine,  
Nor shall my purpose move ;  
Thy hand hath loosed my bonds of pain,  
And bound me with thy love.
- 6 Here in thy courts I leave my vow,  
And thy rich grace record ;  
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,  
If I forsake the Lord.

584

C. M. Hensbury. Sprowston.

*Surrender to God.*

WESLEY.

COME, let us seek the grace divine,  
And all, with one accord,  
In a perpetual covenant join  
Ourselves to Christ the Lord :



- 2 Give up ourselves this sacred hour,  
His name to glorify,  
And promise in our Saviour's power  
For him to live and die.
- 3 The covenant we this moment make  
Be ever kept in mind :—  
We will no more our God forsake,  
Or cast his words behind.
- 4 To each the covenant blood apply  
Which takes our sins away ;  
And register our names on high,  
And keep us to that day !

**585**

C. M. Sprowston. Broomsgrove.

*Surrender to God.*

DODDRIDGE.

- INQUIRE, ye pilgrims, for the way  
That leads to Zion's hill,  
And thither set your steady face,  
With a determined will.
- 2 Invite the strangers all around,  
Your pious march to join ;  
And spread the sentiments you feel  
Of faith and love divine.
  - 3 O, come, and to his temple haste,  
And seek his favour there ;  
Before his footstool humbly bow,  
And pour your fervent prayer !
  - 4 O, come, and join your souls to God  
In everlasting bands ;  
Accept the blessings he bestows,  
With thankful hearts and hands.

THE CHURCH—ITS MEETINGS.

586

C. M. Nehemiah. Piety.

*The church on earth and in heaven.*

WESLEY.

COME, let us join our friends above  
That have obtained the prize ;  
And, on the eagle wings of love,  
To joys celestial rise.  
Let all the saints terrestrial sing,  
With those to glory gone :  
For all the servants of our King,  
In earth and heaven, are one.

- 2 One family, we dwell in him ;  
One church, above, beneath ;  
Though now divided by the stream,  
The narrow stream, of death.  
One army of the living God,  
To his command we bow :  
Part of his host have crossed the flood,  
And part are crossing now.
- 3 Our spirits too shall quickly join,  
Like theirs with glory crowned,  
And shout to see our Captain's sign,  
To hear his trumpet sound.  
Oh that we now might grasp our Guide !  
Oh that the word were given !  
Come, Lord of hosts ! the waves divide,  
And land us all in heaven.

587

C. M. Sprowston. Hensbury.

*The church on earth and in heaven.*

WESLEY.

HAPPY the souls to Jesus joined,  
And saved by grace alone :

THE CHURCH—ITS MEETINGS.

Walking in all his ways, they find  
Their heaven on earth begun.

2 The church triumphant in thy love,  
Their mighty joys we know :  
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,  
And we in hymns below.

3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praise,  
And bow before thy throne ;  
We in the kingdom of thy grace :  
The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the holiest leads ;  
From thence our spirits rise ;  
And he that in thy footsteps treads,  
Shall meet thee in the skies.

588

L. M. Portugal. Hawsworth.

*Reception of members.*

ANON.

COME in, thou blessed of the Lord,  
Enter in his most hallowed name ;  
We welcome you with one accord,  
And trust the Saviour does the same.

2 Those joys which earth cannot afford,  
We 'll seek in fellowship to prove ;  
Joined in one spirit to our Lord,  
Together bound by mutual love.

3 And while we pass this vale of tears,  
We 'll make our joys and sorrows known ;  
We 'll share each other's hopes and fears,  
And count a brother's cares our own.

THE CHURCH—ITS MEETINGS.

- 4 Once more our welcome we repeat,  
Receive assurance of our love :  
Oh may we all together meet  
Around the throne of God above !

**589**

L. M. Zion's Temple. Chard.

*Prayer of the church.*

LEEDS COL.

- GREAT Lord of all the churches, hear  
Thy ministers' and people's prayer ;  
Perfumed by thee, oh may it rise  
Like fragrant incense to the skies !
- 2 May every pastor from above  
Be now inspired with zeal and love,  
To watch thy folds and feed thy sheep,  
And his own heart with care to keep.
- 3 Revive thy churches with thy grace ;  
Heal all our breaches, grant us peace ;  
Raise us from sloth, our hearts inflame  
With ardent zeal for Jesus' name.
- 4 May young and old thy word receive ;  
Dead sinners hear thy word and live ;  
The wounded conscience healing find,  
And joy refresh each drooping mind.
- 5 May aged saints, matured with grace,  
Abound in fruits of holiness ;  
And when transplanted to the skies,  
May younger in their stead arise.
- 6 Thus we our suppliant voices raise,  
And weeping sow the seeds of praise,  
In humble hope that thou wilt hear  
Thy ministers' and people's prayer.

THE CHURCH—ITS MEETINGS.

590

L. M. Doversdale. China.

*Prayer for unity.*

WESLEY.

UNCHANGEABLE, Almighty Lord,  
Our souls upon thy truth we stay ;  
Accomplish now thy faithful word,  
And give, O give us all one way !

- 2 O let us all join hand in hand,  
Who seek redemption in thy blood ;  
Fast in one mind and spirit stand,  
To build the temple of our God !
- 3 Speak but the reconciling word,  
The winds shall cease, the waves subside ;  
We all shall praise our common Lord,  
Our Jesus, and him crucified.
- 4 O let us take a softer mould,  
Blended and gathered into thee ;  
Under one Shepherd make one fold,  
Where all is love and harmony !
- 5 So shall the world believe and know,  
That God hath sent thee from above,  
When thou art seen in us below,  
And every soul displays thy love.

591

L. M. Doversdale. Ulverston.

*Christian unity.*

WESLEY.

HAPPY the saints who first professed,  
In Jesus and each other blest ;  
Joined by the unction from above,  
*In mystic fellowship of love.*



THE CHURCH—ITS MEETINGS.

- 2 Meek, simple followers of the Lamb,  
They lived, and spake, and taught the same;  
They joyfully conspired to raise  
Their ceaseless sacrifice of praise.
- 3 With grace abundantly endued,  
A pure believing multitude,  
They all were of one heart and soul,  
And only love inspired the whole.
- 4 Oh what an age of golden days!  
Oh what a choice, peculiar race!  
Washed in the Lamb's all-cleansing blood,  
Anointed kings and priests to God!
- 5 Join every soul that looks to thee,  
In bonds of perfect charity;  
Now, Lord, the glorious fulness give,  
And ALL IN ALL for ever live!

**592**

L. M. Martin's Lane. New Sabbath.

*Meeting of members.*

LEEDS COL.

- KINDRED in Christ, for his dear sake,  
A hearty welcome here receive;  
May we together now partake  
The joys which only he can give.
- 2 May he, by whose kind care we meet,  
Send his good Spirit from above,  
Make our communications sweet,  
And cause our hearts to burn with love!
  - 3 Forgotten be each worldly theme,  
When Christians meet together thus;  
We only wish to speak of him,  
Who lived, and died, and reigns for us:
- 464

THE CHURCH—ITS MEETINGS.

- 4 To talk of all he did, and said,  
And suffered for us here below ;  
The path he marked for us to tread,  
The work he 's doing for us now.
- 5 Thus, as the moments pass away,  
We 'll love, and wonder, and adore ;  
And hasten to the glorious day,  
When we shall meet to part no more.

**593**

C. M. Providence. Tiverton.

*A church established.* Psal. CXXXii. WATTS.

- ARISE, O King of grace, arise,  
And enter to thy rest !  
Lo ! thy church waits with longing eyes  
Thus to be owned and blessed.
- 2 Enter with all thy glorious train,  
Thy Spirit and thy word ;  
All that the ark did once contain  
Could no such grace afford.
- 3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,  
Here let thy praise be spread :  
Bless the provisions of thy house,  
And fill thy poor with bread.
- 4 Here let the Son of David reign,  
Let God's Anointed shine ;  
Justice and truth his court maintain  
With love and power divine.
- 5 Here let him hold a lasting throne ;  
And as his kingdom grows,  
Fresh honours shall adorn his crown,  
And shame confound his foes.



THE CHURCH—ITS MEETINGS.

**594** L. M. Old 100th. Doversdale.  
*Opening a place of worship.* DODDRIDGE.

AND will the great eternal God  
On earth establish his abode ?  
And will he from his radiant throne  
Avow our temples for his own ?

- 2 We bring the tribute of our praise,  
And sing that condescending grace,  
Which to our notes will lend an ear,  
And call us sinful mortals near.
- 3 These walls we to thine honour raise ;  
Long may they echo with thy praise !  
And thou descending fill the place  
With choicest tokens of thy grace !
- 4 Here let the great Redeemer reign  
With all the graces of his train ;  
While power divine his word attends  
To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.
- 5 And in the great decisive day,  
When God the nations shall survey,  
May it before the world appear,  
That crowds were born to glory here.

See also MAN—HIS COMMUNION—DESIRE—AND WORSHIP.

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THE CHURCH—ITS SAFETY AND GLORY.

**595** 148th. Grove.  
*The house of prayer.* DODDRIDGE.

GREAT Father of mankind,  
We bless that wondrous grace,  
Which could for Gentiles find  
Within thy courts a place.

THE CHURCH—ITS SAFETY AND GLORY.

How kind the care  
Our God displays,  
For us to raise  
A house of prayer !

- 2 Though once estranged afar,  
We now approach the throne ;  
For Jesus brings us near,  
And makes our cause his own :  
Strangers no more,  
To thee we come,  
And find our home,  
And rest secure.

- 3 To thee our souls we join,  
And love thy sacred name ;  
No more our own, but thine,  
We triumph in thy claim :  
Our Father-King,  
Thy covenant grace  
Our souls embrace,  
Thy titles sing.

- 4 May all the nations throng  
To worship in thy house ;  
And thou attend the song,  
And smile upon their vows ;  
Indulgent still,  
Till earth conspire  
To join the choir  
On Zion's hill.

596

L. M. China. Foundling.  
*God in his church.*

ANON.

'TIS the fair dawn of heavenly day,  
To heavenly bliss the shining way ;

THE CHURCH—ITS SAFETY AND GLORY.

When to his temple God descends,  
And there converses with his friends ;  
With beams of smiling majesty,  
He awes, and yet invites them nigh ;  
His glories and his grace displays,  
And shines with bright, but friendly rays.

- 2 At his right hand our Saviour stands,  
With golden censers in his hands,  
To lift our services on high,  
Perfumed with his own fragrancy :  
Whilst, hovering o'er the happy place,  
His Spirit sheds his heavenly grace ;  
To fix our thoughts, our hearts to raise,  
And tune our souls to love and praise.

- 3 There we can learn the blessed skill,  
To know and do our Maker's will ;  
And whilst we hear, and sing, and pray,  
With heavenly joys are rapt away.  
These are the dearest hours I know,  
The sweetest joys of all below ;  
Here I would choose my fixed abode,  
And dwell for ever near my God.

597

8. 7. Jewin Street. Welch.

*Future glory of the church.*

COWPER.

HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken :

“ O my people, faint and few ;  
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,  
Fair abodes I build for you :  
Thorns of heart-felt tribulation  
Shall no more perplex your ways ;  
You shall name your walls, Salvation,  
And your gates shall all be Praise.”

THE CHURCH—ITS SAFETY AND GLORY.

- 2 There, like streams that feed the garden,  
Pleasures without end shall flow ;  
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,  
All his bounty shall bestow.  
Still in undisturbed possession,  
Peace and righteousness shall reign ;  
Never shall you feel oppression,  
Never hear of war again.
- 3 Ye no more your suns descending,  
Waning moons no more shall see ;  
But your griefs for ever ending,  
Find eternal noon in me :  
God shall rise, and shining o'er you,  
Change to day the gloom of night ;  
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,  
God your everlasting light.

**598** L. M. Luther's. Zion's Temple.  
*The safety and triumph of the church.*

Psal. xli.

WATTS.

- GOD is the refuge of his saints,  
When storms of sharp distress invade ;  
Ere we can offer our complaints,  
Behold him present with his aid.
- 2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled  
Down to the deep, and buried there ;  
Convulsions shake the solid world ;  
Our faith shall never yield to fear.
- 3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,  
In sacred peace our souls abide,  
While every nation, every shore,  
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

THE CHURCH—ITS SAFETY AND GLORY.

- 4 There is a stream, whose gentle flow  
Supplies the city of our God :  
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,  
And watering our divine abode.
- 5 That sacred stream, thine holy word,  
That all our raging fear controls ;  
Sweet peace thy promises afford,  
And give new strength to fainting souls.
- 6 Sion enjoys her Monarch's love,  
Secure against a threatening hour ;  
Nor can her firm foundations move,  
Built on his truth and armed with power.

**599** C. M. Gainsborough. Bath Chapel.  
*Safety in Christ.*

WATTS.

- FIRM as the earth thy gospel stands,  
My Lord, my hope, my trust ;  
If I am found in Jesus' hands,  
My soul can ne'er be lost.
- 2 His honour is engaged to save  
The meanest of his sheep ;  
All that his heavenly Father gave  
His hands securely keep.
- 3 Nor death nor hell shall e'er remove  
His favourites from his breast ;  
In the dear bosom of his love  
They must for ever rest.

**600** L. M. Derby. Eaton.  
*God the glory and defence of Zion.*

WATTS.

HAPPY the church, thou sacred place,  
The seat of thy Creator's grace ;

THE CHURCH—ITS SAFETY AND GLORY.

Thine holy courts are his abode,  
Thou earthly palace of our God!

- 2 Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates  
A guard of heavenly warriors waits;  
Nor shall thy deep foundations move,  
Fixed on his counsels and his love.
- 3 Thy foes in vain designs engage,  
Against his throne in vain they rage;  
Like rising waves, with angry roar,  
That dash and die upon the shore.
- 4 Then let our souls in Zion dwell,  
Nor fear the wrath of Rome and hell;  
His arms embrace this happy ground,  
Like brazen bulwarks built around.
- 5 God is our shield, and God our sun;  
Swift as the fleeting moments run,  
On us he sheds new beams of grace,  
And we reflect his brightest praise.

**601** L. M. Martin's Lane. Kimbolton.

*The church the garden of Christ.*

WATTS.

WE are a garden walled around,  
Chosen and made peculiar ground;  
A little spot enclosed by grace  
Out of the world's wide wilderness.

- 2 Like trees of myrrh and spice we stand,  
Planted by God the Father's hand;  
And all his springs in Sion flow,  
To make the young plantation grow.



THE CHURCH—ITS SAFETY AND GLORY.

- 3 Awake, O heavenly wind ! and come,  
Blow on this garden of perfume ;  
Spirit divine ! descend and breathe  
A gracious gale on plants beneath.
- 4 Make our best spices flow abroad,  
To entertain our Saviour God ;  
And faith, and love, and joy appear,  
And every grace be active here.
- 5 Jesus, we will frequent thy board,  
And sing the bounties of our Lord ;  
But the rich food on which we live  
Demands more praise than tongue can give.

602

L. M. Horsley. Portugal New.

*The church the garden of the Lord.*

Psal. xcii.

WATTS.

- LORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand  
In gardens planted by thine hand ;  
Let me within thy courts be seen,  
Like a young cedar, fresh and green.
- 2 There grow thy saints in faith and love,  
Blessed with thine influence from above ;  
Not Lebanon with all its trees  
Yields such a comely sight as these.
  - 3 The plants of grace shall ever live ;  
Nature decays, but grace must thrive ;  
Time, that doth all things else impair,  
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.
  - 4 Laden with fruits of age, they show  
The Lord is holy, just, and true ;



THE CHURCH—ITS SAFETY AND GLORY.

None that attend his gates shall find  
A God unfaithful or unkind.

**603** C. M. Jerusalem. Broomsgrove.  
*The safety and protection of the church.* WATTS.

HOW honourable is the place  
Where we adoring stand!  
Zion, the glory of the earth,  
And beauty of the land!

- 2 Bulwarks of mighty grace defend  
The city where we dwell;  
The walls of strong salvation made  
Defy the assaults of hell.
- 3 Lift up the everlasting gates,  
The doors wide open fling;  
Enter, ye nations that obey  
The statutes of our King.
- 4 Here shall you taste unmingled joys,  
And live in perfect peace,  
You that have known Jehovah's name,  
And ventured on his grace.
- 5 Trust in the Lord, for ever trust,  
And banish all your fears;  
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,  
Eternal as his years.

**604** L. M. Refuge. New Court.  
*The church the birth-place of saints.* WATTS.  
Psal. lxxxvii.

GOD in his earthly temples lays  
Foundations for his heavenly praise:  
He likes the tents of Jacob well,  
But still in Zion loves to dwell.

THE CHURCH—ITS SAFETY AND GLORY.

- 2 His mercy visits every house  
That pay their night and morning vows ;  
But makes a more delightful stay  
Where churches meet to praise and pray.
- 3 What glories were described of old !  
What wonders are of Zion told !  
Thou city of our God below,  
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.
- 4 Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew,  
Shall there begin their lives anew :  
Angels and men shall join to sing  
The hill were living waters spring.
- 5 When God makes up his last account  
Of natives in his holy mount,  
'Twill be an honour to appear  
As one new-born or nourished there !

**605** L. M. Monmouth. Martin's Lane.

*The glory of the church.*

ANON.

- ZION, awake ! thy strength renew :  
Put on thy robes of beauteous hue ;  
And let the admiring world behold  
The King's fair daughter clothed in gold.
- 2 Church of our God ! arise and shine,  
Bright with the beams of truth divine :  
Then shall thy radiance stream afar,  
Wide as the heathen nations are.
  - 3 Gentiles and kings thy light shall view :  
All shall admire and love thee too ;  
Shall come like clouds across the sky,  
Or doves that to their windows fly.

THE CHURCH—ITS SAFETY AND GLORY.

**606** S. M. Falcon Street. Peckham.  
*The beauty of the church.* Psal. xlviii. WATTS.

FAR as thy name is known,  
The world declares thy praise ;  
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne,  
Their songs of honour raise.

2 With joy let Judah stand  
On Sion's chosen hill,  
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,  
And counsels of thy will.

3 Let strangers walk around  
The city where we dwell,  
Compass and view thine holy ground,  
And mark the building well ;

4 The orders of thy house,  
The worship of thy court,  
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,  
And make a fair report.

5 How decent and how wise !  
How glorious to behold !  
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,  
And rites adorned with gold.

6 The God we worship now  
Will guide us till we die,  
Will be our God while here below,  
And ours above the sky.

**607** L. M. Portugal. Newport.  
*Deliverance and safety of the church.* WATTS.

IN thine own ways, O God of love,  
We wait the visits of thy grace :

THE CHURCH—ITS SAFETY AND GLORY.

Our soul's desire is to thy name,  
And the remembrance of thy face.

- 2 My thoughts are searching, Lord, for thee  
'Mongst the black shades of lonesome  
My earnest cries salute the skies [night  
Before the dawn restores the light.
- 3 Look, how rebellious men deride  
The tender patience of my God!  
But they shall see thy lifted hand,  
And feel the scourges of thy rod.
- 4 Hark! the Eternal rends the sky,  
A mighty voice before him goes;  
A voice of music to his friends,  
But threatening thunder to his foes.
- 5 Come, children, to your Father's arms,  
Hide in the chambers of my grace,  
Till the fierce storms be overblown,  
And my revenging fury cease.

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THE CHURCH—ITS DECLINE.

608

C. M. Worksop. Bangor.

*The church's complaint.* Psal. xliv. WATTS.

LORD, we have heard thy works of old,  
Thy works of power and grace,  
When to our ears our fathers told  
The wonders of their days.

THE CHURCH—ITS DECLINE.

- 2 How thou didst build thy churches here,  
And make thy gospel known ;  
Amongst them did thine arm appear,  
Thy light and glory shone.
- 3 In God they boasted all the day,  
And in a cheerful throng  
Did thousands meet to praise and pray,  
And grace was all their song.
- 4 But now our souls are seized with shame,  
Confusion fills our face,  
To hear the enemy blaspheme,  
And fools reproach thy grace.
- 5 Awake, arise, Almighty Lord,  
Why sleeps thy wonted grace ?  
Why should we look like men abhorred,  
Or banished from thy face ?
- 6 Wilt thou for ever cast us off,  
And still neglect our cries ?  
For ever hide thine heavenly love  
From our afflicted eyes ?
- 7 Down to the dust our soul is bowed,  
And dies upon the ground ;  
Rise for our help, rebuke the proud,  
And all their powers confound.
- 8 Redeem us from perpetual shame,  
Our Saviour and our God ;  
We plead the honours of thy name,  
The merits of thy blood.

THE CHURCH—ITS DECLINE.

609

L. M. Bampton. Ulverston.

*Decline of the church.*

ANON.

O GOD of Zion! from thy throne,  
Look with an eye of pity down.  
Thy church now humbly makes her prayer;  
Thy church, the object of thy care.

- 2 We call to mind the happier days  
Of life and love, of prayer and praise,  
When holy services gave birth  
To joys resembling heaven on earth.
- 3 But now the ways of Zion mourn,  
Her gates neglected and forlorn:  
Our life and energy are fled,  
And many numbered with the dead.
- 4 We need defence from all our foes:  
We need relief from all our woes.  
If earth and hell should yet assail,  
Let neither earth nor hell prevail.
- 5 Near to each other and to thee,  
Lord! bring us all in unity.  
Oh, pour thy Spirit from on high,  
And all our numerous wants supply.

610

L. M. Old 100th. Newport.

*The church's prayer in affliction.*

Psal. lxxx.

WATTS.

GREAT Shepherd of thine Israel,  
Who didst between the cherubs dwell,  
And lead the tribes, thy chosen sheep,  
Safe through the desert and the deep;

THE CHURCH—ITS DECLINE.

- 2 Thy church is in the desert now,  
Shine from on high and guide us through ;  
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,  
We shall be saved and sigh no more.
- 3 Great God, whom heavenly hosts obey,  
How long shall we lament and pray,  
And wait in vain thy kind return ?  
How long shall thy fierce anger burn ?
- 4 Return, Almighty God, return,  
Nor let thy bleeding vineyard mourn ;  
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,  
We shall be saved, and sigh no more.

611

C. M. Warwick. Irish.

*The church in the wilderness.*

KEBLE.

- IN the waste howling wilderness  
The church is wandering still,  
Because we would not onward press  
When close to Sion's hill.
- 2 Back to the world we faithless turned,  
And far along the wild,  
With labour lost, and sorrow earned,  
Our steps have been beguiled.
  - 3 Yet full before us, all the while,  
The shadowing pillar stays ;  
The living waters brightly smile,  
The eternal turrets blaze.
  - 4 Still heaven is raining angels' bread,  
To be our daily food ;  
And fresh, as when it first was shed,  
Springs forth the Saviour's blood.



THE CHURCH—ITS DECLINE.

- 5 O Father of long-suffering grace,  
Thou who hast sworn to stay,  
Pleading with sinners face to face,  
Through all their devious way ;
- 6 How shall we speak to thee, O Lord,  
Or how in silence lie ?  
Look on us, or we are abhorred ;  
Turn from us, and we die.

612

L. M. Old 100th. Bampton.

*Remembrance of former love.* LEEDS COL.

- O WHERE is now that glowing love,  
That marked our union with the Lord ?  
Our hearts were fixed on things above,  
Nor could the world a joy afford.
- 2 Where is the zeal that led us then  
To make our Saviour's glory known ;  
That freed us from the fear of men,  
And kept our eye on him alone ?
- 3 Where are the happy seasons spent  
In fellowship with him we loved ?  
The sacred joy, the sweet content,  
The blessedness that then we proved ?
- 4 Behold, again we turn to thee,  
Oh cast us not away, though vile !  
No peace we have, no joy we see,  
O Lord our God, but in thy smile.

See also MAN—HIS DEPARTURE—AND CONTRITION.

## THE CHURCH—ITS REVIVAL.

613

C. M. Salem. Devizes.

*The church restored.* Psal. cii.

WATTS.

LET Zion and her sons rejoice,  
Behold the promised hour ;  
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,  
And comes to exalt his power.

2 Her dust and ruins that remain  
Are precious in our eyes :  
Those ruins shall be built again,  
And all that dust shall rise.

3 The Lord will raise Jerusalem  
And stand in glory there ;  
Nations shall bow before his name,  
And kings attend with fear.

4 He sits a Sovereign on his throne,  
With pity in his eyes ;  
He hears the dying prisoners groan,  
And sees their sighs arise.

5 He frees the souls condemned to death,  
And when his saints complain,  
It sha'n't be said, " That praying breath  
Was ever spent in vain."

6 This shall be known when we are dead,  
And left on long record ;  
That ages yet unborn may read,  
And trust, and praise the Lord.

614

L. M. Bredby. Peru.

*Answer to prayer. Psal. lxxxv.*

WATTS.

LORD, thou hast called thy grace to mind,  
Thou hast reversed our heavy doom :  
So God forgave when Israel sinned,  
And brought his wandering captives  
home.

- 2 Thou hast begun to set us free,  
And made thy fiercest wrath abate :  
Now let our hearts be turned to thee,  
And thy salvation be complete.
- 3 Revive our dying graces, Lord,  
And let thy saints in thee rejoice ;  
Make known thy truth, fulfil thy word ;  
We wait for praise to tune our voice.
- 4 We wait to hear what God will say ;  
He'll speak, and give his people peace :  
But let them run no more astray,  
Lest his returning wrath increase.

615

S. M. Compassion. Peckham.

*Prayer for a revival.*

ANON.

O LORD, thy work revive,  
In Zion's gloomy hour,  
And let our dying graces live  
By thy restoring power.

- 2 O, let thy chosen few  
Awake to earnest prayer ;  
Their covenant again renew,  
And walk in filial fear.

THE CHURCH—ITS REVIVAL.

- 3 Thy Spirit then will speak  
Through lips of humble clay,  
Till hearts of adamant shall break,  
Till rebels shall obey.
- 4 Now lend thy gracious ear,  
Now listen to our cry;  
O, come and bring salvation near;  
Our souls on thee rely.

**616** C. M. Carr's Lane. Jerusalem.  
*God's care of his church.*

WATTS.

- NOW shall my inward joys arise,  
And burst into a song;  
Almighty love inspires my heart,  
And pleasure tunes my tongue.
- 2 God on his thirsty Zion hill  
Some mercy drops has thrown,  
And solemn oaths have bound his love  
To shower salvation down.
- 3 Why do we then indulge our fears,  
Suspensions, and complaints?  
Is he a God, and shall his grace  
Grow weary of his saints?
- 4 Deep on the palms of both his hands  
He has engraved her name;  
His hands shall raise her ruined walls,  
And build her broken frame?

**617** S. M. Peckham. Sutton Colefield.  
*The church rejoicing.*

LEEDS COL.

ZION, a mourner long,  
Her new-born children sees;

THE CHURCH—ITS ORDINANCES.

And with surprise and pleasure asks,  
“ Who hath begotten these?”

2 In solitude she sat,  
While these estranged had been ;  
But lo, the rising morn presents  
A new, a glorious scene.

3 One here, another there,  
Are gathered to the Lord,  
Trophies of his victorious grace,  
And all-subduing word.

4 But oh, the happier day,  
When round the blissful throne  
Jesus his scattered flock shall see,  
Collected all in one.

See also MAN—HIS CONVERSION—AND PERSEVERANCE.

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THE CHURCH—ITS ORDINANCES.

BAPTISM.

**618** 8. 7. 4. Helmsley. Rousseau's Dream.  
*Baptism.* ORIGINAL.

GRACIOUS Lord, as thou hast bidden,  
At thy feet we humbly bend ;  
May our prayers arise to heaven,  
May thy blessing now descend ;  
For thy blessing,  
Lo, we all unite to pray.

BAPTISM.

- 2 Pour thy Spirit on these infants,  
Sanctify them from the womb :  
Let thy gracious arms surround them  
In their journey to the tomb :  
Then victorious  
Raise them to thy heavenly throne.
- 3 Make their parents wise, to train them  
In the nurture of the Lord ;  
And beyond these mortal regions  
Let them share thy blessed reward :  
May their households  
Find in heaven a lasting home !

619

C. M. Otford. Lydia.

*God's promise to Abraham.*

WATTS.

- HOW large the promise ! how divine !  
To Abra'm and his seed !  
“ I'll be a God to thee and thine,  
Supplying all their need.”
- 2 The words of his extensive love  
From age to age endure ;  
The angel of the covenant proves,  
And seals the blessing sure.
- 3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,  
To our great fathers given ;  
He takes young children to his arms,  
And calls them heirs of heaven.
- 4 Our God, how faithful are his ways !  
His love endures the same ;  
Nor from the promise of his grace  
Blots out the children's name.



THE CHURCH—ITS ORDINANCES.

620

C. M. Gainsborough. Irish.

*The blessing of Abraham on the Gentiles.* WATTS.

GENTILES by nature, we belong  
To the wild olive wood ;  
Grace took us from the barren tree,  
And grafts us in the good.

2 With the same blessings grace endows  
The Gentile and the Jew ;  
If pure and holy be the root,  
Such are the branches too.

3 Then let the children of the saints  
Be dedicate to God ;  
Pour out thy Spirit on them, Lord,  
And wash them in thy blood.

4 Thus to the parents and their seed  
Shall thy salvation come,  
And numerous households meet at last  
In one eternal home.

621

C. M. Devizes. Providence.

*Children devoted to God.*

WATTS.

THUS saith the mercy of the Lord,  
“ I ’ll be a God to thee ;  
I ’ll bless thy numerous race, and they  
Shall be a seed for me.”

2 Abra'm believed the promised grace,  
And gave his son to God ;  
But water seals the blessing now,  
That once was sealed with blood.



BAPTISM.

- 3 Thus Lydia sanctified her house,  
When she received the word ;  
Thus the believing gaoler gave  
His household to the Lord.
- 4 Thus later saints, eternal King !  
Thine ancient truth embrace ;  
To thee their infant offspring bring,  
And humbly claim thy grace.

**622**

L. M. Truro. Oswestry.

*Prayer for the Spirit.*

ANON.

COME, Holy Ghost, descend from high ;  
Baptizer of our spirits thou !  
The sacramental seal apply,  
And witness with the water now.

- 2 Exert thy energy divine,  
And sprinkle the atoning blood ;  
May Father, Son, and Spirit, join  
To seal this child a child of God.

**623**

L. M. Bampton. Doversdale.

*Prayer for a blessing.*

COLLYER.

UNITED prayers ascend to thee,  
Eternal Parent of mankind !  
Smile on this waiting family :  
Thy blessing let thy servants find.

- 2 Let the dear pledges of their love  
Like tender plants around them grow.  
Thy present grace, and joys above,  
Upon their little ones bestow.

THE CHURCH—ITS ORDINANCES.

- 3 Receive at their believing hand,  
The charge which they devote as thine,  
Obedient to their Lord's command ;  
And seal with power the rite divine.
- 4 To every member of their house,  
Thy grace impart, thy love extend ;  
Grant every good that time allows,  
With heavenly joys that never end.

**624**

S. M. Reuben. Compassion.

*Prayer for children.*

- O GOD of Abra'm, hear  
The parents' humble cry ;  
In covenant mercy now appear,  
While in the dust we lie.
- 2 These children of our love,  
In mercy thou hast given,  
That we through grace may faithful prove  
In training them for heaven.
  - 3 O, grant thy Spirit, Lord,  
Their hearts to sanctify ;  
Remember now thy gracious word ;  
Our hopes on thee rely.
  - 4 Draw forth the melting tear,  
The penitential sigh ;  
Inspire their hearts with faith sincere,  
And fix their hopes on high.
  - 5 These children now are thine,  
We give them back to thee ;  
O, lead them by thy grace divine  
Along the heavenly way.

BAPTISM.

625

C. M. Weston Favel. Abridge.  
*Circumcision abolished.*

WATTS.

THE promise was divinely free,  
Extensive was the grace ;  
“ I will the God of Abra’m be,  
And of his numerous race.”

- 2 He said ; and with a bloody seal  
Confirmed the words he spoke ;  
Long did the sons of Abra’m feel  
The sharp and painful yoke.
- 3 Till God’s own Son, descending low,  
Gave his own flesh to bleed :  
And Gentiles taste the blessings now,  
From the hard bondage freed.
- 4 The God of Abra’m claims our praise,  
His promises endure,  
And Christ, the Lord, in gentler ways  
Makes the salvation sure.

626

L. M. Wareham. Portugal.  
*Circumcision and baptism.*

WATTS.

THUS did the sons of Abra’m pass  
Under the bloody seal of grace ;  
The young disciples bore the yoke,  
Till Christ the painful bondage broke.

- 2 By milder ways doth Jesus prove  
His Father’s covenant and his love ;  
He seals to saints his glorious grace,  
And not forbids their infant race.

THE CHURCH—ITS ORDINANCES.

- 3 Their seed is sprinkled with his blood,  
Their children set apart for God ;  
His Spirit on their offspring shed,  
Like water poured upon the head.
- 4 Let every saint with cheerful voice  
In this large covenant rejoice ;  
Young children in their early days  
Shall give the God of Abra'm praise.

See also SPECIAL OCCASIONS—YOUTH.

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THE LORD'S SUPPER.

**627**

L. M. Old 100th. Portugal.

*The Lord's supper instituted.*

WATTS.

- 'T WAS on that dark, that doleful night,  
When powers of earth and hell arose  
Against the Son of God's delight,  
And friends betrayed him to his foes:
- 2 Before the mournful scene began,  
He took the bread, and blessed, and brake:  
What love through all his actions ran !  
What wondrous words of grace he spake !
- 3 " This is my body, broke for sin ;  
Receive and eat the living food : "  
Then took the cup, and blessed the wine ;  
" 'Tis the new covenant in my blood. "
- 4 " Do this, " he cried, " till time shall end,  
In memory of your dying Friend ;  
Meet at my table, and record  
The love of your departed Lord. "

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 5 [Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,  
We show thy death, we sing thy name,  
Till thou return, and we shall eat  
The marriage supper of the Lamb.]

**628** S. M. Mount Ephraim. Wirksworth.  
*Communion with Christ and his saints.* WATTS.

- JESUS invites his saints  
To meet around his board ;  
Here pardoned rebels sit and hold  
Communion with their Lord.
- 2 For food he gives his flesh,  
He bids us drink his blood :  
Amazing favour ! matchless grace  
Of our descending God !
- 3 This holy bread and wine  
Maintains our fainting breath,  
By union with our living Lord,  
And interest in his death.
- 4 Our heavenly Father calls  
Christ and his members one ;  
We the young children of his love,  
And he the first-born Son.
- 5 We are but several parts  
Of the same broken bread :  
One body hath its several limbs,  
But Jesus is the Head.
- 6 Let all our powers be joined,  
His glorious name to raise ;  
Pleasure and love fill every mind,  
And every voice be praise.

THE CHURCH—ITS ORDINANCES.

629

C. M. Irish. Bedford.

*The new covenant.*

WATTS.

"THE promise of my Father's love  
Shall stand for ever good,"  
He said; and gave his soul to death,  
And sealed the grace with blood.

- 2 To this dear covenant of thy word  
I set my worthless name;  
I seal the engagement to my Lord,  
And make my humble claim.
- 3 Thy light, and strength, and pardoning grace,  
And glory, shall be mine;  
My life and soul, my heart and flesh,  
And all my powers, are thine.
- 4 I call that legacy my own  
Which Jesus did bequeath;  
'Twas purchased with a dying groan,  
And ratified in death.
- 5 Sweet is the memory of his name  
Who blessed us in his will,  
And to his testament of love  
Made his own life the seal.

630

C. M. Condensation. Bangor.

*Christ's dying love.*

WATTS.

HOW condescending and how kind  
Was God's eternal Son!  
Our misery reached his heavenly mind,  
And pity brought him down.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 2 [He sunk beneath our heavy woes,  
To raise us to his throne;  
There's ne'er a gift his hand bestows  
But cost his heart a groan.]
- 3 This was compassion like a God,  
That when the Saviour knew  
The price of pardon was his blood,  
His pity near withdrew.
- 4 Now though he reigns exalted high,  
His love is still as great:  
Well he remembers Calvary,  
Nor let his saints forget.
- 5 [Here we receive repeated seals  
Of Jesus' dying love:  
Hard is the wretch that never feels  
One soft affection move.]
- 6 Here let our hearts begin to melt,  
While we his death record,  
And with our joy for pardoned guilt,  
Mourn that we pierced the Lord.

**631** L. M. Zion's Temple. Portugal.

*Crucifixion to the world.*

WATTS.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross  
On which the Prince of glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.

- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the death of Christ my God!  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to his blood.



THE CHURCH—ITS ORDINANCES.

- 3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down !  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown !
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small ;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

**632**

L. M. Ulverston. Portugal.

*The gospel feast.*

WATTS.

- HOW rich are thy provisions, Lord !  
Thy table furnished from above !  
The fruits of life o'erspread the board,  
The cup o'erflows with heavenly love.
- 2 We are the poor, the blind, the lame,  
And help was far, and death was nigh !  
But at the gospel-call we came,  
And every want received supply.
- 3 From the highway that leads to hell,  
From paths of darkness and despair,  
Lord, we are come with thee to dwell,  
Glad to enjoy thy presence here.]
- 4 [What shall we pay the eternal Son,  
That left the heaven of his abode,  
And to this wretched earth came down,  
To bring us wanderers back to God ?
- 5 It cost him death to save our lives ;  
To buy our souls it cost his own ;  
And all the unknown joys he gives  
Were bought with agonies unknown.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 6 Our everlasting love is due  
To him that ransomed sinners lost ;  
And pitied rebels when he knew  
The vast expense his love would cost.]

**633**

C. M. Abridge. Bedford.

*The gospel feast.*

WATTS.

- HOW sweet and awful is the place  
With Christ within the doors,  
While everlasting love displays  
The choicest of her stores !
- 2 Here every bowel of our God  
With soft compassion rolls ;  
Here peace and pardon bought with blood,  
Is food for dying souls.
- 3 [While all our hearts and all our songs  
Join to admire the feast,  
Each of us cries with thankful tongues,  
“ Lord, why was I a guest ?
- 4 “ Why was I made to hear thy voice,  
And enter while there's room ;  
When thousands make a wretched choice,  
And rather starve than come ? ”]
- 5 'Twas the same love that spread the feast  
That sweetly forced us in ;  
Else we had still refused to taste,  
And perished in our sin.
- 6 [Pity the nations, O our God !  
Constrain the earth to come ;  
Send thy victorious word abroad,  
And bring the strangers home.

- 7 We long to see thy churches full,  
That all the chosen race  
May with one voice, and heart, and soul,  
Sing thy redeeming grace.]

634

L. M. Newcourt. Bredby.

*The gospel feast.*

DODDRIDGE.

- MY God, and is thy table spread ?  
And does thy cup with love o'erflow ?  
Thither be all thy children led,  
And let them all its sweetness know.
- 2 Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes !  
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood !  
Thrice happy he, who here partakes  
That sacred stream, that heavenly food !
- 3 Why are its dainties all in vain  
Before unwilling hearts displayed ?  
Was not for you the Victim slain ?  
Are you forbid the children's bread ?
- 4 O let thy table honoured be,  
And furnished well with joyful guests ;  
And may each soul salvation see,  
That here its sacred pledges tastes.
- 5 Let crowds approach, with hearts prepared ;  
With hearts inflamed let all attend ;  
Nor when we leave our Father's board,  
The pleasure or the profit end.
- 6 Revive thy dying churches, Lord,  
And bid our drooping graces live !  
And more that energy afford,  
A Saviour's blood alone can give.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

635

L. M. Portugal. Martin's Lane.  
*The compassion of Christ.*

WATTS.

OUR spirits join to adore the Lamb ;  
Oh that our feeble lips could move  
In strains immortal as his name !  
And melting as his dying love !

2 Was ever equal pity found ?

The Prince of heaven resigns his breath,  
And pours his life out on the ground,  
To ransom guilty worms from death.

3 Rebels, we broke our Maker's laws ;

He from the threatenings set us free,  
Bore the full vengeance on his cross,  
And nailed the curses to the tree.

4 [The law proclaims no terror now,

And Sinai's thunder roars no more ;  
From all his wounds new blessings flow,  
A sea of joy without a shore.]

5 In vain our mortal voices strive

To speak compassion so divine ;  
Had we a thousand lives to give,  
A thousand lives should all be thine.

636

7. 6. Dartford.

*Peace be unto you.*

WESLEY.

LAMB of God, whose bleeding love

We now recall to mind !

Send the answer from above,

And let us mercy find.

Think on us, who think on thee,

And every burdened soul release.

Oh, remember Calvary,

And bid us go in peace !

- 2 By thine agonizing pain  
And bloody sweat, we pray ;  
By thy dying love to man,  
Take all our sins away :  
Burst our bonds, and set us free ;  
From all iniquity release.  
Oh, remember Calvary,  
And bid us go in peace !
- 3 Let thy blood, by faith applied,  
The sinner's pardon seal.  
Speak us freely justified,  
And all our sickness heal.  
By thy passion on the tree,  
Let all our griefs and troubles cease.  
Oh, remember Calvary,  
And bid us go in peace !

**637**

C. M. Irish. Bath Chapel.

*The glory and grace of Christ.*

WATTS.

- HOW are thy glories here displayed !  
Great God, how bright they shine !  
While at thy word we break the bread,  
And pour the flowing wine !
- 2 Here thy revenging justice stands,  
And plead its dreadful cause ;  
Here saving mercy spreads her hands,  
Like Jesus on the cross.
  - 3 Thy saints attend with every grace  
On this great sacrifice ;  
And love appears with cheerful face,  
And faith with fixed eyes.



THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 4 Our hope in waiting posture sits,  
To heaven directs her sight ;  
Here every warmer passion meets,  
And warmer powers unite.
- 5 Zeal and revenge perform their part,  
And rising sin destroy ;  
Repentance comes with aching heart,  
Yet not forbids the joy.
- 6 Dear Saviour, change our faith to sight ;  
Let sin for ever die ;  
Then shall our souls be all delight,  
And every tear be dry.

638

C. M. Ann's. Worksop.

*Pardon and strength from Christ.*

WATTS.

- FATHER, we wait to feel thy grace,  
To see thy glories shine ;  
The Lord will his own table bless,  
And make the feast divine.
- 2 We touch, we taste the heavenly bread,  
We drink the sacred cup ;  
With outward forms our sense is fed,  
Our souls rejoice in hope.
  - 3 We shall appear before the throne  
Of our forgiving God,  
Dressed in the garments of his Son,  
And sprinkled with his blood.
  - 4 We shall be strong to run the race,  
And climb the upper sky ;  
Christ will provide our souls with grace,  
He bought a large supply.

THE CHURCH—ITS ORDINANCES.

- 5 [Let us indulge a cheerful frame,  
For joy becomes a feast ;  
We love the memory of his name  
More than the wine we taste.]

**639**

L. M. Ulverston. Luther.

*The memorial of Christ.*

WATTS.

- JESUS is gone above the skies,  
Where our weak senses reach him not ;  
And carnal objects court our eyes,  
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.
- 2 He knows what wandering hearts we have,  
Apt to forget his lovely face ;  
And, to refresh our minds, he gave  
These kind memorials of his grace.
- 3 The Lord of Life this table spread  
With his own flesh and dying blood ;  
We on the rich provision feed,  
And taste the wine, and bless the God.
- 4 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,  
And earth grow less in our esteem ;  
Christ and his love fill every thought,  
And faith and hope be fixed on him.
- 5 While he is absent from our sight,  
'Tis to prepare our souls a place,  
That we may dwell in heavenly light,  
And live for ever near his face.

**640**

C. M. Arabia. Condescension.

*The remembrance of Christ.* MONTGOMERY.

ACCORDING to thy gracious word,  
In meek humility,



THE LORD'S SUPPER.

This will I do, my dying Lord ;  
I *will* remember thee.

- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,  
My bread from heaven shall be :  
Thy testamental cup I take,  
And thus remember thee.
- 3 Gethsemane can I forget ?  
Or there thy conflict see,  
Thine agony and bloody sweat,  
And not remember thee ?
- 4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,  
And rest on Calvary,  
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice !  
I must remember thee.
- 5 Remember thee, and all thy pains,  
And all thy love to me !  
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,  
Will I remember thee.
- 6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,  
And mind and memory flee,  
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,  
Then, Lord, remember me.

641

L. M. Old 100th. Wareham.

*Christ crucified.*

WATTS.

NATURE with open volume stands,  
To spread her Maker's praise abroad ;  
And every labour of his hands  
Shows something worthy of a God.

- 2 But in the grace that rescued man,  
His brightest form of glory shines ;

THE CHURCH—ITS ORDINANCES.

Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn  
In precious blood, and crimson lines.

- 3 [Here his whole name appears complete ;  
Nor wit can guess, nor reason prove,  
Which of the letters best is writ,  
The power, the wisdom, or the love.]

- 4 Here I behold his inmost heart,  
Where grace and vengeance strangely join,  
Piercing his Son with sharpest smart,  
To make the purchased pleasures mine.

- 5 Oh! the sweet wonders of that cross,  
Where God the Saviour loved and died !  
Her noblest life my spirit draws  
From his dear wounds and bleeding side.

- 6 I would for ever speak his name,  
In sounds to mortal ears unknown ;  
With angels join to praise the Lamb,  
And worship at his Father's throne.

642

L. M. Wareham. Chard.

*Glorying in the cross.*

WATTS.

AT thy command, our dearest Lord,  
Here we attend thy dying feast ;  
Thy blood like wine adorns thy board,  
And thine own flesh feeds every guest.

- 2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,  
And trusts for life in one that died ;  
We hope for heavenly crowns above,  
From a Redeemer crucified.

- 3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,  
And fling their scandals on the cause ;

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

We come to boast our Saviour's name,  
And make our triumphs in his cross.

- 4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,  
He that was dead has left his tomb ;  
He lives above their utmost rage,  
And we are waiting till he come.

**643** L. M. Penitence. Doversdale.  
*The power and glory of God.* KEBLE (altered).

O GOD of mercy, God of might  
How should weak sinners bear the sight,  
If, as thy power is surely here,  
Thine open glory should appear.

- 2 For now thy people are allowed  
To scale the mount, and pierce the cloud,  
And faith may feed her eager view  
With wonders Sinai never knew.

- 3 Fresh from the atoning sacrifice  
The world's Creator bleeding lies,  
That man, his foe, for whom he bled,  
May take him for his daily bread.

- 4 Oh agony of wavering thought,  
When sinners first so near are brought !  
It is my Maker—dare I stay ?  
My Saviour—dare I turn away ?

- 5 O Saviour ! calm our troubled fears,  
O Saviour ! gather up our tears,  
And let us, in this solemn hour,  
Behold thy glory, feel thy power.

See also JESUS CHRIST—HIS WORK—CHARACTER—AND  
PRAISE. MAN—HIS CONTRITION.

THE CHURCH—ITS MINISTRY.

**644** S. M. Falcon Street. Cranbrook.  
*The blessings of a gospel ministry.*

WATTS.

- HOW beauteous are their feet  
Who stand on Zion's hill !  
Who bring salvation on their tongues,  
And words of peace reveal !
- 2 How charming is their voice !  
How sweet the tidings are !  
" Zion, behold thy Saviour King !  
He reigns and triumphs here."
- 3 How happy are our ears  
That hear this joyful sound,  
Which kings and prophets waited for,  
And sought, but never found !
- 4 How blessed are our eyes  
That see this heavenly light !  
Prophets and kings desired it long,  
But died without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,  
And tuneful notes employ ;  
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,  
And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare his arm  
Through all the earth abroad ;  
Let every nation now behold  
Their Saviour and their God.

THE CHURCH—ITS MINISTRY.

645

L. M. Wareham. Newport.

*Prayer for ministers.*

BEDDOME.

FATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,  
Attentive to our earnest prayer :  
We plead for those who plead for thee ;  
Successful pleaders may we be.

- 2 How great their work, how vast their charge !  
Do thou their anxious souls enlarge :  
Their best acquirements are our gain,  
We share the blessings they obtain.
- 3 Clothe, then, with energy divine  
Their words, and let those words be thine ;  
To them thy sacred truth reveal,  
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.
- 4 Teach them to sow the precious seed,  
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed ;  
Teach them immortal souls to gain,  
Souls that will well reward their pain.
- 5 Let thronging multitudes around,  
Hear from their lips the joyful sound,  
In humble strains thy grace implore,  
And feel thy new-creating power.
- 6 Let sinners break their massy chains,  
Distressed souls forget their pains ;  
Let light through distant realms be spread,  
And Zion rear her drooping head.

646

L. M. Oswestry. Peru.

*Praying for their pastor.*

ANON.

WITH heavenly power, O Lord, defend  
Him whom we now to thee commend ;

THE CHURCH—ITS MINISTRY.

His person bless, his soul secure,  
And make him to the end endure.

- 2 Gird him with all-sufficient grace,  
Direct his feet in paths of peace ;  
Thy truth and faithfulness fulfil,  
And help him to obey thy will.
- 3 Before him thy protection send ;  
O love him, save him to the end ;  
Nor let him, as thy pilgrim, rove  
Without the convoy of thy love.
- 4 Enlarge, inflame, and fill his heart,  
In him thy mighty power exert ;  
That thousands yet unborn may praise  
The wonders of redeeming grace.

647

C. M. Stephens. Abridge.

*Ministers watching for souls.* DODDRIDGE.

LET Zion's watchmen all awake,  
And take the alarm they give ;  
Now let them from the mouth of God  
Their solemn charge receive.

- 2 'Tis not a cause of small import  
The pastor's care demands ;  
But what might fill an angel's heart,  
And filled a Saviour's hands.
- 3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord  
Did heavenly bliss forego ;  
For souls, which must for ever live  
In raptures or in woe.



- 4 All to the great tribunal haste,  
The account to render there ;  
And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults,  
Lord, how should we appear !
- 5 May they that Jesus, whom they preach,  
Their own Redeemer see ;  
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,  
That they may watch for thee.

648

S. M. Reuben. Shirland.

*Address to missionaries.* VOKE.

- YE messengers of Christ,  
His sovereign voice obey,  
Arise ! and follow where he leads,  
And peace attend your way.
- 2 The Master whom you serve  
Will needful strength bestow :  
Depending on his promised aid,  
With sacred courage go.
- 3 Mountains shall sink to plains,  
And hell in vain oppose ;  
The cause is God's, and must prevail,  
In spite of all his foes.
- 4 Go, spread a Saviour's fame ;  
And tell his matchless grace  
To the most guilty and depraved  
Of Adam's numerous race.
- 5 We wish you, in his name,  
The most divine success ;  
Assured that he who sends you forth  
Will your endeavours bless.



THE CHURCH—ITS MINISTRY.

649

8. 7. 4. Trevecca. He'msley.

*The minister welcomed.* ANON. (altered).

WELCOME, welcome, blessed servant,  
Messenger of Jesus' grace ;  
Oh how beautiful the feet of  
Him that brings good news of peace !  
Welcome herald,  
Priest of God, thy people's joy.

- 2 Saviour, bless his message to us,  
Give us hearts to hear thy word,  
Speaking pardon, dearly purchased  
By the sufferings of our Lord.  
O reveal it  
In its wondrous saving power.

- 3 Let thy favour crown thy servant ;  
Prosper all his work of love,  
And, with many ransomed round him,  
May he take his place above.  
Bless, O bless him,  
Now, henceforth, and evermore.

650

S. M. Shirland. Compassion.

*Address to ministers.*

LEEDS COL.

YE servants of the Lord,  
Each in his office wait,  
Observant of his heavenly word,  
And watchful at his gate.

- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,  
And trim the golden flame :  
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,  
For awful is his name.

WORSHIP—PUBLIC.

- 3 Watch ; 'tis your Lord's command ;  
And while we speak, he 's near :  
Mark the first signal of his hand,  
And ready all appear.
- 4 O happy servant he  
In such a posture found !  
He shall his Lord with rapture see,  
And be with honour crowned.

See also THE WORD—ITS SPREAD.

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WORSHIP—PUBLIC.

651

L. M. Berwick. Monmouth.

*Sabbath morning.*

NEWTON.

- ANOTHER six days' work is done,  
Another sabbath is begun :  
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest ;  
Improve the day thy God has blest.
- 2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns  
So sweet a rest to weary minds ;  
Provides an antepast of heaven,  
And gives this day the food of seven.
- 3 Oh that our thoughts and thanks may rise  
As grateful incense to the skies ;  
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,  
Which none but he that feels it knows.
- 4 This heavenly calm within the breast,  
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,  
Which for the church of God remains,  
The end of cares, the end of pains.

- 5 With joy, great God, thy works we view,  
In various scenes, both old and new ;  
With praise we think on mercies past ;  
With hope, we future pleasures taste.
- 6 In holy duties let the day,  
In holy pleasures, pass away :  
How sweet, a sabbath thus to spend,  
In hope of one that ne'er shall end !

**652**

L. M. China. Portugal.

*Sabbath morning.* ANON. (altered).

- THANKS to thy name, O Lord, that we  
One glorious sabbath more behold ;  
Dear Shepherd, let us meet with thee  
Among thy sheep, in this thy fold.
- 2 Now, Lord, among thy tribes appear,  
And let thy presence fill the throng ;  
Thy awful voice let sinners hear,  
And bid the feeble heart be strong.
  - 3 Gather the lambs into thine arms,  
And satisfy their every want :  
Those that are weak defend from harms,  
And gently lead them lest they faint.
  - 4 Put forth thy shepherd's crook, and stay  
Thy erring sheep, and bring them back ;  
O bring the wandering home to-day,  
And save them for thy mercy's sake.
  - 5 Dear tender-hearted Shepherd, look, .  
And let our wants thy bowels move ;  
And kindly lead thy little flock  
To the sweet pastures of thy love.

**653**

C. M. Providence. Frome.

*Sabbath morning.* Psal. v.

WATTS.

LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear  
My voice ascending high ;  
To thee will I direct my prayer,  
To thee lift up mine eye :

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone  
To plead for all his saints,  
Presenting at his Father's throne  
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God, before whose sight  
The wicked shall not stand ;  
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,  
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But to thy house will I resort,  
To taste thy mercies there ;  
I will frequent thine holy court,  
And worship in thy fear.

5 Oh may thy Spirit guide my feet  
In ways of righteousness !  
Make every path of duty straight,  
And plain before my face.

**654**

C. M. Bath Chapel. Oxford.

*Sabbath morning.* Psal. lxiii.

WATTS.

EARLY, my God, without delay,  
I haste to seek thy face ;  
My thirsty spirit faints away  
Without thy cheering grace.

WORSHIP—PUBLIC.

- 2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,  
Beneath a burning sky,  
Long for a cooling stream at hand,  
And they must drink or die.
- 3 I've seen thy glory and thy power  
Through all thy temple shine ;  
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,  
That vision so divine.
- 4 Not all the blessings of a feast  
Can please my soul so well  
As when thy richer grace I taste,  
And in thy presence dwell.
- 5 Not life itself, with all her joys,  
Can my best passions move,  
Or raise so high my cheerful voice  
As thy forgiving love.
- 6 Thus till my last expiring day  
I'll bless my God and King ;  
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,  
And tune my lips to sing.

**655**

C. M. New York. Suffolk New.

*Sabbath morning.*

WATTS.

**BLESSED** morning ! whose young dawn-  
ing rays

Beheld our rising God,  
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,  
And leave his dark abode !

- 2 In the cold prison of a tomb  
The dead Redeemer lay ;  
Till the revolving skies had brought  
The third, the appointed day.

- 3 Hell and the grave unite their force  
To hold our God in vain ;  
The sleeping Conqueror arose,  
And burst their feeble chain.
- 4 To thy great name, Almighty Lord,  
These sacred hours we pay ;  
And loud hosannahs shall proclaim  
The triumph of the day.
- 5 [Salvation and immortal praise  
To our victorious King ;  
Let heaven, and earth, and rocks, and seas,  
With glad hosannahs ring.]

**656** S. M. Eagle Street New. Reuben.

*Sabbath morning.*

WATTS.

- WELCOME, sweet day of rest,  
That saw the Lord arise ;  
Welcome to this reviving breast,  
And these rejoicing eyes !
- 2 The King himself comes near,  
And feasts his saints to-day ;  
Here we may sit, and see him here,  
And love, and praise, and pray.
  - 3 One day amidst the place  
Where my dear God hath been,  
Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
Of pleasurable sin.
  - 4 My willing soul would stay  
In such a frame as this,  
And sit, and sing herself away  
To everlasting bliss.



**657** C. M. Zion's Church. Jerusalem.  
*Delight in ordinances.* Psal. cxxii. WATTS.

HOW did my heart rejoice to hear  
 My friends devoutly say,  
 "In Zion let us all appear,  
 And keep the solemn day!"

2 I love her gates, I love the road;  
 The church, adorned with grace,  
 Stands like a palace built for God,  
 To show his milder face.

3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,  
 The holy tribes repair;  
 The Son of David holds his throne,  
 And sits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praises and complaints;  
 And while his awful voice  
 Divides the sinners from the saints,  
 We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this sacred place,  
 And joy a constant guest!  
 With holy gifts and heavenly grace  
 Be her attendants blessed!

6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,  
 While life or breath remains;  
 There my best friends, my kindred dwell,  
 There God my Saviour reigns.

**658** P. M. Majesty.  
*Delight in worship.* Psal. cxxii. WATTS.

HOW pleased and blessed was I  
 To hear the people cry,  
 "Come, let us seek our God to-day!"



Yes, with a cheerful zeal  
We haste to Zion's hill,  
And there our vows and honours pay.

2 Zion, thrice happy place,  
Adorned with wondrous grace,  
And walls of strength embrace thee round ;  
In thee our tribes appear,  
To pray, and praise, and hear  
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 There David's greater Son  
Has fixed his royal throne,  
He sits for grace and judgment there :  
He bids the saint be glad,  
He makes the sinner sad,  
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,  
And joy within thee wait  
To bless the soul of every guest :  
The man that seek thy peace,  
And wishes thine increase,  
A thousand blessings on him rest !

5 My tongue repeats her vows,  
"Peace to this sacred house !"  
For there my friends and kindred dwell ;  
And since my glorious God  
Makes thee his blest abode,  
My soul shall ever love thee well.

659

7s. Hart's. Aaron.

*Sabbath morning.*

MONTGOMERY.

IN thy presence we appear :  
Lord, we love to worship here,

When, within the veil, we meet  
Thee upon thy mercy-seat.

2 While thy glorious name is sung,  
Touch our lips, unloose our tongue :  
Then our joyful souls shall bless  
Thee, the Lord our Righteousness.

3 While to thee our prayers ascend,  
Let thine ear in love attend.  
Hear us, for thy Spirit pleads :  
Hear ! for Jesus intercedes.

4 While thy word is heard with awe,  
And we tremble at thy law,  
Let thy gospel's woodrous love  
Every doubt and fear remove.

5 While thy ministers proclaim  
Peace and pardon through thy name,  
In their voices let us own  
Jesus speaking from the throne.

6 From thy house when we return,  
Let our hearts within us burn ;  
That, at evening, we may say,  
" We have walked with God to-day."

660 C. M. Cambridge New. Staughton.

*The Lord's day.* Psal. cxviii.

WATTS.

THIS is the day the Lord hath made,  
He calls the hours his own ;  
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,  
And praise surround thy throne.

WORSHIP—PUBLIC.

- 2 To-day he rose and left the dead,  
And Satan's empire fell ;  
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,  
And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Hosannah to the anointed King,  
To David's holy Son ;  
Help us, O Lord ; descend and bring  
Salvation from thy throne.
- 4 Blessed be the Lord, who comes to men  
With messages of grace ;  
Who comes in God his Father's name  
To save our sinful race.
- 5 Hosannah in the highest strains  
The church on earth can raise ;  
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,  
Shall give him nobler praise.

**661**

L. M. New Sabbath. Refuge.

*Delight in worship.* Psal. lxxxiv.

WATTS.

- HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,  
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are !  
With long desire my spirit faints  
To meet the assemblies of thy saints.
- 2 My flesh would rest in thine abode,  
My panting heart cries out for God ;  
My God ! my King ! why should I be  
So far from all my joys and thee ?
  - 3 Blessed are the saints who sit on high  
Around thy throne of majesty ;  
Thy brightest glories shine above,  
And all their work is praise and love.

- 4 Blessed are the souls that find a place  
Within the temple of thy grace ;  
There they behold thy gentler rays,  
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.
- 5 Blessed are the men whose hearts are set  
To find the way to Zion's gate ;  
God is their strength, and through the road  
They lean upon their helper God.
- 6 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,  
Till all shall meet in heaven at length,  
Till all before thy face appear,  
And join in nobler worship there.

**662**

L. M. New Court. Horsley.

*God in his church.* Psal. lxxxiv.

WATTS.

- GREAT God, attend while Zion sings  
The joy that from thy presence springs ;  
To spend one day with thee on earth  
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
- 2 Might I enjoy the meanest place  
Within thy house, O God of grace,  
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,  
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.
  - 3 God is our sun, he makes our day ;  
God is our shield, he guards our way  
From all the assaults of hell and sin,  
From foes without and foes within.
  - 4 All needful grace will God bestow,  
And crown that grace with glory too !  
He gives us all things, and withholds  
No real good from upright souls.

WORSHIP—PUBLIC.

- 5 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway  
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,  
And devils at thy presence flee,  
Blessed is the man that trusts in thee.

**663**

C. M. Warwick. Darkhouse.

*Delight in ordinances.* Psal. lxxxiv. WATTS.

- MY soul, how lovely is the place  
To which thy God resorts!  
'Tis heaven to see his smiling face,  
Though in his earthly courts.
- 2 There the great Monarch of the skies  
His saving power displays,  
And light breaks in upon our eyes  
With kind and quickening rays.
- 3 With his rich gifts the heavenly Dove  
Descends and fills the place,  
While Christ reveals his wondrous love,  
And sheds abroad his grace.
- 4 There, mighty God, thy words declare  
The secrets of thy will;  
And still we seek thy mercy there,  
And sing thy praises still.
- 5 My heart and flesh cry out for thee,  
While far from thine abode:  
When shall I tread thy courts, and see  
My Saviour and my God?
- 6 The sparrow builds herself a nest,  
And suffers no remove;  
O make me like the sparrows, blessed,  
To dwell but where I love.



WORSHIP—PUBLIC.

- 7 To sit one day beneath thine eye,  
And hear thy gracious voice,  
Exceeds a whole eternity  
Employed in carnal joys.
- 8 Lord, at thy threshold I would wait  
While Jesus is within,  
Rather than fill a throne of state,  
Or live in tents of sin.
- 9 Could I command the spacious land,  
And the more boundless sea,  
For one blessed hour at thy right hand  
I'd give them both away.

**664**

C. M. Hephzibah. Arlington.

*Reverential worship.* Psal. lxxxix.

WATTS.

- WITH reverence let the saints appear,  
And bow before the Lord;  
His high commands with reverence hear,  
And tremble at his word.
- 2 How terrible thy glories be!  
How bright thine armies shine!  
Where is the power that vies with thee,  
Or truth compared to thine?
- 3 The northern pole and southern rest  
On thy supporting hand;  
Darkness and day, from east to west,  
Move round at thy command.
- 4 Thy words the raging winds control,  
And rule the boisterous deep;  
Thou makest the sleeping billows roll,  
The rolling billows sleep.

WORSHIP—PUBLIC.

- 5 Heaven, earth, and air, and sea are thine,  
And the dark world of hell ;  
How did thine arm in vengeance shine  
When Egypt durst rebel !
- 6 Justice and judgment are thy throne,  
Yet wondrous is thy grace ;  
While truth and mercy, joined in one,  
Invite us near thy face.

**665** L. M. New Sabbath. Bramcoate.  
*Delight in the sabbath.* WATTS.

- AWAY from every mortal care,  
Away from earth our souls retreat ;  
We leave this worthless world afar,  
And wait and worship near thy seat.
- 2 Lord, in the temple of thy grace  
We see thy feet, and we adore ;  
We gaze upon thy lovely face,  
And learn the wonders of thy power.
- 3 While here our various wants we mourn,  
United groans ascend on high ;  
And prayer bears a quick return  
Of blessings in variety.
- 4 Father ! my soul would still abide  
Within thy temple, near thy side ;  
But if my feet must hence depart,  
Still keep thy dwelling in my heart.

**666** 148th. Clapham. Eagle Street.  
*Delight in the sabbath.* COTTERILL'S COL.

AWAKE, ye saints, awake,  
And hail this sacred day :



WORSHIP—PUBLIC.

In loftiest songs of praise  
Your joyful homage pay :  
Come, bless the day that God hath blessed,  
The type of heaven's eternal rest.

- 2 On this auspicious morn  
The Lord of life arose,  
And burst the bars of death,  
And vanquished all our foes :  
And now he pleads our cause above,  
And reaps the fruit of all his love.
- 3 All hail, triumphant Lord !  
Heaven with hosannahs rings ;  
And earth, in humbler strains,  
Thy praise responsive sings ;  
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,  
Through endless years to live and reign.
- 4 Great King ! gird on thy sword ;  
Ascend thy conquering car ;  
While justice, power, and love  
Maintain the glorious war.  
This day let sinners own thy sway,  
And rebels cast their arms away.

**667** L. M. Martin's Lane. Gloucester.

*Delight in worship.*

WATTS.

FAR from my thoughts, vain world, begone,  
Let my religious hours alone ;  
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see :  
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

- 2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,  
And kindles with a pure desire :

WORSHIP—PUBLIC.

Come, my dear Jesus, from above,  
And feed my soul with heavenly love.

- 3 Blessed Jesus, what delicious fare !  
How sweet thy entertainments are !  
Never did angels taste above  
Redeeming grace, and dying love.
- 4 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine !  
In thee thy Father's glories shine ;  
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One,  
That eyes have seen, or angels known.

668

L. M. Berwick. Derby.

*Delight in worship.*

WATTS.

- LORD, how delightful 'tis to see  
A whole assembly worship thee !  
At once they sing, at once they pray ;  
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.
- 2 I have been there, and still would go ;  
'Tis like a little heaven below :  
Not all that thoughtless sinners say  
Shall tempt me to forget this day.
- 3 O write upon my memory, Lord,  
The text and doctrine of thy word ;  
That I may break thy laws no more,  
But love thee better than before.
- 4 With thoughts of Christ, and things divine,  
Fill up this sinful heart of mine ;  
That, hoping pardon through his blood,  
I may lie down and wake with God.

669

L. M. Kimbolton. Truro.  
*The presence of Christ sought.*

WATTS.

- COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell  
By faith and love in every breast ;  
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel  
The joys that cannot be expressed.
- 2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,  
Make our enlarged souls possess,  
And learn the height, and breadth, and  
length,  
Of thine unmeasurable grace.
- 3 Now to the God whose power can do  
More than our thoughts or wishes know,  
Be everlasting honours done  
By all the church, through Christ his Son.

670

S. M. Mansfield. Lonsdale.  
*Heavenly joy on earth.*

WATTS.

- COME, we that love the Lord,  
And let our joys be known ;  
Join in a song with sweet accord,  
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 [The sorrows of the mind  
Be banished from the place :  
Religion never was designed  
To make our pleasures less.]
- 3 Let those refuse to sing  
That never knew our God ;  
But favourites of the heavenly King  
May speak their joys abroad.

WORSHIP—PUBLIC.

- 4 [The God that rules on high,  
And thunders when he please,  
That rides upon the stormy sky,  
And manages the seas ;]
- 5 This awful God is ours,  
Our Father and our love ;  
He shall send down his heavenly powers  
To carry us above.
- 6 There shall we see his face,  
And never, never sin ;  
There, from the rivers of his grace,  
Drink endless pleasures in.
- 7 Yes, and before we rise  
To that immortal state,  
The thoughts of such amazing bliss  
Should constant joys create.
- 8 [The men of grace have found  
Glory begun below ;  
Celestial fruits on earthly ground  
From faith and hope may grow.]
- 9 [The hill of Sion yields  
A thousand sacred sweets,  
Before we reach the heavenly fields,  
Or walk the golden streets.
- 10 Then let our songs abound,  
And every tear be dry ;  
We're marching through Immanuel's ground  
To fairer worlds on high.]

671

8. 7. 4. Westbury. Calvary.

*Public worship.*

ORIGINAL.

GRACIOUS Lord, as thou hast taught us,

Lo! we come to seek thy face ;

Now we wait within thy temple,

For the visits of thy grace :

Let thy presence

Fill and glorify the place.

2 Here thy name has been recorded,

Here thy promised blessing give :

For thy blessing, Lord, we languish,

It *alone* can make us live.

O then bless us !

Bless us now and evermore.

3 Let thy pardoning love constrain us,

Filling—warming every heart ;

Till we feel our love enkindled,

Till we bid our sins depart.

Gentle Jesus !

Rule us by thy dying love !

4 Hear our prayers, accept our praises,

In this all-auspicious hour ;

May thy word, to saint and sinner,

Come in all its mighty power !

From its fulness

Grant us all a rich supply.

5 Let us run with feet unwearied

All the length of Zion's road ;

Then, upborne on arms of angels,

Reach our last and best abode ;

And we'll praise thee

In a sweet immortal song.

COME, thou Almighty King,  
 Help us thy name to sing,  
 Help us to praise ;  
 Father, all-glorious,  
 O'er all victorious,  
 Come and reign over us,  
 Ancient of days.

- 2 Jesus, our Lord, arise,  
 Scatter our enemies,  
 And make them fall.  
 Let thine almighty aid  
 Our sure defence be made,  
 Our souls on thee be stayed ;  
 Lord, hear our call.
- 3 Come, thou incarnate Word,  
 Gird on thy mighty sword ;  
 Our prayers attend.  
 Come, and thy people bless,  
 And give thy word success ;  
 Spirit of holiness,  
 On us descend.
- 4 Come, holy Comforter,  
 Thy sacred witness bear,  
 In this glad hour.  
 Thou who almighty art,  
 Now rule in every heart,  
 And ne'er from us depart,  
 Spirit of power.



WORSHIP—PUBLIC.

- 5 To the great One in Three,  
Eternal praises be,  
Hence, evermore !  
His sovereign Majesty  
May we in glory see ;  
And to eternity,  
Love and adore.

**673** 148th. Greenwich New. Portsmouth New.  
*Public worship.* FRANCIS.

- IN sweet exalted strains  
The King of Glory praise ;  
O'er heaven and earth he reigns,  
Through everlasting days ;  
He, with a nod, the world controls,  
Sustains or sinks the distant poles.
- 2 To earth he bends his throne,  
His throne of grace divine ;  
Wide is his bounty known,  
And wide his glories shine ;  
Fair Salem still, his chosen rest,  
Is with his smiles and presence blest.
- 3 Then, King of Glory, come,  
And with thy favour crown  
This temple as thy dome,  
This people as thy own :  
Beneath this roof, O deign to show  
How God can dwell with men below.
- 4 Here may thine ears attend  
Our interceding cries,  
And grateful praise ascend  
All fragrant to the skies :



Here may thy word melodious sound,  
And spread celestial joys around !

- 5 Here may the attentive throng  
Imbibe thy truth and love,  
And converts join the song  
Of seraphim above ;  
And willing crowds surround thy board,  
With sacred joy and sweet accord.

- 6 Here may our unborn sons  
And daughters sound thy praise ;  
And shine, like polished stones,  
Through long succeeding days.  
Here, Lord, display thy saving power,  
While temples stand and men adore.

**674**

C. M. Auburn. Jerusalem.

*Public worship.*

NEWTON.

DEAR Shepherd of thy people, hear,  
Thy presence now display ;  
As thou hast given a place for prayer,  
So give us hearts to pray.

- 2 Show us some token of thy love,  
Our fainting hope to raise ;  
And pour thy blessing from above,  
That we may render praise.
- 3 Within these walls let holy peace,  
And love, and concord dwell ;  
Here give the troubled conscience ease,  
The wounded spirit heal.
- 4 May we in faith receive thy word,  
In faith present our prayers ;

WORSHIP—PUBLIC.

And, in the presence of our Lord,  
Unbosom all our cares.

- 5 And may the gospel's joyful sound,  
Enforced by mighty grace,  
Awaken many sinners round,  
To come and fill the place.

**675**

7s. Cookham. Shore Cottage.

*Opening of public worship.*

ANON.

LORD, we come before thee now,  
At thy feet we humbly bow ;  
Oh ! do not our suit disdain,  
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain ?

- 2 In thine own appointed way  
Now we seek thee—here we stay ;  
Lord, from hence we would not go,  
Till a blessing thou bestow.

- 3 Send some message from thy word,  
That may joy and peace afford :  
Let thy Spirit now impart  
Full salvation to each heart.

- 4 Comfort those who weep and mourn,  
Let the time of joy return ;  
Those that are cast down lift up,  
Make them strong in faith and hope !

- 5 Grant that all may seek and find  
Thee a God supremely kind ;  
Heal the sick, the captive free,  
Let us all rejoice in thee.

WORSHIP—PUBLIC.

**676**

112th. Carey's. Creation.

*Prayer for Divine presence.*

FAWCETT.

THY presence, gracious God, afford,  
Prepare us to receive thy word :  
Now let thy voice engage our ear,  
And faith be mixed with what we hear :

*Chor.* Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,  
And crown thy gospel with success.

2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,  
And fix our hearts and hopes above ;  
With food divine may we be fed,  
And satisfied with living bread.

*Chor.* Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,  
And crown thy gospel with success.

3 To us the sacred word apply  
With sovereign power and energy ;  
And may we, in thy faith and fear,  
Reduce to practice what we hear :

*Chor.* Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,  
And crown thy gospel with success.

4 Father, in us thy Son reveal ;  
Teach us to know and do thy will ;  
Thy saving power and love display,  
And guide us to the realms of day :

*Chor.* Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,  
And crown thy gospel with success.

**677**

C. M. Condescension. Stephens.

*Prayer for the Spirit's influence.*

ANON.

NOW may the Spirit's holy fire,  
Descending from above,

WORSHIP—PUBLIC.

His waiting family inspire  
With joy, and peace, and love !

2 Wake, heavenly wind, arise and come,  
Blow on the drooping field !  
Our spices then shall breathe perfume,  
And fragrant incense yield.

3 Touch with a living coal the lip  
That shall proclaim thy word ;  
And bid us all devoutly keep  
Attention to the Lord.

**678**

8. 7. 4. Mariners. Calvary.

*Prayer for pastor and people.*

ANON.

DEAREST Saviour, help thy servant  
To proclaim thy wondrous love !  
Pour thy grace upon this people,  
That thy truth they may approve :  
Bless, O bless us !  
From thy shining courts above.

2 Now thy gracious word invites us  
To partake the gospel feast :  
Let thy Spirit sweetly draw us ;  
Every soul be Jesus' guest !  
O receive us ;  
Let us find thy promised rest.

**679**

L. M. Old 100th. Bampton.

*Before sermon.* BURDER (altered).

LORD, solemnize our trifling minds ;  
O help us seriously to think,  
A vast eternity is near,  
And every soul is on the brink !

WORSHIP—PUBLIC.

- 2 Lord, help thy minister to preach  
“As if he ne’er should preach again;”  
O may he speak as sent by thee,  
“A dying man to dying men.”
- 3 Now may we all attend thy voice,  
Before the day of grace is past;  
Nor dare the present message slight,  
Since this to us may prove the last.

**680** C. M. Weston Favel. Nehemiah.  
*Delight in worship.* Psal. xxvii. WATTS.

- THE Lord of glory is my light,  
And my salvation too;  
God is my strength, nor will I fear  
What all my foes can do.
- 2 One privilege my heart desires:  
O grant me an abode  
Among the churches of thy saints,  
The temples of my God!
- 3 There shall I offer my requests,  
And see thy beauty still;  
Shall hear thy messages of love,  
And there inquire thy will.
- 4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,  
There may his children hide;  
God has a strong pavilion where  
He makes my soul abide.
- 5 Now shall my head be lifted high  
Above my foes around,  
And songs of joy and victory  
Within thy temple sound.



681

C. M. Frome. Jerusalem.

*Hope in God.* Psal. xxvii.

WATTS.

SOON as I heard my Father say,  
 "Ye children, seek my grace,"  
 My heart replied without delay,  
 "I'll seek my Father's face."

- 2 Let not thy face be hid from me,  
 Nor frown my soul away;  
 God of my life, I fly to thee  
 In a distressing day.
- 3 Should friends and kindred near and dear  
 Leave me to want or die,  
 My God would make my life his care,  
 And all my need supply.
- 4 My fainting flesh had died with grief  
 Had not my soul believed,  
 To see thy grace provide relief;  
 Nor was my hope deceived.
- 5 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,  
 And keep your courage up;  
 He'll raise your spirit when it faints,  
 And far exceed your hope.

682

S. M. Peckham. Mansfield.

*Seeking God.* Psal. lxiii.

WATTS.

MY God, permit my tongue  
 This joy, to call thee mine;  
 And let my early cries prevail  
 To taste thy love divine.

WORSHIP—PUBLIC.

- 2    My thirsty, fainting soul  
     Thy mercy doth implore ;  
Not travellers in desert lands,  
     Can pant for water more.
- 3    Within thy churches, Lord,  
     I long to find my place ;  
Thy power and glory to behold,  
     And feel thy quickening grace.
- 4    For life without thy love  
     No relish can afford ;  
No joy can be compared to this,  
     To serve and please the Lord.
- 5    To thee I'll lift my hands,  
     And praise thee while I live ;  
Not the rich dainties of a feast  
     Such food or pleasure give.
- 6    In wakeful hours of night,  
     I call my God to mind ;  
I think how wise thy counsels are,  
     And all thy dealings kind.
- 7    Since thou hast been my help,  
     To thee my spirit flies,  
And on thy watchful providence  
     My cheerful hope relies.
- 8    The shadow of thy wings  
     My soul in safety keeps ;  
I follow where my Father leads,  
     And he supports my steps.



WORSHIP—PUBLIC.

683

C. M. Bath Chapel. Bedford.

*Seeking God.* Psal. lxxv.

WATTS.

PRAISE waits in Sion, Lord, for thee ;

There shall our vows be paid :

Thou hast an ear when sinners pray ;

All flesh shall seek thine aid.

2 Lord, our iniquities prevail,

But pardoning grace is thine ;

And thou wilt grant us power and skill

To conquer every sin.

3 Blessed are the men whom thou wilt choose

To bring them near thy face,

Give them a dwelling in thine house,

To feast upon thy grace.

4 In answering what thy church requests

Thy truth and terror shine,

And works of dreadful righteousness

Fulfil thy kind design.

5 Thus shall the wondering nations see

The Lord is good and just ;

And distant islands fly to thee,

And make thy name their trust.

6 They dread thy glittering tokens, Lord,

When signs in heaven appear ;

But they shall learn thy holy word,

And love as well as fear.

684

L. M. Berwick. Derby.

*Delight in worship.* Psal. xcii.

WATTS.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,

To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing,

To show thy love by morning light,  
And talk of all thy truth at night.

- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,  
No mortal cares shall seize my breast :  
O may my heart in tune be found,  
Like David's harp of solemn sound !
- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,  
And bless his works, and bless his word :  
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !  
How deep thy counsels ! how divine !
- 4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high,  
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die ;  
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath  
Blast them in everlasting death.
- 5 But I shall share a glorious part  
When grace hath well refined my heart ;  
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,  
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
- 6 Sin, my worst enemy before,  
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more ;  
My inward foes shall all be slain,  
Nor Satan break my peace again.
- 7 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,  
All I desired or wished below ;  
And every power find sweet employ  
In that eternal world of joy.

**685**

C. M. Ebenezer New. Oxford.

*Opening of public worship.* Psal. xcv. WATTS.

SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,  
And in his strength rejoice ;

WORSHIP—PUBLIC.

- When his salvation is our theme,  
Exalted be our voice.
- 2 With thanks approach his awful sight ;  
And psalms of honour sing ;  
The Lord 's a God of boundless might,  
The whole creation's King.
- 3 Let princes hear, let angels know,  
How mean their natures seem,  
Those gods on high and gods below,  
When once compared with him.
- 4 Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,  
Lies in his spacious hand ;  
He fixed the seas what bounds to keep,  
And where the hills must stand.
- 5 Come, and with humble souls adore,  
Come, kneel before his face ;  
Oh may the creatures of his power  
Be children of his grace !
- 6 Now is the time ; he bends his ear,  
And waits for your request :  
Come, lest he rouse his wrath and swear,  
" Ye shall not see my rest."

686

L. M. Portugal. China.

*God's condescension to our worship.*

WATTS.

THY favours, Lord, surprise our souls ;  
Will the Eternal dwell with us ?  
What canst thou find beneath the poles  
To tempt thy chariot downward thus ?

WORSHIP—PUBLIC.

- 2 Still might he fill his starry throne,  
And please his ears with Gabriel's songs  
But the heavenly Majesty comes down,  
And bows to hearken to our tongues.
- 3 Great God! what poor returns we pay  
For love so infinite as thine!  
Words are but air, and tongues but clay;  
But thy compassion's all divine.

687

C. M. Hensbury. Nehemiah.

*Access to God by a Mediator.*

WATTS.

- COME, let us lift our joyful eyes  
Up to the courts above,  
And smile to see our Father there  
Upon a throne of love.
- 2 Once 'twas a seat of dreadful wrath,  
And shot devouring flame;  
Our God appeared "consuming fire,"  
And vengeance was his name.
- 3 Rich were the drops of Jesus' blood  
That calmed his frowning face,  
That sprinkled o'er the burning throne,  
And turned the wrath to grace.
- 4 Now we may bow before his feet,  
And venture near the Lord;  
No fiery cherub guards his seat,  
Nor double-flaming sword.
- 5 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss  
Are opened by the Son;  
High let us raise our notes of praise,  
And reach the Almighty throne.

- 6 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,  
Great Advocate on high ;  
And glory to the eternal King,  
That lays his fury by.

**688** 8. 7. 4. Rousseau's Dream. Mariners.  
*Before sermon.*

KELLY.

- IN thy name, O Lord ! assembling,  
We thy people now draw near.  
Teach us to rejoice with trembling.  
Speak, and let thy servants hear ;  
Hear with meekness ;  
Hear thy word with godly fear.
- 2 While our days on earth are lengthened,  
May we give them, Lord, to thee.  
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,  
May we run, nor weary be ;  
Till thy glory  
Without cloud in heaven we see.
- 3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,  
All thy people shall adore ;  
Tasting of enjoyment greater  
Than they could conceive before :  
Full enjoyment ;  
Full, unmixed, for evermore.

**689** C. M. Mount Pleasant. Suffolk New.  
*The presence of God sought.*

STEELE.

- COME, O thou King of all thy saints,  
Our humble tribute own,  
While with our praises and complaints  
We bow before thy throne.



WORSHIP—PUBLIC.

- 2 How should our songs, like those above,  
With warm devotion rise !  
How should our souls, on wings of love,  
Mount upward to the skies !
- 3 But ah ! the song, how faint it flows !  
How languid our desire !  
How cold the sacred passion glows,  
Till thou the heart inspire !
- 4 Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine,  
And fill thy dwellings here ;  
Till life, and love, and joy divine,  
A heaven on earth appear.
- 5 Then shall our hearts, enraptured, say,  
Come, great Redeemer, come ;  
And bring the bright, the glorious day,  
That calls thy children home.

**690**

C. M. Arabia. Hensbury.

*The presence of God sought.* TOPLADY'S COL.

FATHER! behold with gracious eyes,  
Those who through Christ draw near,  
To pay their living sacrifice,  
And worship in thy fear.

- 2 Well-pleased in him thyself declare ;  
Thy pardoning love reveal :  
The peaceful answer of our prayer,  
To every conscience seal.
- 3 On each, on all, some gift bestow ;  
Some blessing now impart.  
The seed of life eternal sow  
In every waiting heart.

WORSHIP—PUBLIC.

- 4 O Father! glorify thy Son,  
And grant what we require :  
For Jesus' sake, the gift send down,  
And answer us by fire :
- 5 Kindle the flame of love within,  
Which may to heaven ascend ;  
And now the work of grace begin,  
Which shall in glory end.
- 

AFTER SERMON.

- 691** C. M. Hephzibah. Doxology.  
*Praise for the gospel, Psal. cl.* WATTS.  
IN God's own house pronounce his praise,  
His grace he there reveals ;  
To heaven your joy and wonder raise,  
For there his glory dwells.
- 2 Let all your sacred passions move  
While you rehearse his deeds ;  
But the great work of saving love,  
Your highest praise exceeds.
- 3 All that have motion, life, and breath,  
Proclaim your Maker blessed ;  
Yet when my voice expires in death,  
My soul shall praise him best.

- 692** 8s. New Jerusalem.  
*After sermon.* HART.

THIS God is the God we adore,  
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend,



AFTER SERMON.

Whose love is as great as his power,  
And neither knows measure nor end.

- 2 'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,  
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home :  
We'll praise him for all that is past,  
And trust him for all that's to come.

**693**

7. Stoel. Feversham.

*After sermon.*

ORIGINAL.

BLESSED are thy people, Lord,  
While they listen to thy word ;  
While they see their Father's face  
Beam with unimagined grace.

- 2 Quickly do the minutes fly,  
While they feel thy presence nigh ;  
Sweetly do their songs arise,  
Through thy bleeding sacrifice.

- 3 When such pleasures they enjoy,  
Earth becomes a gaudy toy ;  
All its pomp and wealth appear  
Neither worth a hope nor fear.

- 4 Saviour, let these joys be mine ;  
Saviour, let thy beauties shine :  
I would all thy glories see,  
I would ever dwell with thee.

**694**

148th. Carmarthen New. Grove.

*After sermon.*

NEWTON.

ON what has now been sown,  
Thy blessing, Lord, bestow ;  
The power is thine alone  
To make it spring and grow ;

Do thou the gracious harvest raise,  
And thou alone shalt have the praise.

**695**

7s. Rest. Surrey Chapel.

*The pleasures of religion.*

'TIS religion that can give  
Sweetest pleasures while we live ;  
'Tis religion must supply  
Solid comfort when we die :  
After death its joys will be  
Lasting as eternity.

**696**

7s. Mount Hermon. Shore Cottage.

*Dismission.*

NEW

NOW may He who from the dead  
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,  
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,  
All our souls in safety keep.

2 May he teach us to fulfil  
What is pleasing in his sight ;  
Perfect us in all his will,  
And preserve us day and night !

3 To that great Redeemer's praise,  
Who the covenant sealed with blood,  
Let our hearts and voices raise  
Loud thanksgivings to our God.

**697**

C. M. Sprowston. Devizes.

*Love to ordinances.*

WA

I LOVE the windows of thy grace,  
Through which my Lord is seen,  
And long to meet my Saviour's face  
Without a glass between.

AFTER SERMON.

- 2 Oh that the happy hour were come  
To change my faith to sight !  
I shall behold my Lord at home  
In a diviner light.
- 3 Haste, my Beloved, and remove  
These interposing days ;  
Then shall my passions all be love,  
And all my powers be praise.

698

L. M. Job. Oswestry.

*The eternal sabbath.*

DODDRIDGE.

- LORD of the sabbath, hear our vows,  
On this thy day, in this thy house ;  
And own, as grateful sacrifice,  
The songs which from the desert rise.
- 2 Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love :  
But there's a nobler rest above ;  
To that our labouring souls aspire  
With ardent pangs of strong desire.
- 3 No more fatigue, no more distress ;  
Nor sin, nor hell, shall reach the place ;  
No groans to mingle with the songs  
Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 4 No rude alarms of raging foes ;  
No cries to break the long repose ;  
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,  
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 5 O long expected day, begin ;  
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin :  
Fain would we leave this weary road,  
And sleep in death to rest with God.

699

C. M. New York. Auburn.

*Sabbath evening.* BROWN (altered).

FREQUENT the day of God returns,  
To shed its quickening beams ;  
And yet how slow devotion burns !  
How languid are its flames !

2 Accept our faint attempts to love,  
Our frailties, Lord, forgive ;  
We would be like thy saints above,  
And praise thee while we live.

3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,  
And fit us to ascend  
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,  
The sabbath ne'er shall end :

4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,  
With heavenly lustre shine ;  
Before the throne of God appear,  
And feast on love divine :

5 Where we in high seraphic strains  
Shall all our powers employ ;  
Delighted range the ethereal plains,  
And drink eternal joy.

700

C. M. Ann's. Devizes.

*Unfruitfulness lamented.*

WATTS.

LONG have I sat beneath the sound  
Of thy salvation, Lord ;  
But still how weak my faith is found,  
And knowledge of thy word !

AFTER SERMON.

- 2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,  
And hear almost in vain ;  
How small a portion of thy grace  
My memory can retain !
- 3 [My dear Almighty, and my God,  
How little art thou known  
By all the judgments of thy rod,  
And blessings of thy throne !]
- 4 [How cold and feeble is my love !  
How negligent my fear !  
How low my hope of joys above !  
How few affections there !]
- 5 Great God ! thy sovereign power impart  
To give thy word success ;  
Write thy salvation in my heart,  
And make me learn thy grace.
- 6 [Show my forgetful feet the way  
That leads to joys on high :  
There knowledge grows without decay,  
And love shall never die.]

**701**

8. 7. 4. Calvary. Helmsley.

*Dismission.*

ANON.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,  
Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;  
Let us each, thy love possessing,  
Triumph in redeeming grace :  
O refresh us,  
Travelling through this wilderness.



WORSHIP—PUBLIC.

- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,  
For thy gospel's joyful sound ;  
May the fruits of thy salvation  
In our hearts and lives abound !  
Ever faithful  
To the truth may we be found.
- 3 So whene'er the signal's given,  
Us from earth to call away,  
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,  
Glad the summons to obey,  
May we ever,  
Reign with Christ in endless day !

702

S. M. Reuben. Shirland.

*Dismission.*

NEWTON.

- ONCE more before we part,  
Bless the Redeemer's name !  
Let every tongue and every heart  
Praise and adore the same !
- 2 Receive the sacred word,  
And feed thereon, and grow ;  
Go on to seek, to know the Lord,  
And practise what you know.
- 3 For this devoutly pray,  
And following on pursue,  
Till visions of eternal day  
Fix and complete the view.

WORSHIP—DOMESTIC.

**703**

C. M. Nehemiah. Halifax.

*For daily protection.*

ANON.

ON thee each morning, O my God,  
My waking thoughts attend;  
In thee are founded all my hopes,  
In thee my wishes end.

2 My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,  
Thy boundless love surveys,  
And fired with grateful zeal, prepares  
A sacrifice of praise.

3 God leads me through the maze of sleep,  
And brings me safe to light;  
And with the same paternal care,  
Conducts my steps till night.

4 When evening slumbers press my eyes,  
With his protection blest,  
In peace and safety I commit  
My weary limbs to rest.

5 My spirit, in his hand secure,  
Fears no approaching ill;  
For whether waking or asleep,  
Thou, Lord, art with me still.

**704**

L. M. New Court. Magdalene.

*For daily protection.*

WATTS.

MY God, how endless is thy love!  
Thy gifts are every evening new;  
And morning mercies from above  
Gently distil like early dew.



WORSHIP—DOMESTIC.

- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,  
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;  
Thy sovereign word restores the light,  
And quickens all my drowsy powers.
- 3 I yield my powers to thy command,  
To thee I consecrate my days;  
Perpetual blessings from thine hand  
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

705

C. M. Auburn. Staughton.

*Evening hymn.*

MASON.

- NOW from the altar of our hearts  
Let incense-flames arise;  
Assist us, Lord, to offer up  
Our evening sacrifice.
- 2 Awake, our love; awake, our joy;  
Awake, our heart and tongue:  
Sleep not;—when mercies loudly call,  
Break forth into a song.
- 3 Minutes and mercies multiplied  
Have made up all this day:  
Minutes came quick, but mercies were  
More fleet and free than they.
- 4 New time, new favour, and new joys,  
Do a new song require:  
Till we shall praise thee as we would,  
Accept our hearts' desire.
- 5 Lord of our time, whose hand hath set  
New time upon our score;  
Thee may we praise for all our time,  
When time shall be no more.

WORSHIP—DOMESTIC.

**706**

C. M. Abridge. Ann's.

*An evening hymn.*

WATTS.

[DREAD Sovereign ! let my evening song  
Like holy incense rise ;  
Assist the offerings of my tongue  
To reach the lofty skies.

2 Through all the dangers of the day  
Thy hand was still my guard,  
And still to drive my wants away  
Thy mercy stood prepared.]

3 Perpetual blessings from above  
Encompass me around,  
But oh how few returns of love  
Hath my Creator found !

4 What have I done for him that died  
To save my wretched soul ?  
How are my follies multiplied,  
Fast as my minutes roll !

5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine  
To thy dear cross I flee ;  
And to thy grace my soul resign,  
To be renewed by thee.

6 Sprinkled afresh with pardoning blood,  
I lay me down to rest,  
As in the embraces of my God,  
Or on my Saviour's breast.

**707**

8s. New Jerusalem. Lambeth.

*Evening hymn.*

TOPLADY.

WHAT though my frail eyelids refuse  
Continual watching to keep,

WORSHIP—DOMESTIC.

And, punctual as midnight renews,  
Demand the refreshment of sleep :  
A sovereign Protector I have,  
Unseen, yet for ever at hand ;  
Unchangeably faithful to save,  
Almighty to rule and command.

2 Thy ministering spirits descend,  
To watch while thy saints are asleep  
By day and by night they attend,  
The heirs of salvation to keep ;  
Bright seraphs despatched from the thr  
Repair to their station assigned ;  
And angels elect are sent down,  
To guard the elect of mankind.

3 Thy worship no interval knows,  
Their fervour is still on the wing ;  
And while they protect my repose,  
They chant to the praise of my King  
I too, at the season assigned,  
Their chorus for ever shall join ;  
And praise and adore without end  
Their faithful Creator and mine.

708

L. M. Magdalene. Job.

*Evening hymn.*

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light :  
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,  
Under thine own Almighty wings.

? Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,  
The ills which I this day have done ;

WORSHIP—DOMESTIC.

That with the world, myself, and thee,  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed :  
Teach me to die, that so I may  
With joy behold the judgment day.

4 Let my blest Guardian, while I sleep,  
His watchful station near me keep ;  
My heart with love celestial fill,  
And guard me from the approach of ill.

5 Lord, let my heart for ever share  
The bliss of thy paternal care :  
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,  
To see thy face, and sing thy love.

**709**

L. M. Magdalene. Peru.

*Evening hymn.*

WATTS.

THUS far the Lord hath led me on,  
Thus far his power prolongs my days ;  
And every evening shall make known  
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,  
And I perhaps am near my home ;  
But he forgives my follies past,  
He gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep,  
Peace is the pillow for my head ;  
While well-appointed angels keep  
Their watchful stations round my bed.

- 4 In vain the sons of earth or hell  
Tell me a thousand frightful things;  
My God in safety makes me dwell  
Beneath the shadow of his wings.
- 5 [Faith in his name forbids my fear;  
Oh may thy presence ne'er depart!  
And in the morning make me hear  
The love and kindness of thy heart.
- 6 Thus when the night of death shall come,  
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,  
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,  
With sweet salvation in the sound.]

**710**

L. M. Bredby. Truro.

*God's regard to our families.* DODDRIDGE

- FATHER of men, thy care we bless,  
Which crowns our families with peace;  
From thee they sprung, and by thy hand  
Their root and branches are sustained.
- 2 To God, most worthy to be praised,  
Be our domestic altars raised;  
Who, Lord of heaven, scorns not to dwell  
With saints in their obscurest cell.
  - 3 To thee may each united house,  
Morning and night, present its vows:  
Our servants there, and rising race,  
Be taught thy precepts, and thy grace.
  - 4 Oh may each future age proclaim  
The honours of thy glorious name;  
While pleased, and thankful, we remove  
To join the family above.



WORSHIP—DOMESTIC.

711

C. M. Stephens. Walsall.

*Domestic trial.*

DODDRIDGE.

MY God, the covenant of thy love  
Abides for ever sure,  
And in its matchless grace I feel  
My happiness secure.

- 2 What though my house be not with thee  
As nature could desire?  
To nobler joys than nature gives  
Thy servants all aspire.
- 3 Since thou, the everlasting God,  
My Father art become;  
Jesus, my Guardian and my Friend,  
And heaven my final home;
- 4 I welcome all thy sovereign will,  
For all that will is love:  
And when I know not what thou dost,  
I wait the light above.
- 5 Thy covenant, in the darkest gloom,  
Shall heavenly rays impart;  
Which, when my eyelids close in death,  
Shall warm my chilling heart.

712

L. M. Wareham. Oswestry.

*Dependence on God.* Psal. cxxvii.

WATTS.

IF God succeed not, all the cost  
And pains to build the house are lost;  
If God the city will not keep,  
The watchful guards as well may sleep.

- 2 What if you rise before the sun,  
And work and toil when day is done;

Careful and sparing eat your bread,  
To shun that poverty you dread ;

3 'Tis all in vain, till God hath blessed ;  
He can make rich, yet give us rest :  
Children and friends are blessings too,  
If God our Sovereign make them so.

4 Happy the man to whom he sends  
Obedient children, faithful friends !  
How sweet our daily comforts prove  
When they are seasoned with his love !

**713**

8. 7. Jewin Street.

*The peace of God.*

C. WESLEY.

PEACE be to this habitation !

Peace to all that dwell therein !

Peace, the earnest of salvation ;

Peace, the fruit of pardoned sin :

Peace, that speaks the heavenly Giver ;

Peace to worldly minds unknown ;

Peace divine, that lasts for ever ;

Peace that comes from God alone.

2 Prince of Peace ! be present near us ;

Fix in all our hearts thy home ;

With thy gracious presence cheer us.

Let thy sacred kingdom come.

Raise to heaven our expectation :

Give our favoured souls to prove

Glorious and complete salvation,

In the realms of bliss above.



WORSHIP—PRIVATE.

714

C. M. Staughton. Salem.

*Retirement.*

COWPER.

FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,  
From strife and tumult far ;  
From scenes where Satan wages still  
His most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,  
With prayer and praise agree ;  
And seem by thy sweet bounty made  
For those who follow thee.

3 There if thy Spirit touch the soul,  
And grace her mean abode ;  
Oh with what peace, and joy, and love,  
She communes with her God !

4 There, like the nightingale, she pours  
Her solitary lays ;  
Nor asks a witness of her song,  
Nor thirsts for human praise.

5 Author and Guardian of my life,  
Sweet Source of light divine,  
And (all harmonious names in one)  
My Saviour, thou art mine.

6 What thanks I owe thee, and what love,  
A boundless, endless store,  
Shall echo through the realms above  
When time shall be no more.

715

C. M. Auburn. Providence.

*Retirement.*

ORI

RICH are the joys of solitude  
Which thou hast kindly given  
To those who seek thy presence, Lord,  
And tread the path to heaven.

2 'Tis in the silence of the shade  
My sober thoughts begin,  
And earth's illusive charms appear  
But vanity or sin.

3 'Tis here the troubled springs of life  
Are lulled to sweetest rest ;  
The stillness of this hour expels  
All tumult from my breast.

4 'Tis here I rise above myself,  
And nature's beauties trace ;  
Minute or grand, she still displays  
Her Maker's power and grace.

5 And worlds beyond the range of sense  
Are spread before my sight,—  
I seem to drop my earthly frame,  
And dwell in heavenly light.

6 Far, far above all mortal things  
I walk with God alone,  
And while he names celestial joys,  
I call them all my own!—

7 Ah! let the noisy world pursue  
The trifles of a day,  
Mine be the silent, secret joys  
That never fade away.

· WORSHIP—PRIVATE.

- 8 Dear Saviour, rest my heart on thee,  
Or I shall quickly show  
That I can strive for trifles too,  
And let these pleasures go.

**716**

C. M. Auburn. Warwick.

*Retired devotion.*

ORIGINAL.

- WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power,  
Be my vain wishes stilled ;  
And may this consecrated hour  
With better hopes be filled.
- 2 Thy love the powers of thought bestowed,—  
To thee my thoughts would soar ,  
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed,—  
That mercy I adore !
- 3 In each event of life, how clear  
Thy ruling hand I see !  
Each blessing to my soul more dear,  
Because conferred by thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,  
In every pain I bear,  
My heart shall find delight in praise,  
Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favoured hour,  
Thy love my thoughts shall fill :  
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lour,  
My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,  
The louring storm shall see ;  
My stedfast heart shall know no fear,  
That heart shall rest on thee.

**717**

L. M. Old 100th. Portugal.

*Self-examination.* Psal. xxvi.

WA

JUDGE me, O Lord, and prove my wa  
And try my reins, and try my heart;  
My faith upon thy promise stays,  
Nor from thy law my feet depart.

- 2 I hate to walk, I hate to sit,  
With men of vanity and lies;  
The scoffer and the hypocrite  
Are the abhorrence of mine eyes.
- 3 Amongst thy saints will I appear  
With hands well washed in innocence  
But when I stand before thy bar,  
The blood of Christ is my defence.
- 4 I love thy habitation, Lord,  
The temple where thine honours dwell  
There shall I hear thine holy word,  
And there thy works of wonder tell.
- 5 Let not my soul be joined at last  
With men of treachery and blood,  
Since I my days on earth have passed  
Among the saints, and near my God.

**718**

C. M. Sprowston. Hensbury.

*Retirement.*

I LOVE to steal awhile away  
From every earthly care,  
And spend the hours of setting day  
In humble, grateful prayer.

WORSHIP—PRIVATE.

- 2 I love in solitude to shed  
The penitential tear ;  
And all his promises to plead,  
When none but God can hear.
- 3 I love to think on mercies past,  
And future good implore ;  
And all my fears and sorrows cast  
On Him whom I adore.
- 4 I love, by faith, to take a view  
Of brighter scenes in heaven :  
Such prospects do my strength renew  
While here by tempests driven.
- 5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,  
May its departing ray  
Be calm as this impressive hour,  
And lead to endless day.

**719** S. M. Mansfield. Mount Ephraim.  
*Retired devotion. Psal. lv.*

WATTS.

- LET sinners take their course,  
And choose the road to death ;  
But in the worship of my God  
I'll spend my daily breath.
- 2 My thoughts address his throne  
When morning brings the light ;  
I'll seek his blessing every noon,  
And pay my vows at night.
- 3 Thou wilt regard my cries,  
O my eternal God,  
While sinners perish in surprise,  
Beneath thine angry rod.



- 4 Because they dwell at ease,  
And no sad changes feel,  
They neither fear nor trust thy name,  
Nor learn to do thy will.
- 5 But I with all my cares  
Will lean upon the Lord;  
I'll cast my burden on his arm,  
And rest upon his word.
- 6 His arm shall well sustain  
The children of his love;  
The ground on which their safety stands  
No earthly power can move.

**720**

L. M. Doversdale. Ulverston.

*Safe in the care of God.*

C. WESLEY.

- GOD of my life, whose gracious power  
Through varied deaths my soul hath led,  
Or turned aside the fatal hour,  
Or lifted up my sinking head!
- 2 In all my ways thy hand I own,  
Thy ruling providence I see.  
Assist me still my course to run,  
And still direct my paths to thee.
  - 3 Whither, oh whither, should I fly,  
But to my loving Saviour's breast,  
Secure within thine arms to lie,  
And safe within thy wings to rest?
  - 4 I have no skill the snare to shun;  
But thou, O Christ, my wisdom art,  
I ever into ruin run;  
But thou art greater than my heart.

THE WORLD.

- 5 Foolish, and impotent; and blind,  
    Lead me a way I have not known.  
Bring me where I my heaven may find,—  
    The heaven of loving thee alone.
- 

THE WORLD.

721

C. M. New York. Evans.  
*The world, its vanity.* Psal. iv. STENNETT.

- IN vain the giddy world inquires,  
    Forgetful of their God,  
“Who will supply our vast desires,  
    Or show us any good?”
- 2 Through the wide circuit of the earth  
    Their eager wishes rove,  
In chase of honour, wealth, and mirth,  
    The phantoms of their love.
- 3 But oft these shadowy joys elude  
    Their most intense pursuit;  
Or if they seize the fancied good,  
    There's poison in the fruit.
- 4 Lord, from this world call off my love,  
    Set my affections right;  
Bid me aspire to joys above,  
    And walk no more by sight.
- 5 O let the glories of thy face  
    Upon my bosom shine:  
Assured of thy forgiving grace,  
    My joys will be divine.



722

S. S. G. Westbury Leigh. Praise.

*Longing to forsake the world.*

STEEL

AH! why should this immortal mind,  
 Enslaved by sense, be thus confined,  
 And never, never rise?

Why thus amused with empty toys,  
 And fond of visionary joys,  
 Forget her native skies?

2 The mind was formed to mount sublime,  
 Beyond the narrow bounds of time,  
 To everlasting things:  
 But earthly vapours cloud her sight,  
 And hang with cold, oppressive weight  
 Upon her drooping wings.

3 The world employs its various snares  
 Of hopes and pleasures, pains and cares,  
 And chained to earth I lie:  
 When shall my fettered powers be free,  
 And leave these seats of vanity,  
 And upward learn to fly?

4 Bright scenes of bliss, unclouded skies,  
 Invite my soul: O, could I rise,  
 Nor leave a thought below;  
 I'd bid farewell to anxious care,  
 And say to every tempting snare,  
 Heaven calls, and I must go!

5 Heaven calls, and can I yet delay,  
 Can aught on earth engage my stay?  
 Ah wretched, lingering heart!

THE WORLD.

Come, Lord, with strength, and life, and  
Assist and guide my upward flight, [light,  
And bid the world depart.

**723**

C. M. Oxford. Auburn.

*Vanity of life.*

COWPER.

THE evils that beset our path  
Who can prevent or cure ?  
We stand upon the brink of death  
When most we seem secure.

- 2 If we to-day sweet peace possess,  
It soon may be withdrawn ;  
Some change may plunge us in distress  
Before to-morrow's dawn.
- 3 Disease and pain invade our health,  
And find an easy prey ;  
And oft, when least expected, wealth  
Takes wings and flies away.
- 4 I pity those who seek no more  
Than such a world can give ;  
Wretched they are, and blind, and poor,  
And dying while they live.
- 5 Since sin has filled the earth with woe,  
And creatures fade and die ;  
Lord, wean our hearts from things below,  
And fix our hopes on high.

**724**

C. M. Salem. Grove House.

*Vanity of the world.*

WATTS.

HOW vain are all things here below !  
How false, and yet how fair !  
Each pleasure hath its poison too,  
And every sweet a snare.

THE WORLD.

- 2 The brightest things below the sky  
Give but a flattering light ;  
We should suspect some danger nigh  
Where we possess delight.
- 3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,  
The partners of our blood,  
How they divide our wavering minds,  
And leave but half for God !
- 4 The fondness of a creature's love,  
How strong it strikes the sense !  
Thither the warm affections move,  
Nor can we call them thence.
- 5 Dear Saviour ! let thy beauties be  
My soul's eternal food ;  
And grace command my heart away  
From all created good.

**725**

C. M. Arabia. Abridge.

*The world's temptations,*

WATT

- WHEN in the light of faith divine  
We look on things below,  
Honour, and gold, and sensual joy,  
How vain and dangerous too !
- 2 The pleasures that allure our sense  
Are dangerous snares to souls ;  
There 's but a drop of flattering sweet,  
And dashed with bitter bowls.
  - 3 God is mine all-sufficient good,  
My portion and my choice ;  
In him my vast desires are filled,  
And all my powers rejoice.

THE WORLD.

- 4 In vain the world accosts my ear,  
And tempts my heart anew ;  
I cannot buy your bliss so dear,  
Nor part with heaven for you.

726

C. M. Abridge. Carolina.

*The end of the world.*

WATTS.

WHY should this earth delight us so ?  
Why should we fix our eyes  
On these low grounds where sorrows grow,  
And every pleasure dies ?

- 2 While time his sharpest teeth prepares  
Our comforts to devour,  
There is a land above the stars,  
And joys above his power.

- 3 Nature shall be dissolved and die,  
The sun must end his race,  
The earth and sea for ever fly  
Before my Saviour's face.

- 4 When will that glorious morning rise ?  
When the last trumpet sound,  
And call the nations to the skies,  
From underneath the ground ?

727

L. M. Bramcoate. China.

*The world renounced.*

COWPER.

WHAT thousands never knew the road !  
What thousands hate it when 'tis known  
None but the chosen tribes of God,  
With their own

THE WORLD.

- 2 A thousand ways in ruin end,  
One only leads to joys on high ;  
By that my willing steps ascend,  
Pleased with a journey to the sky.
- 3 No more I ask, or hope to find,  
Delight or happiness below ;  
Sorrow may well possess the mind  
That feeds where thorns and thistles grow.
- 4 The joy that fades is not for me,  
I seek immortal joys above ;  
There glory without end shall be  
The bright reward of faith and love.
- 5 Cleave to the world, ye sordid worms,  
Contented lick your native dust ;  
But God shall fight, with all his storms,  
Against the idol of your trust.

728

C. M. Auburn. Piety.

*The world renounced.*

NEWTON.

- LET worldly minds the world pursue,  
It has no charms for me ;  
Once I admired its trifles too,  
But grace has set me free.
- 2 Its pleasures now no longer please,  
No more content afford ;  
Far from my heart be joys like these,  
Now I have seen the Lord.
- 3 As by the light of opening day  
The stars are all concealed ;  
So earthly pleasures fade away,  
When Jesus is revealed.



- 4 Creatures no more divide my choice,  
I bid them all depart ;  
His name, and love, and gracious voice,  
Have fixed my roving heart.
- 5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,  
And wholly live to thee ;  
But may I hope that thou wilt own  
A worthless worm like me ?
- 6 Yes, though of sinners I'm the worst,  
I cannot doubt thy will ;  
For if thou hadst not loved me first,  
I had refused thee still.

729

C. M. Ann's. Abridge.

*The world renounced.*

BROWN.

- VAIN world, thy cheating arts give o'er,  
Thy offers we despise ;  
In vain thou spread'st thy tempting store,  
To catch our wandering eyes.
- 2 Bribe us no more with glittering toys,  
To cast our souls away ;  
Nor seek by such delusive joys,  
To tempt our feet astray.
  - 3 We 'll never part with gold for dross,  
With solid good for show ;  
Outlive our bliss, and mourn our loss  
In everlasting woe.
  - 4 Vain world, thy weak attempt forbear,  
We all thy charms defy,  
And rate our precious souls too dear  
For all thy wealth to buy.

730

L. M. Portugal. Bampton.

*Weaned from the world.*

COWLEY.

I THIRST, but not as once I did,  
 The vain delights of earth to share;  
 Thy wounds, Emmanuel, all forbid  
 That I should seek my pleasure there.

2 It was the sight of thy dear cross,  
 First weaned my soul from earthly things;  
 And taught me to esteem as dross,  
 The mirth of fools and pomp of kings.

3 I want that grace that springs from thee,  
 That quickens all things where it flows;  
 And makes a wretched thorn, like me,  
 Bloom as the myrtle or the rose.

4 Dear fountain of delight unknown!  
 No longer sink below the brim;  
 But overflow, and pour me down  
 A living and life-giving stream!

5 For sure, of all the plants that share  
 The notice of thy Father's eye,  
 None proves less grateful to his care,  
 Or yields him meaner fruit, than I.

731

7s. Rest. Deptford.

*Weaned from the world.*

WESLEY.

TAUGHT by long experience, Lord,  
 By thy Spirit taught, I see,  
 True is thy severest word,  
 All on earth is vanity;  
 Empty all our bliss below,  
 Seeming bliss, but real woe.



LIFE.

- 2 Turning then from earth away,  
Seeks my soul the joys above,  
Solid joys without allay;  
Saviour, in thy heartfelt love  
Heavenly comfort I possess,  
True, substantial happiness.
- 3 Now I find the good of man,  
Now I answer thy design,  
All in thee alone obtain,  
Plenitude of grace divine;  
Plenitude of glory too,  
Thee when face to face I view !

See also MAN—HIS SOUL—HIS CONVERSION.

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LIFE.

**732**

C. M. Abridge. Charmouth.  
*Frailty of life.*

WATTS.

- HOW short and hasty is our life !  
How vast our soul's affairs !  
Yet senseless mortals vainly strive  
To lavish out their years.
- 2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,  
Without a moment's stay;  
Just like a story or a song,  
We pass our lives away.
- 3 God from on high invites us home,  
But we march heedless on,  
And ever hastening to the tomb,  
Stoop downwards as we run.

LIFE.

- 4 How we deserve the deepest hell,  
That slight the joys above !  
What chains of vengeance should we feel,  
That break such cords of love !
- 5 Draw us, O God, with sovereign grace,  
And lift our thoughts on high,  
That we may end this mortal race,  
And see salvation nigh.

733

L. M. Penitence. Luther.

*Life the day of grace.*

WATTS.

- LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,  
The time to insure the great reward ;  
And while the lamp holds out to burn,  
The vilest sinner may return.
- 2 [Life is the hour that God has given  
To escape from hell and fly to heaven ;  
The day of grace, and mortals may  
Secure the blessings of the day.]
- 3 The living know that they must die,  
But all the dead forgotten lie ;  
Their memory and their sense is gone,  
Alike unknowing and unknown.
- 4 Then what my thoughts design to do,  
My hands, with all your might pursue ;  
Since no device nor work is found,  
Nor faith nor hope, beneath the ground.
- 5 There are no acts of pardon passed  
In the cold grave, to which we haste ;  
But darkness, death, and long despair,  
Reign in eternal silence there.

734

8. 7. Kelly's Mariners.

*Frailty of life.*

KELLY.

WHAT is life? 'tis but a vapour;

Soon it vanishes away:

Life is like a dying taper:

O my soul, why wish to stay?

Why not spread thy wings and fly

Straight to yonder world of joy?

2 See that glory; how resplendent!

Brighter far than fancy paints:

There, in majesty transcendent,

Jesus reigns, the King of saints.

Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly

Straight to yonder world of joy.

3 Joyful crowds, his throne surrounding,

Sing with rapture of his love;

Through the heavens his praises sounding,

Filling all the courts above.

Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly

Straight to yonder world of joy.

4 Go, and share his people's glory;

'Midst the ransomed crowd appear:

Thine a joyful, wondrous story,

One that angels love to hear.

Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly

Straight to yonder world of joy.

735

C. M. Salem. Bedford.

*The improvement of life.*

WATTS.

AND is this life prolonged to me?

Are days and seasons given?

O let me, then, prepare to be  
A fitter heir of heaven.

2 In vain these moments shall not pass,  
These golden hours be gone :  
Lord, I accept thine offered grace,  
I bow before thy throne.

3 Now cleanse my soul from every sin  
By my Redeemer's blood ;  
Now let my flesh and soul begin  
The honours of my God.

4 Let me no more my soul beguile  
With sin's deceitful toys ;  
Let cheerful hope, increasing still,  
Approach to heavenly joys.

5 My thankful lips shall loud proclaim  
The wonders of thy praise,  
And spread the savour of thy name  
Where'er I spend my days.

736

C. M. Arabia. Stephens.  
*The frailty of man.* Psal. xxxix.

WATTS.

TEACH me the measure of my days,  
Thou Maker of my frame ;  
I would survey life's narrow space,  
And learn how frail I am.

2 A span is all that we can boast,  
An inch or two of time ;  
Man is but vanity and dust,  
In all his flower and prime.

LIFE.

- 3 What should I wish or wait for, then,  
From creatures earth and dust ?  
They make our expectations vain,  
And disappoint our trust.
- 4 Now I forbid my carnal hope,  
My fond desires recall ;  
I give my mortal interest up,  
And make my God my all.

737

C. M. Stephens. Sprowston.

*The solemn hour.*

ORIGINAL.

- THERE is an *hour*, when I must part  
With all I hold most dear ;  
And life, with its best hopes, will then  
As nothingness appear.
- 2 There is an *hour*, when I must lie  
Low on affliction's bed ;  
And anguish, pain, and tears become  
My bitter daily bread.
- 3 There is an *hour*, when I must sink  
Beneath the stroke of death ;  
And yield to Him, who gave it first,  
My struggling vital breath.
- 4 There is an *hour*, when I must stand  
Before the judgment-seat ;  
And all my sins, and all my foes,  
In awful vision meet.
- 5 There is an *hour*, when I must look  
On one eternity ;  
And nameless woe, or blissful life,  
My endless portion be.



- 6 O Saviour, *then*, in all my need  
 Be near, be near to me ;  
 And let my soul, in stedfast faith,  
 Find life and heaven in thee !

**738**

C. M. Stephens. Bedford.

*The shortness of life.*

WATTS.

- TIME ! what an empty vapour 'tis !  
 And days, how swift they are !  
 Swift as an Indian arrow flies,  
 Or like a shooting star.
- 2 [Our life is ever on the wing,  
 And death is ever nigh ;  
 The moment when our lives begin  
 We all begin to die.]
- 3 Yet, mighty God ! our fleeting days  
 Thy lasting favours share,  
 Yet with the bounties of thy grace  
 Thou load'st the rolling year.
- 4 'Tis sovereign mercy finds us food,  
 And we are clothed with love ;  
 While grace stands pointing out the road  
 That leads our souls above.
- 5 His goodness runs an endless round ;  
 All glory to the Lord !  
 His mercy never knows a bound,  
 And be his name adored !
- 6 Thus we begin the lasting song ;  
 And when we close our eyes,  
 Let the next age thy praise prolong,  
 Till time and nature dies.

**739**

S. M. Falcon Street. Hopkins.

*Uncertainty of life.*

DODDRIDGE.

TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine,  
 Lodged in thy sovereign hand,  
 And if its sun arise and shine,  
 It shines by thy command.

- 2 The present moment flies,  
 And bears our life away ;  
 O make thy servants truly wise,  
 That they may live to-day.
- 3 Since on this winged hour  
 Eternity is hung,  
 Waken by thine almighty power  
 The aged and the young.
- 4 One thing demands our care ;  
 O be it still pursued !  
 Lest, slighted once, the season fair  
 Should never be renewed.
- 5 To Jesus may we fly  
 Swift as the morning light,  
 Lest life's young golden beams should die  
 In sudden endless night.

**740**

C. M. Abridge. Charmouth.

*Frailty and importance of life.*

WATTS.

THEE we adore, Eternal Name,  
 And humbly own to thee  
 How feeble is our mortal frame !  
 What dying worms are we !



- 2 [Our wasting lives grow shorter still  
As months and days increase ;  
And every beating pulse we tell  
Leaves but the number less.
- 3 The year rolls round, and steals away  
The breath that first it gave ;  
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,  
We're travelling to the grave.]
- 4 Great God ! on what a slender thread  
Hangs everlasting things !  
The eternal states of all the dead  
Upon life's feeble strings.
- 5 Infinite joy or endless woe  
Attends on every breath,  
And yet how unconcerned we go  
Upon the brink of death !
- 6 Waken, O Lord ! our drowsy sense,  
To walk this dangerous road ;  
And if our souls are hurried hence,  
May they be found with God.

**741**

C. M. Ann's. Stephens.

*Man frail, and God eternal. Psal. xc. WAITS.*

OUR God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home.

- 2 Under the shadow of thy throne  
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;  
Sufficient is thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.

LIFE.

- 3 Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame ;  
From everlasting thou art God,  
To endless years the same.
- 4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust—  
“ Return, ye sons of men ;”  
All nations rose from earth at first,  
And turn to earth again.
- 5 A thousand ages in thy sight  
Are like an evening gone ;  
Short as the watch that ends the night  
Before the rising sun.
- 6 Our God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be thou our guard while troubles last,  
And our eternal home.

**742**

C. M. Abridge. Irish.  
*Man frail, God his helper.*

WATTS.

- LET others boast how strong they be,  
Nor death nor danger fear ;  
But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,  
What feeble things we are.
- 2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,  
And flourish bright and gay ;  
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,  
And fades the grass away.
- 3 Our life contains a thousand springs,  
And dies if one be gone ;  
Strange, that a harp of thousand strings  
Should keep in tune so long !

DEATH.

- 4 But 'tis our God supports our frame,  
The God that built us first ;  
Salvation to the Almighty name  
That reared us from the dust.
- 5 [While we have breath, or use our tongues,  
Our Maker we'll adore ;  
His Spirit moves our heaving lungs,  
Or they would breathe no more.]
- 

DEATH.

743

S. M. Falcon Street. Peckham.  
*Triumph over death.*

WATTS.

- AND must this body die ?  
This mortal frame decay ?  
And must these active limbs of mine  
Lie mouldering in the clay ?
- 2 Corruption, earth, and worms,  
Shall but refine this flesh,  
Till my triumphant spirit comes  
To put it on afresh.
- 3 God my Redeemer lives,  
And often from the skies  
Looks down, and watches all my dust,  
Till he shall bid it rise.
- 4 Arrayed in glorious grace  
Shall these vile bodies shine,  
And every shape and every face  
Look heavenly and divine.

DEATH.

5 These lively hopes we owe  
To Jesus' dying love ;  
We would adore his grace below,  
And sing his power above.

6 Dear Lord, accept the praise  
Of these our humble songs,  
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise  
With our immortal tongues.

**744** C. M. Stephens. Milbourn Port.  
*Triumph over death.* WATTS.

GREAT God, I own thy sentence just,  
And nature must decay ;  
I yield my body to the dust,  
To dwell with fellow clay.

2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,  
And trample on the tombs ;  
My Jesus, my Redeemer, lives ;  
My God, my Saviour, comes.

3 The mighty Conqueror shall appear  
High on a royal seat,  
And death, the last of all his foes,  
Lie vanquished at his feet.

4 Though greedy worms devour my skin,  
And gnaw my wasting flesh,  
When God shall build my bones again,  
He clothes them all afresh.

5 Then shall I see thy lovely face  
With strong immortal eyes,  
And feast upon thy unknown grace  
With pleasure and surprise.

DEATH.

745

C. M. Hephzibah. America.

*Victory over death.*

WATTS.

OH for an overcoming faith  
To cheer my dying hours ;  
To triumph o'er the monster Death,  
And all his frightful powers !

2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,  
My quivering lips should sing—  
Where is thy boasted victory, Grave ?  
And where the monster's sting ?

3 If sin be pardoned, I'm secure,  
Death hath no sting beside :  
The law gives sin its damning power ;  
But Christ, my ransom, died.

4 Now to the God of victory  
Immortal thanks be paid,  
Who makes us conquerors while we die,  
Through Christ our living Head.

746

L. M. Lebanon. Ulverston.

*The presence of Christ at death.*

WATTS.

WHY should we start, and fear to die ?  
What timorous worms we mortals are !  
Death is the gate of endless joy,  
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife,  
Fright our approaching souls away ;  
Still we shrink back again to life,  
Fond of our prison and our clay.



DEATH.

- 3 Oh ! if my Lord would come and meet,  
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,  
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,  
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.
- 4 Jesus can make a dying bed  
Feel soft as downy pillows are,  
While on his breast I lean my head,  
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

747

C. M. Bedford. Arabia.

*Dying in faith.*

WATTS.

- DEATH cannot make our souls afraid,  
If God be with us there ;  
We may walk through its darkest shade,  
And never yield to fear.
- 2 I could renounce my all below,  
If my Creator bid ;  
And run, if I were called to go,  
And die as Moses did.
- 3 Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,  
And view the promised land,  
My flesh itself should long to drop,  
And pray for the command.
- 4 Clapsed in my heavenly Father's arms,  
I would forget my breath,  
And lose my life among the charms  
Of so divine a death.

748

C. M. Carolina. Bangor.

*Blessedness of the dead.*

WATTS.

HEAR what the voice from heaven pro-  
For all the pious dead ; [claims,

DEATH.

Sweet is the savour of their names,  
And soft their sleeping bed.

- 2 They die in Jesus, and are blessed ;  
How kind their slumbers are !  
From sufferings and from sins released,  
And freed from every snare.
- 3 Far from this world of toil and strife,  
They're present with the Lord ;  
The labours of their mortal life  
End in a large reward.

**749**

L. M. Bredby. New Court.  
*Present with the Lord.*

WATTS.

ABSENT from flesh ! O blissful thought !  
What unknown joys this moment brings !  
Freed from the mischiefs sin has brought,  
From pains, and fears, and all their springs.

- 2 Absent from flesh ! illustrious day !  
Surprising scene ! triumphant stroke  
That rends the prison of my clay ;  
And I can feel my fetters broke.
- 3 Absent from flesh ! then rise, my soul,  
Where feet nor wings could never climb,  
Beyond the heavens where planets roll,  
Measuring the cares and joys of time.
- 4 I go where God and glory shine ;  
His presence makes eternal day :  
My all that's mortal I resign,  
For angels wait and point my way.



DEATH.

750

L. M. Islington. Bramcoate.

*A happy resurrection.*

WATTS.

NO, I'll repine at death no more,  
But with a cheerful gasp resign  
To the cold dungeon of the grave  
These dying, withering limbs of mine.

2 Let worms devour my wasting flesh,  
And crumble all my bones to dust,  
My God shall raise my frame anew  
At the revival of the just.

3 Break, sacred morning, through the skies,  
Bring that delightful, dreadful day;  
Cut short the hours, dear Lord, and come;  
Thy lingering wheels, how long they stay!

4 [Our weary spirits faint to see  
The light of thy returning face,  
And hear the language of those lips,  
Where God has shed his richest grace.]

751

P. M. Pope's Ode.

*Triumph over death.*

POPE.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame!  
Quit, O quit this mortal frame.  
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,  
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!  
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,  
And let me languish into life!

2 Hark! they whisper,—angels say,  
“Sister spirit, come away.”—  
What is this absorbs me quite,—  
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,

# DEATH.

Drowns my spirits, draws my breath !  
Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?

- 3 The world recedes, it disappears !  
Heaven opens on my eyes ; my ears  
With sounds seraphic ring.  
Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !  
*O Grave ! where is thy victory ?*  
*O Death ! where is thy sting ?*

752

Is.

*Triumph over death.*

TO FLADY

DEATHLESS principle, arise !  
Soar, thou native of the skies !  
Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,  
To his glorious likeness wrought !  
Go, to shine before his throne ;  
Deck his mediatorial crown.  
Go, his triumphs to adorn :  
Made for God, to God return.

- 2 Lo ! he beckons from on high :  
Fearless to his presence fly.  
Thine the merit of his blood,  
Thine the righteousness of God !  
Angels, joyful to attend,  
Hovering, round thy pillow bend ;  
Wait to catch the signal given,  
And escort thee quick to heaven.
- 3 Is thy earthly house distrest,  
Willing to retain its guest ?  
'Tis not thou, but it, must die.  
Fly, celestial tenant, fly !

DEATH.

Burst thy shackles ; drop thy clay ;  
Sweetly breathe thyself away.  
Singing, to thy crown remove,  
Swift of wing, and fired with love.

- 4 See the haven full in view !  
Love Divine shall bear thee through.  
Trust to that propitious gale ;  
Weigh thy anchor, spread thy sail.  
Saints in glory perfect made,  
Wait thy passage through the shade :  
Ardent for thy coming o'er,  
See ! they throng the blissful shore.
- 5 Mount, their transports to improve ;  
Join the longing choir above ;  
Swiftly to their wish be given ;  
Kindle higher joy in heaven.—  
Such the prospects that arise  
To the dying Christian's eyes ;  
Such the glorious vista, faith  
Opens through the shades of death.

753

7s.

*Triumph over death.*

MONTGOMERY.

“ SPIRIT—leave thine house of clay !  
Lingering dust—resign thy breath !  
Spirit—cast thy chains away !  
Dust—be thou dissolved in death ! ”  
Thus—the Almighty Saviour speaks,  
While the faithful Christian dies !  
Thus—the bonds of life he breaks,  
And the ransomed captive flies.

DEATH.

- 2 "Prisoner—long detained below !  
Prisoner—now with freedom blest !  
Welcome—from a world of woe !  
Welcome—to a land of rest !"  
Thus the choir of angels sing  
As they bear the soul on high !  
While with hallelujahs ring  
All the regions of the sky !
- 3 Grave—the guardian of our dust !  
Grave—the treasury of the skies !  
Every atom of thy trust  
Rests in hope again to rise !  
Hark ! the judgment trumpet calls !—  
"Soul—rebuild thy house of clay—  
Immortality thy walls,  
And eternity thy day !"

754

C. M. Salem. Serenity.

*Death of a believer.*

NEWTON.

- IN vain my fancy strives to paint  
The moment after death,  
The glories that surround the saints,  
When yielding up their breath.
- 2 One gentle sigh their fetters breaks,  
We scarce can say "They're gone !"  
Before the willing spirit takes  
Her mansion near the throne.
- 3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail,  
To trace her in her flight :  
No eye can pierce within the veil  
Which hides that world of light.

DEATH.

4 Thus much (and this is all) we know,  
They are completely blest ;  
Have done with sin, and care, and woe,  
And with their Saviour rest.

5 On harps of gold they praise his name,  
His face they always view ;  
Then let us followers be of them,  
That we may praise him too.

**755** 8. 7. Jewin Street. Queenborough.

*To die is gain.*

C. WESLEY.

HAPPY soul ! thy days are ended,  
All thy mourning days below.  
Go, by angel guards attended ;  
To the throne of Jesus go !  
Waiting to receive thy spirit,  
Lo ! the Saviour stands above ;  
Claims the purchase of his merit ;  
Reaches out the crown of love.

2 Struggle through thy latest passion,  
To thy dear Redeemer's breast ;  
To his uttermost salvation,  
To his everlasting rest.  
For the joy he sets before thee,  
Bear a momentary pain :  
Die, to live a life of glory ;  
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

**756** C. M. Irish. Providence.

*The song of Simeon.*

WATTS.

LORD, at thy temple we appear,  
As happy Simeon came,



DEATH.

And hope to meet our Saviour here  
O make our joys the same !

2 With what divine and vast delight  
The good old man was filled,  
When fondly in his withered arms  
He clasped the holy child !

3 " Now I can leave this world," he cried,  
" Behold, thy servant dies ;  
I've seen thy great salvation, Lord,  
And close my peaceful eyes.

4 " This is the light prepared to shine  
Upon the Gentile lands,  
Thine Israel's glory, and their hope  
To break their slavish bands."

5 [Jesus ! the vision of thy face  
Hath overpowering charms ;  
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,  
If Christ be in my arms.

6 Then while ye hear my heart-strings break,  
How sweet my minutes roll !  
A mortal paleness on my cheek,  
And glory in my soul.]

**757**

C. M. Stephens. Ann's.

*Death of a friend.*

STERLE.

WHILE to the grave our friends are borne,  
Around their cold remains,  
How all the tender passions mourn,  
And each fond heart complains !

DEATH.

- 2 But down to earth, alas ! in vain  
We bend our weeping eyes :  
Ah ! let us leave these seats of pain,  
And upward learn to rise.
- 3 Hope, cheerful, smiles amid the gloom,  
And beams a healing ray ;  
And guides us from the darksome tomb  
To realms of endless day.
- 4 Jesus, who left his blessed abode,  
(Amazing grace !) to die,  
Marked, when he rose, the shining road  
To his bright courts on high.
- 5 To those bright courts when hope ascends,  
The tears forget to flow ;  
Hope views our absent, happy friends,  
And calms the swelling woe.
- 6 Then let our hearts repine no more,  
That earthly comfort dies ;  
But lasting happiness explore,  
And ask it from the skies.

**758**

C. M. Warwick. Condensation.

*Death of a youth.*

STEELE.

WHEN blooming youth is snatched away  
By death's resistless hand,  
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay  
Which pity must demand.

- 2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,  
Oh may this truth, imprest  
With awful power,—I too must die,—  
Sink deep in every breast.



DEATH.

- 3 Let this vain world engage no more ;  
Behold the gaping tomb !  
It bids us seize the present hour ;  
To-morrow death may come.
- 4 The voice of this alarming scene  
May every heart obey :  
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,  
Which calls to watch and pray.
- 5 Oh let us fly, to Jesus fly,  
Whose powerful arm can save ;  
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,  
And triumph o'er the grave.

**759**

C. M. Salem, Cambridge New.

*Death of a minister.*

DODDRIDGE.

- NOW let our mourning hearts revive,  
And all our tears be dry ;  
Why should those eyes be drowned in grief,  
Which view a Saviour nigh ?
- 2 What though the arm of conquering death  
Does God's own house invade :  
What though the prophet and the priest  
Be numbered with the dead :
  - 3 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,  
The aged and the young,  
The watchful eye in darkness closed,  
And mute the instructive tongue ;
  - 4 The eternal Shepherd still survives,  
New comfort to impart ;  
His eye still guides us, and his voice  
Still animates our heart.

DEATH.

5 "Lo, I am with you," saith the Lord,  
"My church shall safe abide ;  
For I will ne'er forsake my own,  
Whose souls in me confide."

6 Through every scene of life and death,  
This promise is our trust ;  
And this shall be our children's song,  
When we are cold in dust.

**760**

C. M. Carolina. Bangor.

*Death of a believer.*

WATTS.

WHY do we mourn departing friends,  
Or shake at death's alarms ?  
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends  
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward too,  
As fast as time can move ?  
Nor would we wish the hours more slow  
To keep us from our love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey  
Their bodies to the tomb ?  
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,  
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all his saints he blessed,  
And softened every bed :  
Where should the dying members rest,  
But with their dying Head ?

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,  
And showed our feet the way :  
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,  
At the great rising day.

# DEATH.

- 6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,  
And bid our kindred rise :  
Awake, ye nations, under ground ;  
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

**761**

L. M. Old 100th. Bampton.

*Death of saint and sinner.*

ANON.

WHAT scenes of horror and of dread  
Await the sinner's dying bed !  
Death's terrors all appear in sight,  
Presages of eternal night.

- 2 Tormenting pangs distress his breast,  
Where'er he turns he finds no rest ;  
Death strikes the blow, he groans and cries,  
And in despair and horror dies.
- 3 Not so the heir of heavenly bliss ;  
His soul is filled with conscious peace ;  
A steady faith subdues his fear ;  
He sees the happy Canaan near.
- 4 His mind is tranquil and serene,  
No terrors in his looks are seen ;  
His Saviour's smile dispels the gloom,  
And smooths his passage to the tomb.
- 5 Lord, make my faith and love sincere,  
My judgment sound, my conscience clear ;  
And when the toils of life are past,  
May I be found in peace at last.

**762**

C. M. Walsall. Abridge.

*Preparation for death.*

HART.

VAIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear ;  
Repent—thy end is nigh !

DEATH.

Death, at the farthest, is not far ;  
Oh, think before you die !

2 Reflect—thou hast a soul to save !  
Thy sins—how high they mount !  
What are thy hopes beyond the grave ?  
How stands that dread account ?

3 Death enters, and there 's no defence ;  
His time there 's none can tell ;  
He 'll in a moment call thee hence,  
To heaven—or to hell !

4 Thy body, now thy chiefest care,  
Corruption shall consume ;  
But, ah ! destruction stops not there,  
Sin kills beyond the tomb !

5 To-day, the gospel calls ; to-day,  
Sinner ! it speaks to you !—  
Repent—believe—at its command,  
And life and heaven pursue !

**763**

C. M. Carolina. Stephens.  
*Death of kindred improved.*

WATTS.

MUST friends and kindred droop and die,  
And helpers be withdrawn ?  
While sorrow, with a weeping eye,  
Counts up our comforts gone ?

2 Be thou our comfort, mighty God !  
Our helper and our friend ;  
Nor leave us in this dangerous road,  
Till all our trials end.

# DEATH.

3 O may our feet pursue the way  
Our pious fathers led !  
With love and holy zeal obey  
The counsels of the dead.

4 Let us be weaned from all below,  
Let hope our grief expel,  
While death invites our souls to go  
Where our best kindred dwell.

**764**

C. M. Carolina. Bangor.

*The approach of death.*

WATTS.

MY soul, come meditate the day,  
And think how near it stands,  
When thou must quit this house of clay,  
And fly to unknown lands.

2 Oh could we die with those that die,  
And place us in their stead,  
Then would our spirits learn to fly,  
And converse with the dead :

3 Then should we see the saints above  
In their own glorious forms,  
And wonder why our souls should love  
To dwell with mortal worms.

4 We should almost forsake our clay  
Before the summons come,  
And pray, and wish our souls away  
To their eternal home.

**765**

C. M. Arabia. Bedford.

*Death and judgment.*

BOBBRIDGE.

HEAVEN has confirmed the great decree,  
That Adam's race must die :

### JUDGMENT.

- One general ruin sweeps them down,  
And low in dust they lie.
- 2 Ye living men, the tomb survey,  
Where you must quickly dwell ;  
Hark ! how the awful summons sounds  
In every funeral knell !
- 3 Once you must die, and once for all ;  
The solemn purport weigh ;  
For know, that heaven and hell are hung  
On that important day.
- 4 Those eyes, so long in darkness veiled,  
Must wake the Judge to see,  
And every word, and every thought,  
Must pass his scrutiny.
- 5 Oh may I in the Judge behold  
My Saviour and my Friend,  
And far beyond the reach of death  
With all his saints ascend !
- 

### JUDGMENT.

**766**

8. 7. 4. Helmsley. Calvary.  
*Judgment.*

OLIVER.

LO ! he comes with clouds descending,  
Once for favoured sinners slain !  
Thousand thousand saints attending,  
Swell the triumph of his train :  
Hallelujah !  
Hallelujah ! Amen.



JUDGMENT.

- 2 Every eye shall now behold him,  
Robed in dreadful majesty ;  
Those who set at nought and sold him,  
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,  
Deeply wailing,  
Shall the true Messiah see.
- 3 Every island, sea, and mountain,  
Heaven and earth, shall flee away ;  
All who hate him must, confounded,  
Hear the trump proclaim the day :  
Come to judgment !  
Come to judgment, come away !
- 4 Now redemption, long expected,  
See ! in solemn pomp appear !  
All his saints, by man rejected,  
Now shall meet him in the air !  
Hallelujah !  
See the day of God appear !
- 5 Yea ! Amen ! let all adore thee,  
High on thine eternal throne !  
Saviour, take the power and glory ;  
Claim the kingdom for thine own !  
O come quickly !  
Hallelujah ! come, Lord, come !

**767**

8. 7. 4. Calvary. Mariners.

*The day of judgment.*

NEWTON.

DAY of judgment, day of wonders !  
Hark ! the trumpet's awful sound,  
Louder than a thousand thunders,  
Shakes the vast creation round !  
How the summons  
Will the sinner's heart confound !



JUDGMENT.

- 2 See he Judge, our nature wearing,  
Clothed in majesty divine !  
You who long for his appearing,  
Then shall say, " This God is mine !"  
Gracious Saviour,  
Own me in that day for thine !
- 3 At his call the dead awaken,  
Rise to life from earth and sea ;  
All the powers of nature, shaken  
By his looks, prepare to flee :  
Careless sinner,  
What will then become of thee !
- 4 Horrors past imagination  
Will surprise your trembling heart,  
When you hear your condemnation,  
" Hence, accursed wretch, depart !  
Thou, with Satan  
And his angels, have thy part."
- 5 But to those who have confessed,  
Loved, and served the Lord below,  
He will say, " Come near, ye blessed,  
See the kingdom I bestow :  
You for ever  
Shall my love and glory know."
- 6 Under sorrows and reproaches,  
May this thought your courage raise !  
Swiftly God's great day approaches,  
Sighs shall then be changed to praise :  
We shall triumph,  
When the world is in a blaze.

768

8. 7. 4. Helmsley. Mariners.  
*The day of judgment.* Psal. 1. FRATT'S COL.

- LO! the mighty God appearing,  
From on high Jehovah speaks!  
Eastern lands the summons hearing,  
O'er the west his thunder breaks:  
Earth beholds him!—  
Universal nature shakes!
- 2 Zion, all its light unfolding,  
God in glory shall display:  
Lo! he comes!—nor silence holding,  
Fire and clouds prepare his way:  
Tempests round him—  
Hasten on the dreadful day!
- 3 To the heavens his voice ascending,  
To the earth beneath he cries;—  
“Souls immortal, now descending,  
Let the sleeping dust arise!  
Rise to judgment—  
Let my throne adorn the skies!
- 4 “Gather first my saints around me,  
Those who to my covenant stood;  
Those who humbly sought and found me,  
Through the dying Saviour's blood:—  
Blest Redeemer!  
Dearest sacrifice to God.”
- 5 Now the heavens on high adore him,  
And his righteousness declare:  
Sinners perish from before him,  
But his saints his mercies share:  
Just his judgment—  
God himself the Judge is there.
- 600

JUDGMENT.

769

8. 8. 6. Westbury Leigh. Leach.

*Judgment anticipated.*

ANON.

WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt  
To fetch thy ransomed people home, [come  
Shall I among them stand?  
Shall such a worthless worm as I,  
So sinful and afraid to die,  
Be found at thy right hand?

2 I love to meet among them now,  
Before Jehovah's feet to bow,  
Though vilest of them all;  
But can I bear the piercing thought—  
What if my name shall be left out,  
When thou for them shalt call?

3 Prevent, prevent it by thy grace,  
Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place,  
In this the accepted day:  
Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,  
To still my unbelieving fear;  
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Let me among thy saints be found  
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,  
To see thy smiling face:  
Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,  
Till heaven's resounding mansions ring  
The riches of thy grace.

770

P. M. Hastings.

*Judgment anticipated.*

ANON.

O THERE will be mourning  
Before the judgment-seat,  
When this world is burning  
Beneath Jehovah's feet!

# JUDGMENT.

Friends and kindred then shall part,  
 Shall part, to meet no more ;  
 Wrath consume the rebel's heart,  
 While saints on high adore !

2 O there will be mourning  
 Before the judgment-seat,  
 When the trumpet pealing  
 The sinner's ear shall greet :  
 Friends and kindred, &c.

3 O there will be mourning  
 Before the judgment-seat,  
 When from dust returning  
 The lost their doom shall meet :  
 Friends and kindred, &c.

4 O there will be mourning  
 Before the judgment-seat ;  
 Justice, awful frowning,  
 Shall seal the sinner's fate :  
 Friends and kindred, &c.

**771**

C. M. Abridge. Stephens.

*Judgment anticipated.*

WATT

THAT awful day will surely come,  
 The appointed hour makes haste,  
 When I must stand before my Judge,  
 And pass the solemn test.

2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys  
 Thou Sovereign of my heart !  
 How could I bear to hear thy voice  
 Pronounce the sound " Depart ! "

3 [What ! to be banished for my life,  
 And yet forbid to die ?

# HEAVEN.

- To linger in eternal pain,  
Yet death for ever fly ?]
- 4 Oh wretched state of deep despair,  
To see my God remove,  
And fix my doleful station where  
I must not taste his love !
- 5 Jesus, I throw my arms around,  
And hang upon thy breast ;  
Without a gracious smile from thee  
My spirit cannot rest.
- 6 O tell me that my worthless name  
Is graven on thy hands !  
Show me some promise in thy book,  
Where my salvation stands !
- 7 [Give me one kind assuring word  
To sink my fears again ;  
And cheerfully my soul shall wait  
Her threescore years and ten.]

See also MAN—EXPOSTULATION, INVITATION, and CONTRITION.

# HEAVEN.

**772**

L. M. Foundling. New Sabbath.

*Heaven.*

WATTS.

- DESCEND from heaven, immortal Dove,  
Stoop down and take us on thy wings,  
And mount and bear us far above  
The reach of these inferior things
- 2 Beyond, beyond this lower sky,  
Up where eternal ages roll ;  
Where solid pleasures never die,  
And fruits immortal feast the soul.



HEAVEN.

- 3 Oh for a sight, a pleasing sight  
Of our Almighty Father's throne !  
There sits our Saviour crowned with light,  
Clothed in a body like our own.
- 4 Adoring saints around him stand,  
And thrones and powers before him fall;  
The God shines gracious through the man,  
And sheds sweet glories on them all.
- 5 Oh what amazing joys they feel  
While to their golden harps they sing,  
And sit on every heavenly hill,  
And spread the triumphs of their King!
- 6 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,  
That I shall mount to dwell above,  
And stand and bow amongst them there,  
And view thy face, and sing thy love?

773

C. M. Bath Chapel. *Condescension.*

*Heaven invisible.*

WATER.

- NOR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,  
Nor sense nor reason known,  
What joys the Father hath prepared  
For those that love the Son.
- 2 But the good Spirit of the Lord  
Reveals a heaven to come ;  
The beams of glory in his word  
Allure and guide us home.
  - 3 Pure are the joys above the sky,  
And all the region peace ;  
No wanton lips nor envious eye  
Can see or taste the bliss.

HEAVEN.

4 Those holy gates for ever bar  
Pollution, sin, and shame;  
None shall obtain admittance there  
But followers of the Lamb.

5 He keeps the Father's book of life,  
There all their names are found;  
The hypocrite in vain shall strive  
To tread the heavenly ground.

**774** C. M. Prospect. Cambridge New.

*The prospect of heaven.* WATTS.

THERE is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign;  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers:  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly land from ours.

3 [Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
Stand dressed in living green:  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink  
To cross this narrow sea,  
And linger shivering on the brink,  
And fear to launch away.]

5 O! could we make our doubts remove,  
Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
And see the Canaan that we love  
With unclouded eyes!



HEAVEN.

- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.

**775**

C. M. Bath Chapel. Hensbury.

*Death and heaven.*

WATTS.

THERE is a house not made with hands,  
Eternal and on high;  
And here my spirit waiting stands,  
Till God shall bid it fly.

- 2 Shortly this prison of my clay  
Must be dissolved and fall;  
Then, O my soul! with joy obey  
Thy heavenly Father's call.
- 3 'Tis he by his almighty grace  
That forms thee fit for heaven;  
And, as an earnest of the place,  
Has his own Spirit given.
- 4 We walk by faith of joys to come,  
Faith lives upon his word;  
But while the body is our home,  
We're absent from the Lord.
- 5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,  
But we had rather see;  
We would be absent from the flesh,  
And present, Lord, with thee.

**776**

C. M. Bath Chapel. Broomsgrove.

*The worship of heaven.*

WATTS.

FATHER, I long, I faint to see  
The place of thine abode;

HEAVEN.

- I'd leave thine earthly courts, and flee  
Up to thy seat, my God !
- 2 Here I behold thy distant face,  
And 'tis a pleasing sight ;  
But to abide in thine embrace  
Is infinite delight.
- 3 I'd part with all the joys of sense  
To gaze upon thy throne ;  
Pleasure springs fresh for ever thence,  
Unspeakable, unknown.
- 4 There I would vie with all the host  
In duty and in bliss ;  
While "less than nothing" I could boast,  
And "vanity confess."
- 5 The more thy glories strike mine eyes  
The humbler I shall lie ;  
Thus, while I sink, my joys shall rise  
Unmeasurably high.

777

C. M. Stephens. Abridge.

*Heaven anticipated.*

ORIGINAL.

- MY longing spirit faints to see  
The glories of that place,  
Where dwells the great united Three,  
In majesty and grace.
- 2 Amidst the busy scenes of time,  
Amidst its joys and cares,  
My soul surveys that purer clime,  
And to its God repairs.

HEAVEN.

- 3 There shall thy grace possess my heart,  
And dwell and reign alone ;  
Each trace of evil shall depart,  
Nor gather near thy throne.
- 4 There love shall swell and overflow,  
My fervent zeal shall soar ;  
And still the more of God I know,  
The more shall I adore.
- 5 There every selfish care will end ;  
How pure each thought will be,  
When all my hopes to God ascend,  
And God is all to me !

778

L. M. Portugal. China.

*Anticipation of heaven.*

DODDRIDGE.

- WHILE on the verge of life I stand,  
And view the scene on either hand,  
My spirit struggles with its clay,  
And longs to wing its flight away.
- 2 Where Jesus dwells my soul would be ;  
It faints my much-loved Lord to see :  
Earth, twine no more about my heart,  
For 'tis far better to depart.
- 3 Come, ye angelic envoys, come,  
And lead the willing pilgrim home :  
Ye know the way to Jesus' throne,  
Source of my joys, and of your own.
- 4 That blessed interview, how sweet !  
To fall transported at his feet !  
Raised in his arms to view his face,  
Through the full beamings of his grace !

HEAVEN.

As with a seraph's voice to sing !  
To fly as on a cherub's wing !  
Performing with unwearied hands  
A present Saviour's high commands !

- 6 Yet with these prospects full in sight,  
I'll wait thy signal for my flight :  
For, while thy service I pursue,  
I find my heaven begun below.

779

C. M. Jerusalem. Sprowston.

*The glory of Christ in heaven.*

WATTS.

OH ! the delights, the heavenly joys,  
The glories of the place,  
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams  
Of his o'erflowing grace !

- 2 Sweet majesty and awful love  
Sit smiling on his brow ;  
And all the glorious ranks above  
At humble distance bow.
- 3 [Princes to his imperial name  
Bend their bright sceptres down ;  
Dominions, thrones, and powers, rejoice  
To see him wear the crown.
- 4 Archangels sound his lofty praise  
Through every heavenly street,  
And lay their highest honours down  
Submissive at his feet.]
- 5 This is the man, the exalted man  
Whom we unseen adore ;  
But when our eyes behold his face,  
Our hearts shall love him more.

- 6 [Lord, how our souls are all on fire  
To see thy blessed abode !  
Our tongues rejoice in tunes of praise  
To our incarnate God !
- 7 And while our faith enjoys this sight,  
We long to leave our clay,  
And wish thy fiery chariots, Lord,  
To fetch our souls away.]

780

C. M. Hephzibah. Gainsborough.

*The saints in heaven.*

MATT.

- GIVE me the wings of faith to rise  
Within the veil, and see  
The saints above, how great their joys,  
How bright their glories be.
- 2 Once they were mourning here below,  
And wet their couch with tears ;  
They wrestled hard, as we do now,  
With sins, and doubts, and fears.
- 3 I ask them whence their victory came ;  
They, with united breath,  
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,  
Their triumph to his death.
- 4 They marked the footsteps that he trod,  
His zeal inspired their breast ;  
And, following their incarnate God,  
Possess the promised rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise  
For his own pattern given,  
While the long cloud of witnesses  
Show the same path to heaven.



HEAVEN.

781

C. M. Jerusalem.

*The new Jerusalem.*

ANON.

JERUSALEM, my happy home

Name ever dear to me !

When shall my labours have an end,

In joy, and peace, and thee ?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built halls

And pearly gates behold ;

Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,

And streets of shining gold ?

3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,

Nor sin nor sorrow know.

Blest seats ! through rude and stormy scenes,

I onward press to you.

4 Why should I shrink from pain and woe,

Or feel at death dismay ?

I've Canaan's goodly land in view,

And realms of endless day.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,

Around my Saviour stand :

And soon my friends in Christ below,

Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem, my happy home !

My soul still pants for thee.

Then shall my labours have an end,

When I thy joys shall see.

782

C. M. Bedford. Irish.

*Anticipation of heaven.*

WATTS.

MY thoughts, surmount these lower skies,

And look within the veil ;

HEAVEN.

There springs of endless pleasure rise,  
The waters never fail.

2 There I behold, with sweet delight,  
The blessed Three in One ;  
And strong affections fix my sight  
On God's incarnate Son.

3 His promise stands for ever firm,  
His grace shall ne'er depart ;  
He binds my name upon his arm,  
And seals it on his heart.

4 Light are the pains that nature brings ;  
How short our sorrows are,  
When with eternal future things  
The present we compare !

5 I would not be a stranger still  
To that celestial place,  
Where I for ever hope to dwell  
Near my Redeemer's face.

**783**

L. M. Coombs's. Truro.

*Happiness in heaven.*

BENBRIDGE.

O HAPPY saints, who dwell in light,  
And walk with Jesus, clothed in white ;  
Safe landed on that peaceful shore,  
Where pilgrims meet to part no more.

2 Released from sin, and toil, and grief,  
Death was their gate to endless life ;  
An opened cage to let them fly,  
And build their happy nest on high.



HEAVEN.

- 3 And now they range the heavenly plains,  
And sing their hymns in melting strains ;  
And now their souls begin to prove  
The heights and depths of Jesus' love.
- 4 He cheers them with eternal smile,  
They sing hosannahs all the while ;  
Or, overwhelmed with rapture sweet,  
Sink down adoring at his feet.
- 5 Ah ! Lord, with tardy steps I creep,  
And sometimes sing, and sometimes weep ;  
Yet strip me of this house of clay,  
And I will sing as loud as they.

784

L. M. Martin's Lane. Islington.

*Saints in heaven.*

WATTS.

- “ WHAT happy men, or angels, these,  
That all their robes are spotless white ?  
Whence did this glorious troop arrive  
At the pure realms of heavenly light ? ”
- 2 From torturing racks, and burning fires,  
And seas of their own blood, they came ;  
But nobler blood has washed their robes,  
Flowing from Christ the dying Lamb.
  - 3 Now they approach the Almighty throne  
With loud hosannahs night and day ;  
Sweet anthems to the great Three One  
Measure their blessed eternity.
  - 4 The Lamb that fills the middle throne  
Shall shed around his milder beams ;  
There shall they feast on his rich love,  
And drink full joys from living streams.

- 5 Thus shall their mighty bliss renew  
 Through the vast round of endless years;  
 And the soft hand of sovereign grace  
 Heals all their wounds, and wipes their  
 tears.

785

7s. double. Yaxley.

*Saints in heaven.*

MONTGOMERY.

- WHAT are these in bright array,  
 This innumerable throng,  
 Round the altar, night and day,  
 Hymning one triumphant song?—  
 “Worthy is the Lamb once slain,  
 Blessing, honour, glory, power,  
 Wisdom, riches, to obtain;  
 New dominion every hour.”
- 2 These through fiery trials trod :  
 These from great affliction came.  
 Now before the throne of God,  
 Sealed with his Almighty name,  
 Clad in raiment pure and white,  
 Victor palms in every hand,  
 Through their dear Redeemer’s might,  
 More than conquerors they stand.
- 3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,  
 On immortal fruits they feed,  
 Them, the Lamb amidst the throne,  
 Shall to living fountains lead :  
 Joy and gladness banish sighs ;  
 Perfect love dispels all fears ;  
 And for ever from their eyes  
 God shall wipe away the tears.

HEAVEN.

786

148th. Departure.

*Heaven.*

MONTGOMERY.

FRIEND after friend departs ;  
 Who hath not lost a friend ?  
 There is no union here of hearts,  
 That finds not here an end.  
 Were this frail world our final rest,  
 Living or dying, none were blest.

2 Beyond the flight of time,  
 Beyond the reign of death,  
 There surely is some blessed clime,  
 Where life is not a breath,  
 Nor life's affections transient fire,  
 Whose sparks fly upward and expire.

3 There is a world above,  
 Where parting is unknown ;  
 A long eternity of love,  
 Formed for the good alone ;  
 And faith beholds the dying here,  
 Translated to that glorious sphere.

4 Thus star by star declines,  
 Till all are passed away,  
 As morning high and higher shines  
 To pure and perfect day :  
 Nor sink those stars in empty night,  
 But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

787

C. M. Prospect. Sprowston.

*Heaven.*

ORIGINAL.

FAR, far above this weary world,  
 There is a heavenly state ;

3 G 2

615

HEAVEN.

Thither my soul ascends with hope  
Immeasurably great.

- 2 'Tis not that *there* the fields are fair,  
The skies for ever bright,  
And God himself fills all the place  
With uncreated light.
- 3 'Tis not that *there* no foe can come,  
No sorrow prompt a sigh ;  
But grief is chased from every heart,  
And tears from every eye.
- 4 'Tis not that *there* high seraphs dwell,  
Clothed in transcendent light ;  
'Tis not that there my kindred all  
Walk with the Lamb in white.
- 5 'Tis not that *there* are palms and crowns,  
And thrones of glory stand ;  
Where saints become as kings and priests,  
And wait at God's right hand.
- 6 O no—I love that heavenly world  
*For its own purity ;*  
And heaven would be no heaven unless  
From *sin* it set me free.

788

L. M. Portugal, Peru.

*The prospect of heaven.* Psal. cxxxvii. KELLY.

O ZION ! when I think on thee,  
I wish for pinions like the dove,  
And mourn to think that I should be  
So distant from the place I love.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS—YOUTH.

- 2 A captive here, and far from home,  
For Zion's sacred walls I sigh :  
Thither the ransomed nations come,  
And see the Saviour eye to eye.
- 3 While here, I walk on hostile ground :  
The few that I can call my friends,  
Are, like myself, with fetters bound,  
And weariness our steps attends.
- 4 But we shall yet behold the day,  
When Zion's children shall return :  
Our sorrows then shall flee away,  
And we shall never, never mourn.
- 5 The hope that such a day will come,  
Makes e'en the captive's portion sweet.  
Though now we wander far from home,  
In Zion soon we all shall meet.
- 

SPECIAL OCCASIONS—YOUTH.

789

C. M. Lydia. Condescension.

*Christ's regard to youth.* DODDRIDGE.

SEE, Israel's gentle Shepherd stands,  
With all engaging charms ;  
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,  
And folds them in his arms !

- 2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,  
"Nor scorn their humble name ;  
For 'twas to bless such souls as these  
The Lord of angels came."



- 3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,  
And yield them up to thee ;  
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,  
Thine let our offspring be.
- 4 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear ;  
Ye children, seek his face ;  
And fly with transport to receive  
The blessings of his grace.
- 5 If orphans they are left behind,  
Thy guardian care we trust :  
That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,  
If weeping o'er their dust.

**790**

C. M. Sprowston. Auburn.

*Youth exhorted.*

DODDGE.

- YE hearts with youthful vigour warm,  
In smiling crowds draw near,  
And turn from every mortal charm,  
A Saviour's voice to hear.
- 2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,  
Stoops to converse with you ;  
And lays his radiant glories by,  
Your friendship to pursue.
- 3 "The soul that longs to see my face,  
Is sure my love to gain ;  
And those that early seek my grace,  
Shall never seek in vain."
- 4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,  
If once compared with thee ?  
What beauty should command my love,  
Like what in Christ I see ?

SPECIAL OCCASIONS—YOUTH.

- 5 Away, ye false, delusive toys,  
Vain tempters of the mind !  
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,  
And here true bliss I find.

**791**

C. M. Worksop. Braintree.

*The guide of youth.* Psal. cxix.

WATTS.

HOW shall the young secure their hearts,  
And guard their lives from sin ?  
Thy word the choicest rules imparts  
To keep the conscience clean.

- 2 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,  
That guides us all the day ;  
And through the dangers of the night,  
A lamp to lead our way.

- 3 Thy precepts make me truly wise :  
I hate the sinner's road ;  
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,  
But love thy law, my God.

- 4 Thy word is everlasting truth ;  
How pure is every page !  
That holy book shall guide our youth,  
And well support our age.

**792**

L. M. Angel's Hymn. Monmouth.

*Youth exhorted.*

WATTS.

NOW in the heat of youthful blood  
Remember your Creator God ;  
Behold, the months come hastening on,  
When you shall say, " My joys are gone !"



- 2 Behold, the aged sinner goes,  
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,  
Down to the regions of the dead,  
With endless curses on his head.
- 3 The dust returns to dust again ;  
The soul, in agonies of pain,  
Ascends to God, not there to dwell,  
But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.
- 4 Eternal King ! I fear thy name ;  
Teach me to know how frail I am ;  
And when my soul must hence remove,  
Give me a mansion in thy love.

**793**

L. M. Truro. Oswestry.

*Youth warned.*

WATTS.

- YE sons of Adam, vain and young,  
Indulge your eyes, indulge your tongue,  
Taste the delights your souls desire,  
And give a loose to all your fire ;
- 2 Pursue the pleasures you design,  
And cheer your hearts with songs and wine ;  
Enjoy the day of mirth,—but know  
There is a day of judgment too.
  - 3 God from on high beholds your thoughts,  
His book records your secret faults ;  
The works of darkness you have done  
Must all appear before the sun.
  - 4 The vengeance to your follies due  
Should strike your hearts with terror thro' :  
How will you stand before his face,  
Or answer for his injured grace ?

- 5 Almighty God! turn off their eyes  
From these alluring vanities;  
And let the thunder of thy word  
Awake their souls to fear the Lord.

**794**

L. M. Berwick. Derby.

*Prayer of youth.*

COWPER.

- BESET with snares on every hand,  
In life's uncertain path we stand;  
Saviour divine, diffuse thy light,  
To guide our doubtful footsteps right.
- 2 Engage this roving, treacherous heart,  
Wisely to choose the better part;  
To scorn the trifles of a day,  
For joys that none can take away.
- 3 Then let the wildest storms arise,  
Let tempests mingle earth and skies;  
No fatal shipwreck shall we fear,  
But all our treasure with us bear.
- 4 If thou, our Saviour, still art nigh,  
Cheerful we live, and cheerful die;  
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,  
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

**795**

S. M. Sutton Colefield. Lowell.

*Prayer of youth.*

FAWCETT.

- NOW in my early days,  
Teach me thy will to know:  
O God, thy sanctifying grace  
Betimes on me bestow.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS—YOUTH.

- 2 Make an unguarded youth  
The object of thy care ;  
Help me to choose the way of truth,  
And fly from every snare.
- 3 My heart, to folly prone,  
Renew by power divine ;  
Unite it to thyself alone,  
And make me wholly thine.
- 4 O let thy word of grace  
My warmest thoughts employ ;  
Be this, through all my following days,  
My treasure and my joy.
- 5 To what thy laws impart  
Be my whole soul inclined ;  
O let them dwell within my heart,  
And sanctify my mind.
- 6 Make thy young servant learn,  
By these to cleanse his way ;  
And may I here the path discern  
That leads to endless day.

796

C. M. Irish. Ann's.

*Prayer for youth.*

COWPER.

- BESTOW, dear Lord, upon our youth,  
The gift of saving grace ;  
And let the seed of sacred truth  
Fall in a fruitful place.
- 2 Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,  
Of pure and heavenly root ;  
But fairest in the youngest shows,  
And yields the sweetest fruit.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS—YOUTH.

- 3 Ye careless ones, O hear betimes  
The voice of sovereign love !  
Your youth is stained with many crimes,  
But mercy reigns above.
- 4 True, you are young, but there 's a stone  
Within the youngest breast,  
Or half the crimes which you have done  
Would rob you of your rest.
- 5 For you the public prayer is made ;  
O join the public prayer !  
For you the secret tear is shed ;  
O shed yourselves a tear !
- 6 We pray that you may early prove  
The Spirit's power to teach ;  
You cannot be too young to love  
That Jesus whom we preach.

**797**

L. M. Bampton. Doversdale.

*Prayer for youth.*

HYDE.

- DEAR Saviour, if these lambs should stray  
Beyond thy church's hallowed bound ;  
And, lured by worldly joys away,  
Among the thoughtless crowd be found ;
- 2 Remember still, that they are thine,  
That thy dear sacred name they bear ;  
Think, that the seal of love divine,  
The sign of covenant grace, they wear.
- 3 In all their erring, sinful years,  
O let them ne'er forgotten be ;  
Remember then the prayers and tears  
By which we give them, Lord, to thee.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS—YOUTH.

- 4 And when these lips no more can pray,  
These eyes can weep for them no more  
Turn thou their feet from folly's way,  
The wanderers to thy fold restore.

**798**

C. M. Condescension. Auburn.

*Instruction of youth.*

STRAPE

BLEST is the man whose heart expand  
At melting pity's call,  
And the rich blessings of whose hands  
Like heavenly manna fall.

- 2 Children our kind protection claim,  
And God will well approve,  
When infants learn to lisp his name,  
And their Creator love.
- 3 Delightful work ! young souls to win,  
And turn the rising race  
From the deceitful paths of sin,  
To seek redeeming grace.
- 4 Be ours the bliss, in wisdom's way  
To guide untutored youth ;  
And lead the mind that went astray,  
To virtue and to truth.
- 5 Almighty God, thy influence shed  
To aid this good design :  
The honours of thy name be spread,  
And all the glory thine.

**799**

P. M. Greek Air.

*The child's desire.*

THOMPS

I THINK when I read that sweet story of old  
When Jesus was here among men,



How he called little children as lambs to his fold,  
 I should like to have been with them then.  
 I wish that his hands had been placed on my  
 head,

That his arm had been thrown around me,  
 And that I might have seen his kind look  
 when he said,

“Let the little ones come unto me.”

2 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,  
 And ask for a share in his love ;  
 And if I thus earnestly seek him below,  
 I shall see him and hear him above ;  
 In that beautiful place he is gone to prepare,  
 For all who are washed and forgiven ;  
 And many dear children are gathering there,  
 “For of such is the kingdom of heaven.”

## 800

7. 6. Hosannah.

*The children's Hosannah.*

WHEN, his salvation bringing,  
 To Zion Jesus came,  
 The children all stood singing  
 Hosannah to his name.  
 Nor did their zeal offend him,  
 But, as he rode along,  
 He bade them still attend him,  
 And smiled to hear their song.

2 And since the Lord retaineth  
 His love for children still ;  
 Though now as King he reigneth  
 On Zion's heavenly hill ;

We'll flock around his banner,  
Who sits upon the throne,  
And sing aloud, Hosannah  
To David's royal Son!

- 3 For should we fail proclaiming  
Our great Redeemer's praise,  
The stones, our silence shaming,  
Would their hosannahs raise.  
But shall we only render  
The tribute of our words?  
No, while our hearts are tender,  
They too shall be the Lord's.

801

C. M. Glory.  
*Children in heaven.*

ANON.

- † AROUND the throne of God in heaven,  
Thousands of children stand;  
Children whose sins are all forgiven,  
A holy, happy band;  
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.
- 2 What brought them to that world above,  
That heaven so bright and fair,  
Where all is peace and joy and love?  
How came those children there?  
Singing, &c.
- 3 Because the Saviour shed his blood  
To wash away their sin:  
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,  
Behold them white and clean;  
Singing, &c.



SPECIAL OCCASIONS—YOUTH.

- 4 On earth they sought their Saviour's grace,  
On earth they loved his name ;  
So now they see his blessed face,  
And stand before the Lamb ;  
Singing, &c.

802

C. M. Sprowston. Lydia.

*The child's resolution.*

TAYLOR.

- NOW that my journey's just begun,  
My course so little trod,  
I'll stay before I further run,  
And give myself to God.
- 2 And lest I should be ever led  
In sinful paths to stray,  
I would at once begin to tread  
In wisdom's pleasant way.
- 3 What sorrows may my steps attend  
I cannot now foretell ;  
But if the Lord will be my Friend,  
I know that all is well.
- 4 If all my earthly friends should die,  
And leave me mourning here,  
Since God regards the orphan's cry,  
O what have I to fear ?
- 5 And, Lord, whatever grief or ill  
For me may be in store,  
Make me submissive to thy will,  
And I would ask no more.
- 6 Then still, as seasons hasten by,  
I would for heaven prepare ;

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

That God may take me when I die,  
To dwell for ever there.

See also THE CHURCH—BAPTISM.

803

C. M. Charmouth. Liverpool.

*A fast day.*

SCOTT.

WHEN Abra'm, full of sacred awe,  
Before Jehovah stood,  
And with a humble, fervent prayer,  
For guilty Sodom sued;

2 With what success, what wondrous grace,  
Was his petition crowned!  
The Lord would spare, if in the place  
Ten righteous men were found.

3 And could a single pious soul  
So rich a boon obtain?  
Great God! and shall a nation cry,  
And plead with thee in vain?

4 Are not the righteous dear to thee  
Now, as in ancient times?  
Or does this sinful land exceed  
Gomorrah in her crimes?

5 Lord, we are thine, we bear thy name,  
Here yet is thine abode:  
Long has thy presence blessed our land:  
Forsake us not, O God.

6 Oh may our prophets, priests, and king,  
Thy choicest blessings share;  
And know thee by that glorious name,  
The God who heareth prayer.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

804

L. M. New Sabbath. Horsley.

*Close of the year.* DODDRIDGE (altered).

MY helper God ! I bless his name :  
The same his power, his grace the same,  
The tokens of his friendly care  
Open, and crown, and close the year.

- 2 I 'midst ten thousand dangers stand,  
Supported by his guardian hand ;  
And see, when I survey my ways,  
Ten thousand monuments of praise.
- 3 Thus far his arm hath led me on ;  
Thus far I make his mercy known ;  
And while I tread this desert land,  
New mercies shall new songs demand.
- 4 My grateful soul, on Jordan's shore,  
Shall raise one sacred pillar more ;  
To bear, in his bright courts above,  
Inscriptions of immortal love.

805

L. M. China. Truro.

*The new year.*

DODDRIDGE.

GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand  
By which supported still we stand :  
The opening year thy mercy shows ;  
That mercy crowns it, till it close.

- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,  
Still are we guarded by our God,  
By his incessant bounty fed,  
By his unerring counsel led.

- 3 With grateful hearts the  
 The future, all to us unkn  
 We to thy guardian care  
 And peaceful leave before
- 4 In scenes exalted or depre  
 Thou art our joy, and tho  
 Thy goodness all our hope  
 Adored through all our ch
- 5 When death shall interr  
 And seal in silence mort  
 Our helper God, in whom  
 In better worlds our souls

## 806

148th. Greenwich Ne  
*A new year.*

THE Lord of earth and  
 The God of ages, prais  
 Who reigns enthroned  
 Ancient of endless day  
 Who lengthens out our ti  
 And spares us yet another

- 2 Barren and withered tr  
 We cumbered long the  
 No fruit of holiness  
 On our dead souls was  
 Yet doth he us in mercy  
 Another and another year
- 3 When justice bared the  
 To cut the fig tree down  
 The pity of our Lord  
 Cried, Let it still alone

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

The Father mild inclines his ear,  
And spares us yet another year.

- 4 Jesus, thy speaking blood  
From God obtained the grace,  
Who therefore hath bestowed  
On us a longer space :  
Thou didst on our behalf appear,  
And lo, we see another year !

- 5 Then dig about our root,  
Break up our fallow ground,  
And let some gracious fruit  
To thy great praise abound :  
O let us all thy praise declare,  
And fruit unto perfection bear.

**807**

7s. Bath Abbey. Rest.

*A new year.*

NEWTON.

WHILE with ceaseless course the sun  
Hasted through the former year,  
Many souls their race have run,  
Never more to meet us here.  
Fixed in an eternal state,  
They have done with all below.  
We a little longer wait ;  
But how little, none can know.

- 2 As the winged arrow flies,  
Speedily the mark to find ;  
As the lightning from the skies  
Darts, and leaves no trace behind ;  
Swiftly thus our fleeting days  
Bear us down life's rapid stream.  
Upwards, Lord ! our spirits raise.  
All below is but a dream.



SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive.  
Pardon of our sins renew.  
Teach us henceforth how to live  
With eternity in view.  
Bless thy word to young and old ;  
Fill us with a Saviour's love ;  
And when life's short tale is told,  
May we dwell with thee above.

808

C. M. New York. Bedford.  
*For benevolent societies.*

- BRIGHT Source of everlasting love !  
To thee our souls we raise ;  
And to thy sovereign bounty rear  
A monument of praise.
- 2 Thy mercy gilds the path of life  
With every cheering ray ;  
Kindly restrains the rising tear,  
Or wipes that tear away.
- 3 When, sunk in guilt, our souls approach  
The borders of despair ;  
Thy grace, through Jesus' blood, proclaim  
A free salvation near.
- 4 What shall we render, bounteous Lord,  
For all the grace we see !  
Alas ! the goodness worms can yield  
Extendeth not to thee.
- 5 To tents of woe, to beds of pain,  
Our cheerful feet repair,  
And with the gifts thy hand bestows,  
Relieve the mourners there.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

- 6 The widow's heart shall sing for joy,  
The orphan shall be glad ;  
And hungering souls we 'll gladly point  
To Christ the living bread.
- 7 Thus passing through the vale of tears,  
Our useful light shall shine ;  
And others learn to glorify  
Our Father's name divine.

809

L. M. Job. Ulverston.

*Charity.* Psal. xli. WATTS (altered).

- BLEST is the man whose tender care,  
Relieves the poor in their distress ;  
Whose pity wipes the widow's tear,  
Whose hand supports the fatherless.
- 2 His heart contrives for their relief  
More good than his own hand can do :  
He, in the time of general grief,  
Shall find the Lord has pity too.
- 3 Or, if he languish on his bed,  
God will pronounce his sins forgiven ;  
Will save from death his sinking head,  
Or take his willing soul to heaven.

810

8. 8. 6. Westbury Leigh. Praise.

*Charity.*

LEEDS COL.

HAIL, source of pleasures ever new !  
While thy kind dictates I pursue,



SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

Too high for sordid minds to know,  
Who on themselves alone bestow  
Their every wish and care.

2 By thee inspired, the generous breast  
In blessing others only blest,  
With kindness large and free,  
Delights the widow's tears to stay,  
To teach the blind their smoothest way  
And aid the feeble knee.

3 O God! with sympathetic care,  
In others' joys and griefs to share,  
Do thou my heart incline;  
Each low, each selfish wish control,  
Warm with benevolence my soul,  
And make me wholly thine.

811

S. M. Falcon Street. Peckham.  
*Parting hymn.*

REMARK

BLEST be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love;  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne  
We pour our ardent prayers;  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,  
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes;  
Our mutual burdens bear;  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

- 4 When we asunder part,  
It gives us inward pain ;  
But we shall still be joined in heart,  
And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives  
Our courage by the way ;  
While each in expectation lives,  
And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,  
And sin, we shall be free ;  
And perfect love and friendship reign  
Through all eternity.

812

7s. German Hymn. Hammond.

*Parting.*

NEWTON.

- FOR a season called to part,  
Let us now ourselves commend  
To the gracious eye and heart  
Of our ever present Friend.
- 2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer !  
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep !  
Let thy mercy and thy care  
All our souls in safety keep.
- 3 In thy strength may we be strong ;  
Sweeten every cross and pain ;  
Give us, if we live, ere long  
Here to meet in peace again.
- 4 Then, if thou thy help afford,  
Ebenezers shall be reared ;  
And our souls shall praise the Lord,  
Who our poor petitions heard.

813

C. M. Delight. Salem.  
*Parting.*

BLEST be the dear uniting love  
That will not let us part ;  
Our bodies may far off remove,  
We still are one in heart.

2 Joined in one Spirit to our head  
Where he appoints we go ;  
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread  
And do his work below.

3 Oh may we ever walk with him  
And nothing know beside !  
Nothing desire, nothing esteem  
But Jesus crucified.

4 Closer and closer let us cleave  
To his beloved embrace :  
Expect his fulness to receive,  
And grace to follow grace.

5 Partakers of the Saviour's grace  
The same in mind and heart :  
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor  
Nor life, nor death can part.

6 But let us hasten to the day  
Which shall our flesh restore,  
When death shall all be done away  
And bodies part no more.

814

C. M. Piety. Hensbury.  
*Friends meeting.*

COME, let us strike our harps,  
To great Jehovah's name ;

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

Sweet be the accents of our tongues  
When we his love proclaim.

2 'Twas by his bidding we were called  
In pain awhile to part ;  
'Tis by his care we meet again,  
And gladness fills our heart.

3 Blest be the hand that has preserved  
Our feet from every snare ;  
And blest the goodness of the Lord,  
Which to this hour we share.

4 Oh may the Spirit's quickening power  
Now sanctify our joy,  
And warm our zeal, in works of love  
Our talents to employ.

5 Fast, fast our minutes fly away ;  
Soon shall our wanderings cease ;  
And with our Father we shall dwell,  
A family of peace !

815

P. M.  
*Parting.*

ADAMS.

PART in peace !—Christ's life was peace :  
Let us breathe our breath in him.  
Part in peace !—Christ's death was peace :  
Let us die our death in him.  
Part in peace !—Christ promise gave  
Of a life beyond the grave,  
Where all mortal partings cease.

*Part in peace !*

## 816

L. M. Madan's.

*Praise to the*

BLESSED be the Fa-  
 To whose celestial sea  
 Rivers of endless joy and  
 And rills of comfort

2 Glory to thee, great So-  
 From whose dear wounds  
 A precious stream of ven-  
 Pardon and life for all

3 We give thee, sacred Spirit,  
 Who in our hearts of old  
 Makes living springs of love  
 And into boundless glory

4 Thus God the Father,  
 And God the Spirit,  
 That sea of life and love  
 Without a bottom or

## 817

C. M. Irish.

*Praise to the*

GLORY to God the Fa-  
 Who from our sinful  
 Chose out his favourite  
 The honours of his glory

2 Glory to God the Son  
 Who dwelt in humble  
 And, to redeem us from  
 Gave his own life as

DOXOLOGIES.

3 Glory to God the Spirit give,  
From whose Almighty power  
Our souls their heavenly birth derive,  
And bless the happy hour.

4 Glory to God that reigns above,  
The eternal Three in One,  
Who by the wonders of his love  
Has made his nature known.

**818** S. M. Eagle Street New. Reuben.  
*Praise to the Trinity.*

WATTS.

LET God the Father live  
For ever on our tongues :  
Sinners from his first love derive  
The ground of all their songs.

2 Ye saints, employ your breath  
In honour to the Son,  
Who bought our souls from hell and death  
By offering up his own.

3 Give to the Spirit praise  
Of an immortal strain,  
Whose light, and power, and grace, conveys  
Salvation down to men.

4 While God the Comforter  
Reveals our pardoned sin,  
Oh may the blood and water bear  
The same record within.

5 To the great One in Three,  
That seal this grace in heaven,  
*The Father, Son, and Spirit, be*



I GIVE immortal praise  
 To God the Father's love,  
 For all my comforts here,  
 And better hopes above :  
     He sent his own  
     Eternal Son,  
     To die for sins  
     That man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs  
 Immortal glory too,  
 Who bought us with his blood  
 From everlasting woe :  
     And now he lives,  
     And now he reigns,  
     And sees the fruit  
     Of all his pains.

3 To God the Spirit's name  
 Immortal worship give,  
 Whose new-creating power  
 Makes the dead sinner live :  
     His work completes  
     The great design,  
     And fills the soul  
     With joy divine.

4 Almighty God ! to thee  
 Be endless honours done,  
 The undivided Three,  
 And the mysterious One :



DOXOLOGIES.

Where reason fails  
With all her powers,  
There faith prevails  
And love adores.

820

S. M. Shirland. Reuben.

*Praise to the Trinity.*

ANON.

WHILE all the angel throng  
Give thanks to God on high ;  
Let earth repeat the joyful song,  
And echo to the sky.

- 2 Father, in whom we live,  
In whom we are and move,  
The glory, power, and praise receive  
Of thine eternal love.
- 3 Incarnate Deity !  
Let all the ransomed race  
Render in thanks their lives to thee,  
For thy redeeming grace.
- 4 Spirit of holiness !  
Let all thy saints adore  
Thy sacred energy, and bless  
Thy heart-renewing power.
- 5 Eternal, glorious Lord !  
Let all the saints above,  
Let all the sons of men, record  
And celebrate thy love.

821

148th. Portsmouth New. Grove.

*Praise to the Trinity.*

WATTS.

TO him that chose us first,  
Before the world began ;

To him that bore the curse  
 To save rebellious man ;  
 To him that formed  
 Our hearts anew  
 Is endless praise  
 And glory due.

2 The Father's love shall  
 Through our immortal souls  
 We bring to God the Son  
 Hosannahs on our tongues  
 Our lips address  
 The Spirit's name  
 With equal praise,  
 And zeal the same.

3 Let every saint above,  
 And angel round the throne  
 For ever bless and love  
 The sacred Three in One  
 Thus heaven shall raise  
 His honours high,  
 When earth and time  
 Grow old and die.

**822**

8. 7. Jewin Street. W  
*Prayer to Jehovah.*

MAY the grace of God our  
 And the Father's boundless  
 With the Holy Spirit's favour  
 Rest upon us from above :  
 Thus may we abide in union  
 With each other and the Father  
 And possess, in sweet communion  
 Joys which earth cannot

DOXOLOGIES.

**823**

L. M. Old 100th. Eaton.

*Praise to Jehovah.*

KENN.

PRAISE God from whom all blessings flow ;  
Praise him, all creatures here below ;  
Praise him above, ye heavenly host ;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

**824**

C. M. Doxology. Piety.

*Praise to Jehovah.*

BRADY.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
One God, whom we adore,  
Be glory, as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

**825**

7s. Shore Cottage. Anticipation.

*Praise to Jehovah.*

ANON.

SING we to our God above,  
Praise eternal as his love :  
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.



CAMBRIDGE HEATH. 7. 6.

The first system of music is written for piano on a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with accompaniment in the bass clef. The lyrics 'To thee my God and Sa-viour My' are placed below the notes.

To thee my God and Sa-viour My

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'heart ex-ult-ing sings; Re-joic-ing in thy' are placed below the notes.

heart ex-ult-ing sings; Re-joic-ing in thy

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'fa-vour, Al - migh-ty king of kings!' are placed below the notes.

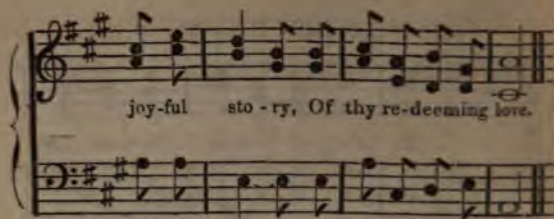
fa-vour, Al - migh-ty king of kings!

The fourth system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'I'll ce - le - brate thy glo-ry, With' are placed below the notes.

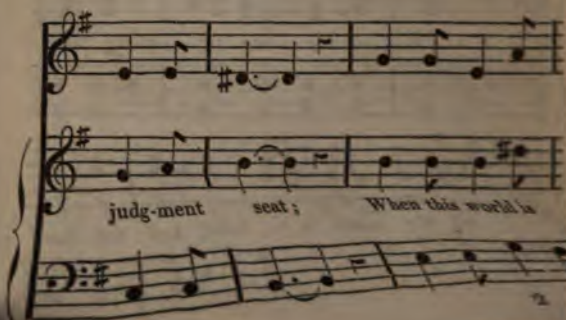
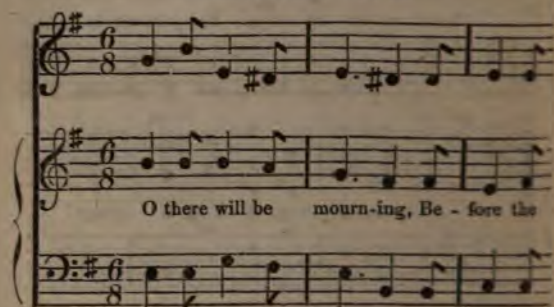
I'll ce - le - brate thy glo-ry, With

The fifth system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'all thy saints a - bove, And tell the' are placed below the notes.

all thy saints a - bove, And tell the



HASTINGS. P. M.



burn - ing be - neath Je - ho - vah's feet !

Friends & kin - dred then will part, Will part to

meet no more ! Wrath will sink the



re-bel's heart, While saints on high a - dore.

O there will be mourn-ing, Be -

fore the judg-ment seat,

# GREENLAND.

From Green-lands i - cy moun-tains, From

The first system of musical notation for the song 'GREENLAND.' It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef, both in the key of B-flat major (two flats). The time signature is common time (C). The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics 'From Green-lands i - cy moun-tains, From' are written below the staff.

In-dia's co - ral strand, Where Af-ric's

The second system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment continues in the bass clef. The lyrics 'In-dia's co - ral strand, Where Af-ric's' are written below the staff.

sun - ny foun-tains, Roll down the gold-en

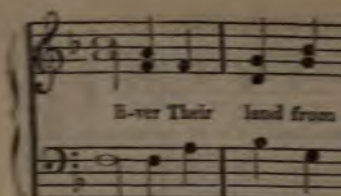
The third system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment continues in the bass clef. The lyrics 'sun - ny foun-tains, Roll down the gold-en' are written below the staff.

sand, From many an an-cient ri-ver, From

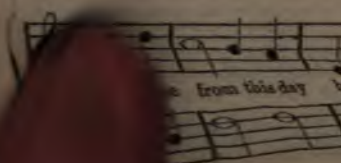
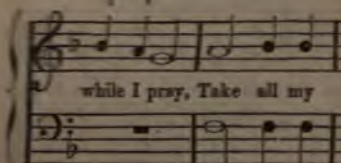
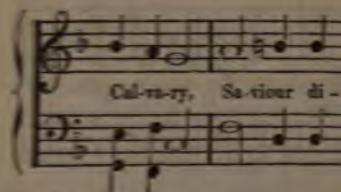
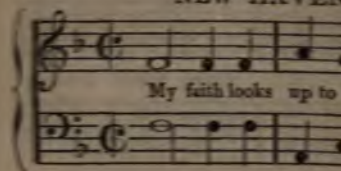
The fourth system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment continues in the bass clef. The lyrics 'sand, From many an an-cient ri-ver, From' are written below the staff.

many a pal-my plain, They call us to de -

The fifth system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment continues in the bass clef. The lyrics 'many a pal-my plain, They call us to de -' are written below the staff.



# NEW HAVEN



# WYCLIFFE. P. M.

Child of sin and sor-row, Fill'd with dis -

The first system of the hymn 'WYCLIFFE. P. M.' is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple accompaniment. The lyrics 'Child of sin and sor-row, Fill'd with dis -' are written below the notes.

may; Heav'n bids thee come,

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'may; Heav'n bids thee come,' are written below the notes. A repeat sign is visible at the beginning of the system.

While yet there's room; Child of sin and

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'While yet there's room; Child of sin and' are written below the notes.

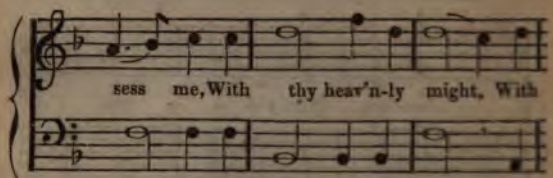
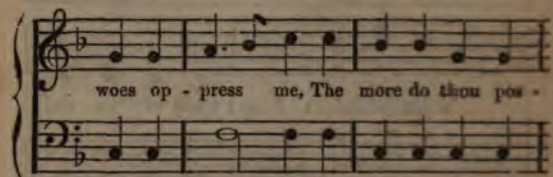
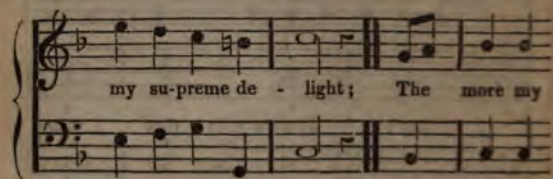
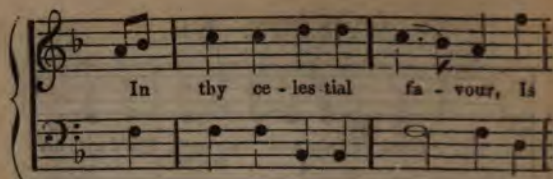
sor-row, Hear and o - bey.

The fourth system concludes the hymn with a final cadence. The lyrics 'sor-row, Hear and o - bey.' are written below the notes.

# EDMONTON. P. M.

Oh, thou my God and Sa - vi-our,

The first system of the hymn 'EDMONTON. P. M.' is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple accompaniment. The lyrics 'Oh, thou my God and Sa - vi-our,' are written below the notes.





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